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The Australian

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# WOMEN'S WEEKLY

PRICE

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AT LAST! "My Fair Lady" in Sydney



## "Bathing Beauty"



Susan Munsie, 2½, of Lewisham, N.S.W., is the youngest competitor ever to compete in the Railway Eisteddfod. With the confidence of a veteran, Susan sang and danced her way through two solo routines. "Practice can be tiring" says Mrs. Munsie, "but a Dettol bath quickly refreshes her". A little Dettol in the bath is so pleasantly relaxing and refreshing. Try it yourself for all-over freshness!



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The Australian

# WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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## THE WEEKLY ROUND

● We were delighted to receive a letter from Dame Judith Anderson, famous Adelaide-born stage and screen star, thanking us for the color-illustrated feature we published about her and her Californian mansion home in our April 13 issue.

**DAME JUDITH** wrote:

"Since January I have been travelling to Hollywood, Florida, New York, back and forth, and am a bit weary.

"Now I am packing for England, not only for my investiture but to make a television tape of 'Macbeth' in Scotland, and I am very thrilled about it.

"Then the Old Vic have asked me to play 'The Seagull' at the Edinburgh Festival and then for five weeks at the Old Vic."

(Judith Anderson was created a Dame Commander of the Order of the British Empire in January. The play, "The Seagull," in which she is to star for the Old Vic, was written by Russia's Anton Chekov in 1896.)

OUR new serial, "The Unknown Ajax," by Georgette Heyer (pages 16 and 17), is superbly illustrated by staff artist Boothroyd.

In "The Unknown Ajax" Miss Heyer has created a rather different type of hero from her usual high-living dandy.

Hugo, of "The Unknown Ajax," is a likeable young man with a thick Yorkshire accent and not much interest in clothes.

The setting, too, is rather different—and a long way

from Regency London—although the time is still the Regency period. It's a down-at-heel country mansion on the border of Kent and Sussex with an exciting background of smuggling.

Georgette Heyer, now 58, in real life is Mrs. G. R. Rougier, with a grown-up son.

ON page 15 we begin a new series of Crozzles—our popular word game that combines all the features of a puzzle within a crossword—and gives everyone the same chance to win the £500 prize for each Crozzle published.

This is in answer to hundreds of requests for "More Crozzles!" from readers who enjoyed the last series so much they were disappointed when it ended.

A REMINDER of pioneer days came to us in a letter from Mrs. E. M. Jenkinson, of Bedford, England, who wrote:

"An Australian friend living in England sends me The Australian Women's Weekly.

"I am nearly 88. I am unable to get out, as I am crippled with arthritis. I greatly enjoy reading your paper and look forward to each issue as it is sent to me.

"I am very interested in Australia, as my uncle, William Maltby, was one of the first Englishmen to go to your country.

"My mother remembered and often spoke of his de-

Our Cover



● Lovely English star Bunty Turner selling violets outside Covent Garden in her role of flower-girl Eliza Doolittle in the record-breaking "My Fair Lady." The musical had a glittering Sydney premiere last Saturday at Her Majesty's Theatre. Robin Bailey is Professor Higgins in the production. More pictures, page 7.

parture—how as a small girl she went with her parents to see him and his family board a sailing vessel for Australia.

"He became a pioneer farmer at Rock Farm, Tarradale, Victoria.

"Gold was found on his land and one of my mother's treasured possessions was a small nugget he sent to her and which I now have."

● The American House of 1960—a revolutionary design by famous architect Edward Durrell Stone—is shown in a four-page color-illustrated section in our next issue. Built in Connecticut, the house has 12 pyramids resembling Red Indian tents forming part of the roof. The design and the furnishings—shown in color—are a homemaker's dream.

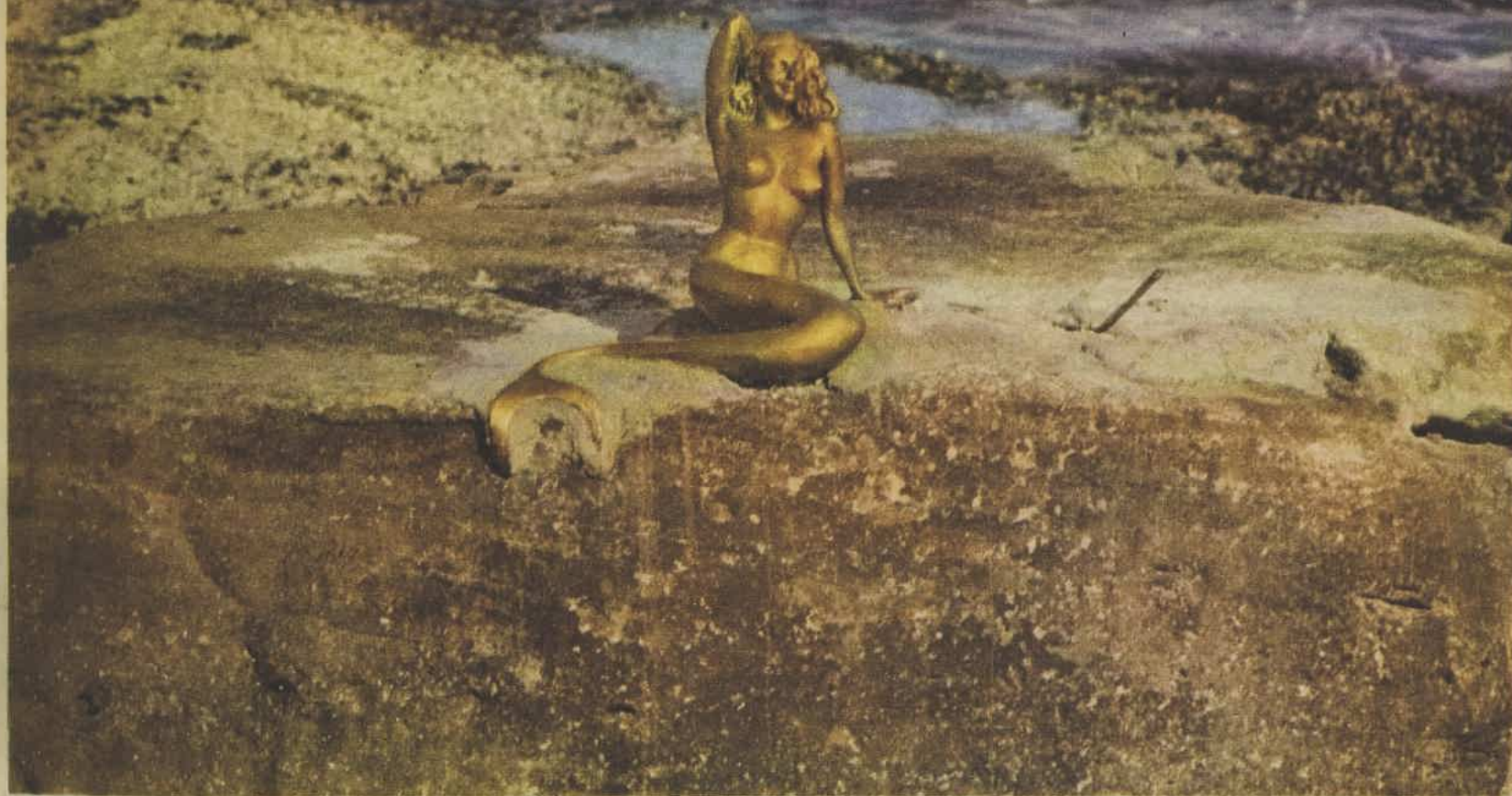
Next Week

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — June 1, 1960



# A MERMAID AT BONDI

*(... once there were two)*



● One lonely mermaid sits on a boulder below high-tide level at Ben Buckler headland, Bondi, Sydney. Until the night of May 2 she had a sister rock-sitter, also sculpted in gold-colored fibreglass and filled with concrete (see left).

On that night, however, students of Sydney University prised free one of the mermaids—they were bolted to the rock—intending to use her in the University's Commemoration Day parade the following morning. But she was found—damaged and clothed—in the University's School of Engineering before the parade began.

The mermaids' designer and sculptor, Sydney artist Lyall Randolph, said the stolen statue, worth £1000, had been damaged beyond repair.

When Mr. Randolph first placed his mermaids on the rock, a few weeks ago, several Bondi residents objected to their nudity. They were the subjects of much controversy, and attracted hundreds of sightseers.

Mr. Randolph took 12 months to finish the work, using two Sydney girls as models. He described the statues as "my Easter gift to Australia . . . a rational person's love of the beauty of pure form and line." Pictures by staff photographer Ernie Nutt.



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FIBROSITIS

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# How to have

● How do you look when you wake up? Tousled and wan and lacking in joie-de-vivre? Be encouraged, madame, for here is news to warm the heart: elegant Paris mannequins say **THEY** look terrible in the mornings, too. Till they add make-up and hairdo.



**BETTY:** With her auburn hair, Betty uses green eyeshadow to accent the color of her eyes and her pale, creamy skin. She avoids wearing reds.

ACCORDING to five glamorous mannequins—who are touring Australia this month with the L'Oreal of Paris Fashion Festival—beauty is only make-up deep.

It's expert make-up—and good hair care—that can turn a pale-faced wraith into an exotic siren... or a big-eyed ingenue... or an attractive woman of the world.

For the know-how, simply ask the girls from Paris: red-headed Betty Philippsen, blond Carol Klotz and Monette Garcia, and brunette Nadine Verlay.

The fifth mannequin, Australian Diana Nixon, has naturally blond hair, but, for the tour, it is tinted a soft bluish-black threaded with silver—rather like the color called "pepper-and-salt."

### A redhead

The redheaded Betty is tiny, with burnished auburn hair and tilted green eyes (like Vivien Leigh) and a creamy skin.

She was very matter of fact when she talked about the way she makes The Best of herself.

"Ugh!" she said with a shudder. "My face has no form in the morning. I have no eyes, white skin, little mouth."

"With no eye make-up I look—ooohhh—16 years old."

"But the best beauty hint is sleep. Eight hours? Yes, yes, but I need ten. Otherwise dark circles appear below the eyes, which I have to remove with white lipstick."

"I take 20 minutes to put on the make-up, so I permit myself half an hour in the morning; that is, 20 minutes for make-up, ten to dress."

This ten minutes does not mean there is a small whirlwind every day.

She explained: "The night before, I prepare everything. This takes perhaps an hour. I put out the shoes, the stockings, the dress..."

"One must be calm, you see. It is the way one stays young."

"If you have the contrary temperament, you are always old."

"And then, I have the dry skin—oh, so dry."

"But I take off the make-up with complexion milk at night, and then I put on the fat milk"—she stopped to describe fat milk as a type of heavy face-cream—"and that I leave on all the night."

"By morning, it is all dried into the skin, and my make-up goes straight on to the face."

"Washing the face? No, no, no, no. NO water and no soap because the face becomes tight, like this..." Betty clenched one hand to demonstrate.

Of the blondes, Carol is tall, blue-eyed, and astonishingly like Grace Kelly—with the same square jawbone. Monette, at 18, is the youngest of the five, and the quietest (the others explain, "she has so little English").

### Blondes

But she's very pretty. She has enormous, pansy-brown eyes and a flawlessly fair skin.

"She is an example of the typical French teenage model," said Diana, who was translating Monette's views on make-up and enlarging and explaining at the same time.

"Monette is still at the experimental stage with her face," Diana said.



**CAROL:** To offset a square jaw, Carol applies deep powder along the cheekbone. Hairdo is narrow, high.

**MONETTE:** Big-eyed Monette can afford to brush mascara on upper and lower eyelashes. She is the youngest.





# that Paris look

"She emphasises her eyes. They are large, you see, so she can afford to put mascara even on the lower lashes. And she uses grey eyebrow pencil, never black—that is too hard.

"Of course, she could have different eyes, or use a bright lipstick instead of her pale pink one. But she wouldn't look as delicate. She's sticking to the character type she's decided to be this season.

"Always you have to decide what type you are going to be, and what type is most suitable for you.

"It means experimenting all the time, with all the different types of make-up, till you find the ones that are best for you. You have to try all the different lip shapes and eye shapes . . ."

Listening to Diana talk of beauty is both educational and fascinating.

## Make-up marvel

And watching Diana make up her face is a positive revelation.

Without her expert make-up there's not one feature that would single out Diana from any of the girls-next-door.

She has pallid skin. She has pale greyish eyes, indeterminate and small eyebrows, a determined chin, and a non-descript nose.

But with make-up — voila! She becomes a model of the haute couture: elegant, aloof, and strikingly noticeable.

But how?

First, Diana uses a pancake base in a warm creamy shade. She adds a sweep of a darker color "for a highlight" along her cheekbones. "They're fat," she remarked disapprovingly ("fat" Diana measures 32-20-34, and she's almost 5ft. 9in. tall).

This is her "basic face."

For photographic work she dabbed tiny touches of dark powder on the side of her nose near the tip. "It broadens there, you see?"

Then the eyes had it. Diana drew a line along her upper lashes. It went from the inner corner, across the lid, and flicked upwards—thicker here—at the outer edge.

Diana likes gold eye-shadow to wear in both daytime and evening. Colored shadows, she thinks, are too obvious.

She streaked the shadow at the inner corner of her eyes, just above the lid, and shaded it out towards the outside edge. "Now they look deeper," she said. And they did.

Next, false eyelashes.

Unlike the other four mannequins, Diana wears false eyelashes all the time. She has three pairs: short ones for ordinary wear, a longer variety for photographs, and a quite remarkable pair (long and comparatively bushy) for mannequin work.

"I roll them up in the paper when I'm not wearing them and fasten it with a rubber band so the lashes stay in curl," she said.

With infinite care she picked up one set with a pair of tweezers and flicked it into place on her top eyelid.



**ON PARADE:** At the Fashion Festival in Sydney: Monette, in a strawberry-red embossed silk ballgown; Betty, in a sparkling opalescent dress; Diana, in the wedding gown of heavy slipper satin; Nadine, in a diamante-studded organza coat covering a white satin dress; Carol, in an extravagantly beautiful dress of embroidered printed taffeta—the most expensive dress in the parade.

At the same time she lifted the outer corner of the lashes a little higher than her natural eye contour.

"I do that to make my eyes look wider," she said.

Next, the fringe. Diana's enormous topknot (false) was already in place. She just had to comb the fringe into place.

There's not much left to tell. Diana drew on a pair of gently peaked eyebrows. She took a lip-brush, with pale pink lipstick, and painted her mouth.

Next she pouted and added white lipstick to her lower lip—"to make it look fuller."

Finally, she decided to have

Brunette Nadine is brown-eyed, olive-skinned, and rather drowsily attractive—"that is lack of sleep . . ."

"The pale make-up is not for me. The face of a brunette, it fades if it does not have color on the lips, the eyes."

## Hair hints

But all this breath-taking beauty is lost, madame, if your hair is not the traditional crowning glory.

M. Rene Luzic—the famous European hairdresser who came to Australia specially for the Festival—has some expert advice.

"Brush, brush the hair," he said. "Find a good hairdresser who will decide the right shampoo."

"And how often to have the hair cut? Do not say cut. That is so hard.

"The hair is trimmed, it is shaped, arranged, tapered, thinned out. And this is important. The hair does not grow evenly; it may grow longer at the back or the front. And it should be shaped always, every ten days or so.

"No woman can have bad hair, with all the modern preparations we have for hair beauty."

"Beauty of the hair, beauty of the face, beauty of the

figure: it is all there, ready for the woman who wishes to find it."

## Diet

With the rich food on their Australian tour the girls have had to diet lately. Carol says: "To lose six pounds in a week, eat only hard-boiled eggs and gruyere cheese."

"Drink black coffee — but not too much. Coffee is bad for the skin, and also for good sleep."

"Eat no potatoes, bread, or sugar."



**DIANA:** All the mannequins use a lip-brush. "It is the only way to achieve a perfect mouth outline," says Diana, the Australian of the group on tour.

**NADINE:** If you want to make eyes look bigger, follow Nadine's example. With white pencil (blunt, or your eyes will water) run a line ABOVE the lower lashes for the right effect.







## Our Man admires a fine art

Our Man wears a respectful look. It is well deserved. He is watching a craftsman at work, hand-blocking Sanderson wallpapers to give them a telling touch of personality. Some of the blocks used in this particular method of printing are a little short of 100 years old — and still reproducing perfectly.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — JUNE 1, 1960



# How to make a MILLION...

● You don't need to be greedy or ruthless to make — and hold — millions, according to genial Norwegian-American Ole Bardahl (pictured at right). And he's a man who should know, for he's a millionaire more than 16 times over.

By  
**RONALD McKIE,**  
staff reporter

He makes about £100,000 a year, but loses 90 per cent. of that in tax.

His house in Seattle, which includes two heated swimming-pools, one for the exclusive use of his four grandchildren, cost him £160,000 and also costs about £10,000 a year to maintain.

He has a hydroplane worth £100,000 which costs him £60,000 a year to run, plus four racing-cars and three private cars.

Business entertainment runs into about £25,000 a year, and private entertaining about £6000 a year.

Ole took a long drink of whisky after telling me all this, and said:

"I buy my wife all the yoolery she wants, and I spend a lot adding to my stamp collection, but when you have millions you have to be careful how much you spend.

"No, sir. You have to put so much of your money back into reserves and things like that. You just can't be extravagant."



**MULTIMILLIONAIRE Ole Bardahl, a Norwegian-born American who recently visited Australia and gave advice on how to make a fortune.**

"I BELIEVE you're worth 16 million dollars," I remarked. "Oh, it's probably more than that," he said.

When an interview starts like that you know anything can happen.

The multimillionaire, on a four-day visit to Australia, was Ole Bardahl—6ft., 14st., 58-year-old Norwegian-American.

He is proof that you can make a million dollars if that's your aim, and then add at least 15 million more.

And all without one ulcer or coronary.

"Starting with 22 dollars, working 17 hours a day, saving every dollar I made and denying myself most things, it took me 11 years to make my first million," he told me.

Ole (pronounced "Oo-le") said this with a slight Norwegian slurring to his West Coast accent.

He has a craggy, humorous face, sea-water eyes behind thick glasses, greying propped-up hair chopped off flat on top like a privet hedge, hands as big as boxing gloves.

He was a noted amateur heavyweight boxer until the girl he was engaged to said, "If you don't stop fighting I'll quit"—and he quit.

"I set out to be independent, to be my own boss, with the sky the limit," he said. "I still work 17 hours a day and I never plan to retire."

Ole Bardahl doesn't like talking about money, but with a man worth 16 million or more there isn't much else you can talk about.

So I asked him for his advice to the money-ambitious, or how to set about making at least that first million.

## Harder today

"You must work much harder today to make a million than I did," he said.

"This is because taxation is higher, competition is tougher, and you can take out of a business only a small percentage of profits.

"You must live quietly, spend little, and put your money back into your business.

"And you must continue to do this until your business is completely solvent.

"You shouldn't spend a dollar extra until your total assets are at least twice your liabilities.

"The second important thing to do if you want to make a million is to pay your bills, be-

cause paid bills mean good credit, which a business always needs.

"The third thing is: always look after your customers, because they are your business.

"If you don't treat them well you'll lose your business and instead of making a million you'll probably lose a million.

"And the fourth important thing is to pay great attention to your employees.

"If you show real interest and concern for them they will repay you manyfold. They are the backbone of your millions.

"You don't need to be a greedy or ruthless person to make and hold millions.

"I'm certainly not, because I know that money buys happiness only if you use it in the right way, and that money

can be evil if you misuse it or the power it gives you."

Ole, son of a Norwegian journalist who didn't make even part of a million, couldn't speak English when he went to America at the age of 20.

He made his millions from building contracting, from gold in Alaska, and from chemicals and oil additives.

He never uses banks to finance any of his undertakings. He finances himself.

## Keeping tab

But he admits that if he were 20 years younger he would start a bank and make a big profit from that.

At any time of any day he has a pretty good idea what his income is and how much he is spending.

# Book ponies sell fast

● Pony books are the most popular reading with British schoolgirls these days.

"THEY are absolutely mad about them," said London publisher

Mr. David Bisacre, director of Blackie & Son Ltd., one of the world's oldest publishing houses, long famed for its children's books.

He is on a visit with his wife to investigate the possibilities of expanding the business in Australia and New Zealand.

"One publisher actually brought out a book called 'No Ponies,' just to get the word into the title of a book that wasn't about ponies," Mr. Bisacre said.

Pony books sell at approximately double the rate of others.

Twins rate second to ponies. "For instance, a book called 'The Pony Twins' would be the ultimate in schoolgirl reading," said Mrs. Bisacre.

Australian mothers may have noticed that their daughters don't devour schoolgirl stories as they used to.

It's a world-wide trend.

"There's only a very narrow age group—usually eight to ten years—who enjoy these stories now," Mr. Bisacre's wife told me.

Adventure, escapes, and war books are still tops with the boys.

"But boys these days are skipping a stage. They seem to jump straight from nursery rhymes to the adult type of adventure," Mr. Bisacre said.

"Our own boy, Michael, went from Enid Blyton one

day to 'The Battle of the River Plate' the next, and never looked back.

"Australian books now have a great interest for British children," said Mr. Bisacre.

He believes that Australian settings will become more and more "the thing."

Mr. Bisacre is London

manager and director of children's book production for Blackies. He is also vice-chairman of the Children's Book Group of the British Publishers' Association.

"Children's book publishing resembles women's hats," he said.

"There's no logic in either of them. It is purely instinct that works in producing the final thing.

"Children's books are productions rather than publications.

"First essential, of course, is a rattling good story, but the handling of it is vital to its success.

"A great deal of discussion goes on before it's decided whether it will appear as a big or small book, a hard-bound or soft 'cuddly' one, dressed in a riot of color or with a few dramatic etchings.

"Because of the imagination and individuality needed, children's books vary more in price than any other field of reading.

"Children of today want informative, artistically produced books. They are more sophisticated in their tastes than we used to be."

This discernment in the modern child makes the task of the book publisher all the harder, but constantly lifts the standard.

When Mr. Bisacre entered publishing he was concerned with technical books.

"I found them much easier to produce than children's books," he said.

"There's less guesswork involved. If one is not an authority on a subject, one just refers it to an expert and is relieved of all worry."

Mr. Bisacre's great-great-grandfather, John Blackie, started the firm in 1809.

Mr. David Bisacre first trained as an engineer.

"I was a civil engineer before the war. During it I was with the Royal Engineers, but later when prospects were rather grim for engineers, and my wife, Phyl, and I needed money to start out in life, I couldn't resist a job that was going with the old firm.

"This seems to be a curious family switch, because my father also began life as an engineer," Mr. Bisacre said.

"Our son Michael is at present very firm about being an engineer."

Mr. Bisacre's father came to Victoria as an engineer for the electrification of Melbourne's suburban railways.

For his own reading Mr. Bisacre prefers biographies, a sign, he says, of age.

"About my age one begins to realise how very little one knows, and so tries to fill the gaps."



**LONDON PUBLISHER David Bisacre, who is an expert on children's books, pictured in his hotel room during his recent visit.**



# Growing quads thrilled



SCANNING the horizon for ships was a thrill for the nine-year-old Sara quads when they visited South Head (Sydney) Signal Station. With Signalmaster Frank Jolly, the quads are, from left, Judith, Mark, Alison, and Phillip, who is having his turn at the telescope. Staff photographer Ron Berg.

QUESTIONS raced thick and fast when the nine-year-old Sara quads visited South Head Signal Station, Sydney, with their father Percy Sara, and "Uncle Ron" (staff photographer Ron Berg).

The outing was a surprise — Alison, Judy, Phillip, and Mark did not know where they were being taken. But they were overjoyed when they saw the cannon outside the signal station.

The four children met Signalmaster Frank Jolly and Signaller R. T. Birrell and the questions began . . .

"What sort's that, Daddy?" as a plane flew overhead. Percy Sara explained that it was a Fokker Friendship.

"Where's it going?"

It was flying north so he said Kempsey and hoped for the best. That kept them happy for a few minutes.

## Binocular scan

The quads learnt how signalmen received messages from incoming ships and kept a log of all overseas liners.

They looked through the binoculars and telescope and saw two small ships seven miles off the coast.

Then they caught sight of the Manna ferry. Mark was proud — he is the only one of the four to have made the ferry trip across the Harbor.

Though misty, the morning was fine and the quads could see right up to the Harbor Bridge and the city skyline.

And they saw Watson's Bay pool, where they go swimming in summer.

The girls chose their dresses for the outing. Alison asked if she could wear her yellow dress and Judy announced, "I'd better wear the one with the lambs on it, then."

On the way home they picked up Betty Sara in the city and told her all about the Signal Station.

"We have to have some kind of order," Mrs. Sara said, "so they each take a turn in telling part of the story."

As the quads grow their interests are changing and they are developing even more strongly their own ways of life.

## Soccer player

For Mark the all-important event in his life at present is soccer. He played his first game recently with the Punchbowl district under-10 team.

"He did everything but sleep in his football boots the day he got them," Mrs. Sara said.

Phillip is not so enthusiastic. "I'm not going to play soccer, 'cause it's dangerous," he said.

Mrs. Sara hopes Phillip will be able to have tennis coaching lessons, because he is very interested in the sport.

Mrs. Sara said the two girls were very reliable and a great help to her.

"But Judy is a lot more practical than Alison," she said. "I automatically call her when I want any help."

"Her part of the bedroom is always spotless, with the bed made and shoes neatly lined up."

And what of the quads' big brother, Geoff?

"Geoff's mad keen about radios now. He spends all his spare time making crystal sets or swimming at Bondi."

## SARAS AT A SIGNAL STATION



# ed with special outings



## LUCKES VISIT A DRIVE-IN

ADMIRING cartoon cut-outs in the playground of Bundaberg's drive-in are the Luckes on their first visit to the pictures. From left, Jennifer, Eric, Veronica, and Kevin. Photographer Bob Millar, jun.

QUEENSLAND'S Lucke quads—Jennifer, Veronica, Eric, and Kevin, aged nearly five—didn't know what to expect on their first visit to a drive-in theatre in their home town of Bundaberg.

Certainly, Eric and Kevin did not dream it would involve falling off a horse and grazing their elbows. They thought they were going to see, not be, cowboys.

Their parents, Agnes and Arthur Lucke, took the quads early so they could have a good look around the drive-in's playground before the film began.

During the pony rides Jennifer and Veronica sat daintily and let their parents lead them around the playground.

But the boys insisted on leaning over to unsaddle each other.

"Never mind, you're real cowboys now!" Agnes Lucke said as she brushed the gravel from them. "Nobody's a real cowboy until after a few tumbles."

When the pony attendant had painted their arms with antiseptic and adorned them with sticking-plaster, the boys were happy to go for another ride.

After the horses and the sulky, the quads made for the slides and swings and Agnes Lucke said she needed eyes in the back of her head to keep track of them.

Jennifer was ordered to wear spectacles recently to correct a "lazy" eye.

Her mother hopes it will be only a temporary measure, but says that already Jennifer seems happier. She had been suffering headaches and complaining that "things" came too close to her.

"She loves her spectacles," said Mrs.

Lucke. "In the morning when she wakes she calls me and keeps her eyes shut until I bath her and put her glasses on.

"The doctor told her to wear them all the time she's awake. Now she won't open her eyes unless she has her glasses on."

Mr. and Mrs. Lucke see that the quads have regular check-ups of eyes, teeth, feet, and general health. All four have sound teeth except Kevin, but the dentist says that even his are almost perfect.

Jennifer has the most perfect feet of the four. Every time Mrs. Lucke takes the quads for new shoes, Jennifer is congratulated on her elegant size 8½.

Veronica takes the same size with a long and narrow foot.

All four children are growing tall and slim. Eric is the heaviest, at 3st. 2lb., with Kevin 1lb. lighter. The girls have only a

few ounces between them, with Veronica the lightest at 2st. 10lb.

The quads' fifth birthday is on July 12, but they will not begin school until next year.

They will attend Gooburrum State School.

Eric and Kevin are going through the phase of taking things to pieces to see what makes them tick. Sometimes they put them together again, but more often not. Kevin is interested in anything mechanical.

The girls' love for dolls is at high pitch. "They're crazy about them," said Mrs. Lucke. "They hold long consultations on what to do for the best, and, of course, both their favorite dolls have to wear glasses now."

Kevin, Veronica, and Jennifer are talking well. Eric is a little slower of speech, but he likes to have a good think before he passes an opinion.



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# Bushells

## INSTANT COFFEE

The Instant Coffee that IS coffee

# Worth Reporting

If you want to see the inland of Australia, but in comfort, then we recommend a 50-minute film we previewed.

Produced by the Australian Inland Mission, it's called "Australia's Land of Tomorrow" and shows the dramatic development going on in the great outback.

We sat there fascinated and proud of the spectacular beauty of the inland; from the rugged mountains and the long, lonely plains to the 5000-acre Humpty-Doo rice-field. Photographed from the air, the fields of rice look like the snowy Arctic.

After the showing we met the film's photographer, Peter Menzies, a 22-year-old from Dundas, N.S.W.

Peter said the film unit (which included the A.I.M. superintendent, the Rev. Fred McKay) travelled about 12,000 miles in five months.



**PETER MENZIES . . . matches were better than firesticks.**

Peter told us a lot of stories about the trip, including a couple to prove that sophistication has penetrated the outback.

Once, Peter was photographing the ancient aboriginal ritual of fire-making. He explained carefully that he wanted his "star"—called Willy George—to rub the sticks together to make a little smoke and then more smoke and then fire.

"All right," said Willy, very co-operative. "But it'd be easier with matches, you know."

And then—in a spear-fishing episode—the aboriginal fisherman remarked that it was easier to spear fish underwater.

So Peter suggested he do just that.

"Can't," said the fisherman laconically. "I haven't got my underwater goggles."

It may be the aftermath of the Festival of Arts—but we've discovered there are plenty of opera fans among Adelaide taxi-drivers.

We were cruising along one day, when our driver suddenly slammed on his brakes. Another motorist moved out to the right—without giving a hand signal.

"Did you see that?" said the taxi-man crossly. "Hasn't even got the window down; it's too cold for her to worry about signals."

"She might get her tiny hand frozen."



**MAGDA KORNER-WINKLER . . . on aids to loveliness.**

**SIGN** on a gipsy fortune-teller's window in London: "Closed owing to unforeseen circumstances."

Just what it  
ap-pears

We had a little pear-tree,  
And nothing did it bear—  
But a modern bedroom suite  
And an occasional chair.

WE were inspired to dash off these lines after a visit to the 1960 Guild Furniture Exhibition at Sydney's Show-ground.

And why? Well, some of the beautiful Danish furniture there was made from pearwood.

Then we learnt the pinkish wood comes from West Africa and is called—Guarea cedrapa.

Pearwood has an old-world sound to it. But we found the furniture at the exhibition was modern and streamlined—like a black-and-red bedroom suite, and a black bamboo lounge setting (garnished with vivid orange cushions).



**THE SUMMIT LINE, as shown by (above, from left) Diane Parkinson, Pat Robinson, Joanne Lynch, and Pat Lees. And, below . . .**



**SYDNEY HAIRDRESSERS (from left) Vincent De Lorenzo, Philippe Gaucher, William Chapman, and Charles Coppa, who created the styles.**

OF course, it's the very latest: the Summit Line, introduced to Australia by Rene Luzic at the L'Oreal of Paris Fashion Festival.

We went along to have a look at the Summit in Sydney. And came away positively itching to have a glamorous sort of hump on our heads, too.

"Flat on the sides and high on top," advised the four Sydney hairdressers who were demonstrating at the festival.

They do not, however, recommend the Summit Line for men. So you can relax, fellers. Crewcuts are still in.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — June 1, 1960

## Facelift in a jiffy

IT was a bitterly cold day in Sydney, and we were rather bleak when we met French-Hungarian beauty Magda Korner-Winkler.

Without meaning to, glamorous Madame Korner-Winkler made us feel worse. She has black eyes, black hair, olive skin—and she's GRANDMOTHER.

We decided to be philosophical, however, and began talking about the beauty salon Madame will operate in Sydney's biggest new hotel.

And we talked about the latest Aids to Loveliness.

Did you realise that there's an American gadget (a sort of spray) that lifts faces instantaneously?

George Korner-Winkler—who came along to see us with his sister—explained how it works.

"First of all you wash the face off . . . with sweet almond oil."

Then, apparently, the spray (no, no glue) is sprayed on—and presto! Wrinkles disappear and sagging muscles taut.

The effect lasts about 24 hours. What's more, the lifted face doesn't collapse all of a sudden when the effect wears off. Wrinkles reappear and muscles sag gradually.

So there you are. Women don't always need a new face to give them a lift.

A GIRL we know, invited to a "bohemian" party, put off happily in black stockings, sloppy sweater, bird's nest hairstyle.

She came home disconsolate. "Bah," she said. "That black stocking jazz is practically a uniform now. Next time I'm going to wear a pleated skirt and a twinset and pearls."



# HIGH FASHION WALKERS

by

*Knight*

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Newest heeling! Lightest feeling!

And no ceiling on their

Italian-French style!

from **34'11**

Junior sizes from **29'11**

## Demoiselle

(CL127) in hide with a less pointed toe, 38/11. In wide range of high-fashion colours.

## Junior Demoiselle

(CK005) in hide. Colours: Black, Whiskey, Bone, Bay Leaf, Red, Bardine. Also available in Black Patent. Sizes: 11-1, 31/11; 25, 34/11.

## Demoiselle

(CC055) in a special super-soft hide at 42/6. Wide range of high-fashion colours.

## Demoiselle

(CC053) in sueded hide at 38/11. Wide range of high-fashion colours. Also in hide, 36/11 (CC041)

## Life Stride

(FS008) in sueded hide at 52/11. Wide range of high-fashion colours. Also in hide, 52/11 (FS003).

## Demoiselle

(CC056) in hide at 34/11. Wide range of high-fashion colours.

## Knight Little Heel

(ML035) in hide at 39/11. Many high-fashion colours.

## Junior Demoiselle

(CK007) in hide. Colours: Black, Whiskey, Bone, Bay Leaf, Red, Bardine. Also available in Black Patent. Sizes 11-1, 29/11; 25, 34/11.

## Life Stride

(FS006) in hide at 49/11. Choose from many high-fashion colours.

Demoiselle Life Stride *Knight*



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - June 1, 1960





# THE DOCTORS

● The doctor's article, "The Menace of the Untrained Surgeon," in our issue of May 4, caused a stir in medical circles throughout Australia

● The author of the article, a highly qualified doctor, said that Australia was one of the few countries in the world where doctors without special training in surgery were allowed to operate.

WE asked for comments, and received a great many letters, some praising the feature, others bitterly criticising the arguments advanced.

It is impossible to print all these letters in full, and we have chosen a selection representing a cross-section of the points raised.

Some critics accuse the writer of the article—and The Australian Women's Weekly—of damaging the element of faith in the doctor-patient relationship.

In reply, one doctor says: "It is important for the patient to have faith in his doctor. It

is also important to have an informed general public."

Many of the letter-writers suggested that the author was a young specialist soured by lack of patients. He replies that he is middle-aged, with a successful practice.

Points most often raised by those who disagreed with the original article were:

● Some doctors in general practice have had post-graduate training in surgery.

● Degrees alone do not make a surgeon. Natural aptitude and experience are factors.

● Early specialisation has its dangers.

● Over-specialisation could turn general practitioners into "clearing stations."

● Financial greed is rare, and is not confined to any one section of the profession.

● The suggestion that specialists could be flown to country centres is impractical because of cost.

We received also many letters from the public.

Some of these attacked us for printing anything critical about the medical profession.

Some made specific charges of incompetence against specialists and general practitioners. Because it is impossible to check the truth of such charges, we have decided not to publish these letters.

Here are extracts from a selection of the many letters we received:

## IN SUPPORT

THE performance of surgery by untrained general practitioners is a disgrace to the profession.

As a specialist who has practised both in the United Kingdom and the U.S., it is apparent to me that the prime cause is lack of knowledge among the lay population of Australia.

The overall standard of general practice in this country is as good as anywhere in the world, but the standard of surgery as practised by G.P.s would not be tolerated (or even allowed) in the U.S. or U.K.

Until legislation changes this state of affairs, improvement could be effected if the medical-benefit societies recognised the arduous training of specialists by loading the benefit in their favor. It is the responsibility of everyone requiring surgery to insist that it should be done by a man with the necessary specialist training.

"Specialist," Queensland.

### Not trained

I AM a fully qualified surgeon, having now completed 10 years of post-graduate work, and I was delighted to read your article.

I could not agree more with what was said, and I feel that there must be many who would agree but who are not brave enough to express their thoughts against such bodies as the B.M.A., of which I am a member.

I have no objection to any doctor performing small routine surgery or simple emergency surgery, provided:

● He can cope with any condition he may not have correctly diagnosed.

● If he finds he cannot cope at the time of operation he is

prepared to admit his shortcomings and seek immediate help rather than try to put on a brave face and make a complete botch of the job.

The article said that "Public hospital patients will at least be supervised by a specialist." This is not true in many of Sydney's larger district hospitals, and the general public should know it.

Many young specialists attend these hospitals and see the patients in the outpatients' department, then have to refer these patients for admission, knowing that the surgeon under whom they will be admitted is no more than an untrained G.P. who has probably been on the hospital's honorary staff for a long time.

"F.R.C.S.," N.S.W.

### Ostracised

I AM more than glad that at last someone has been outspoken enough to inform the public of the true state of affairs in surgery in this country.

I am a registered surgeon specialist and a Fellow of the Royal Colleges of England and Edinburgh. Yet I am forced to practise as a general practitioner to make a living. I have been surgically ostracised by my G.P. colleagues, and in most cases have met with active opposition when I offered my services to the public as a surgeon.

This opposition also comes from the lay hospital board (aided and abetted by the sole medical member, who happens to be a doctor who competes with me in private practice).

If a young surgeon trying to establish himself in a country centre could get the support of his local colleagues,

it naturally follows that he would ultimately no longer compete with them as a G.P.

There are very few qualified surgeons in the country, because G.P.s will not support them, and they cannot get hospital appointments which would give them the necessary volume of work.

Prestige and financial greed are the two main factors in this sorry state of affairs.

With the average G.P. it comes hard to admit that surgery is the domain of those specially trained for it.

I feel that the only solution is at Government level. There is a growing feeling in the profession that a national health service is necessary to overcome the personal issues involved.

"Surgeon Specialist."

### Surgeons gagged

EVERY surgeon will endorse your correspondent's views, but they are completely gagged by the general practitioners, who control the supply of patients.

If any surgeon freely spoke his mind on this subject he would not get any patients at all.

Many general practitioners claim ability to operate, but they have never submitted themselves to examiners to confirm their self-opinion and, equally important, their ability to decide whether the patient really needs an operation.

This situation has been encouraged by the B.M.A., which has always insisted on the same fees for G.P.s and highly trained surgeons for workers' compensation operations and national health scheme rebates, which are no higher when a trained surgeon operates than when a young G.P. has a go.

"Examiner in Surgery."

## IN OPPOSITION

I AM a general practitioner whose surgical cases are referred to consultant surgeons. As such, I have considerably less "financial interest" in surgical cases than the author of your article, concerning surgery in general practice.

The article not only destroys faith in the G.P. but in every doctor, including the author.

In many years of general practice I have seen at least as much muddling, and, in my opinion, unnecessary or misjudged surgery by so-called specialists as by G.P.s.

As far as "hunger" is concerned, there yet remains to be seen a capable G.P. who is "hungry," but very few young specialists have such a full stomach that they could not devour a few more appendices to satisfy their appetite. The "knife-happy" surgeon is quite a byword.

Although I do not quite understand what "goodwill" has to do with the whole dismal affair, let me say this: patients are not "bought and sold like cattle."

Your author would like to change the policy of the Medical Benefits Fund which is not to pay full benefit unless the patient has "passed through the hands (and paid the fees) of the general practitioner." Why is this policy maintained?

The answer is best explained by the case of the lady who consulted an eye specialist for her headaches. He tested her eyes, could not find anything wrong, and referred her to an ear, nose, and throat specialist, who thought she might have some sinus trouble and sent her for X-rays. The following week he advised an operation on her sinuses.

At this stage, some £20 poorer, the lady consulted a G.P., who established that she was suffering from high blood pressure, which in turn was causing her headaches. He charged her one guinea.

A medical check-up, routine with the G.P., seldom comes within the province of the specialist. In the opinion of many, including numerous consultants, the greatest danger for the unwary patient is to bypass the family doctor and consult a specialist. This is why the Medical Benefits Fund tries to protect the patient, and itself, from unwarranted "specialism."

The consultant knows his field in every detail, but has long forgotten many aspects of general medicine. He leaves the "sorting-out" to the G.P., who still has to take the all-important first step in medicine—the diagnosis.

And now a fine but definite distinction: the difference be-

tween a specialist and a true consultant.

A "specialist" is a young man who has acquired the basic knowledge to become, eventually, a consultant in a small field. A "consultant" is a specialist who is acknowledged for his ability by his medical brethren sufficiently for them to entrust their patients to him when the solution of the problem or a difficult surgical procedure is required. These very highly respected consultants very often do not even give an appointment unless the patient produces a letter from the family doctor.

I think your correspondent belongs to the "specialist" group. Capital letters after a name mean passing an examination which anyone with a reasonable memory can achieve eventually. They do not necessarily imply mature judgment, wisdom, or experience, which are the most important attributes of a doctor.

If a post-graduate degree would give any of these qualities, the article would never have seen print.

George Grunwald, N.S.W.

### Distorted

YOUR medical correspondent presents such a distorted picture of medical practice and surgical procedures in this country that it suggests he must have had very limited practical experience and that his views are colored by personal lack of success.

He forgets that a doctor is trained first to have a general knowledge of the anatomy and functions of his patient's body and, after he has the competence to assess, diagnose, and treat illness in a broad sense, only then should he contemplate specialisation.

Too often, and in America particularly, young doctors specialise early, take their special training immediately after graduation, and lose sight of the body as a whole and, more important, the patient as a person.

General medical practice in Australia does not follow the line indicated by your correspondent.

Only a small percentage of patients in general practice ever require surgery.

Many G.P.s, especially in the cities, do no surgery at all, and those who do limit themselves to procedures well within their capabilities and experience. Inevitably there will be some exceptions to this general rule, but they are few.

Many G.P.s hold senior degrees in surgery and would be qualified, even by the standards of your writer, to perform operations. An extra

degree does not necessarily mean greater operative skill.

Paul Cambourn, N.S.W.

### Shangri-la

THAT certain untrained G.P.s surgically assault their patients cannot be denied, but to place all "non-specialists" in this category is a grave injustice to many doctors and their patients.

Control of the unscrupulous surgeon is urgently needed, and sound constructive criticism of the present set-up would be of far greater value to the eventual solution than the destructive criticism of your "highly qualified specialist," whose aim apparently is to achieve a surgical "shangri-la" by undermining the confidence that at present exists in most doctor-patient relationships.

"Conservative," N.S.W.

### For gain

A COMPETENT doctor knows his limitations and is prepared to admit them. A string of degrees does not make a surgeon. Some are born and some are made—and some think they are made—but in my book they exploit their degree far beyond their competence. As for the "humdrum" appendix and tonsil, there are surgeons who have the reputation of being "too keen on the knife," largely for their own financial gain.

"Medico," Vic.

### Specialists err

THE portrait of a patient being operated on by a G.P. and then being referred to a "specialist" to "have the mess patched up" is a dramatic one which, unfortunately, does occasionally happen.

The portrait of a mess being created by an erudite but ham-fisted specialist is not mentioned by your correspondent, but this, too, does occur. The public probably doesn't know that lack of manual dexterity is no bar to acquisition of the highest surgical qualifications, nor that there is no check on "specialists" to ensure that their knowledge and skill is maintained. The most ridiculous suggestion by your writer is that patients should be encouraged to make direct visits to "specialists." This would mean that patients should diagnose their own illnesses.

I have known dozens of patients who have wasted their money and an eye specialist's time when they should have seen a psychiatrist (or a good G.P.) about their headaches, and others who have had expensive and unnecessary electrocardiograms for their indigestion.



# DISAGREE



Fortunately, most reputable "specialists" do not see patients "off the street," but only on the recommendation of another doctor.

"Glass Houses," Tas.

## Ethics

**SAMUEL JOHNSON** said: "Knowledge without integrity is dreadful and dangerous." This, I believe, is the crux of the situation, and applies equally to specialist and G.P.

Compelling a patient to consult his family doctor before consulting a specialist protects a patient from an unscrupulous surgeon—but how can he be protected from an unscrupulous G.P.?

Here are three suggestions:

- Surgical cases could be examined by a referee, who would decide whether a specialist or a G.P. would operate.

- The professions could be paid on a salary basis by the Commonwealth, though this would be disliked by us all. This would eliminate the charlatan both in the specialties and the general practice.

- More time should be spent during the undergraduate years in inculcating the ethics of the profession. Examiners should not merely consider whether a student will be a good technician or businessman, but whether he will also be a gentleman.

"Country G.P.,"

## Objection

**I** AGREE with the principle that surgery should only be performed by those competent to do so, but I take violent exception to your correspondent's unwarranted attack on the general practitioner.

I object to his suggestion that the G.P. is so unprincipled that he will undertake surgery merely to increase his income.

"N.M.," Vic.

## Tribute

**F**OR nine years after graduation I trained as a general surgeon in British hospitals. In 1956 I came to Australia and joined a general practice in a large country town.

In my view the Australian G.P. is an extremely able doctor who gives a far more efficient and comprehensive service than his English counterpart.

He has the highest ethical standards and gives equally devoted care to his non-paying majority of public-ward patients and to his private patients.

He does surgery he can handle, but refers more difficult cases to his colleagues.

"Highly Qualified G.P.," N.S.W.

## Charity

**B**EING human, the cupidity of the specialist surgeon will be no less than that of the G.P., and no less likely to entice him into unnecessary operations, in which his financial interest is usually some three to four times that of the G.P.

Certainly, as your correspondent suggests, specialists could be flown into outback

areas for routine operations—but for a hundred guineas plus return fares! If country G.P.s were not permitted to operate, many patients would be deprived of proper treatment—or would the specialist's charity extend so far?

"M.B., B.S.," N.S.W.

## Qualified

**T**HERE are many operations and procedures for which specialist training is necessary or desirable, but there is no hard-and-fast limit beyond which a G.P. must not go. He is not merely a clearing station for referring patients to specialists.

A doctor does not need four years of post-graduate training to safely and efficiently perform a tonsillectomy or appendicectomy. If he does not he must be a nincompoop who has fluked his way through medical school.

All Australian graduates in medicine receive the degrees of Bachelor of Medicine and Bachelor of Surgery. Surely these degrees are sufficient qualification to undertake surgery. If they are not, the standard of the degree course should be raised.

Your writer says a G.P. is likely to operate unnecessarily because of financial interest, thus accusing him of unethical conduct.

No amount of post-graduate training is likely to influence the ethical conduct of a doctor.

"M.B., B.S.," Vic.

## Disaster

**T**HE Australian College of General Practitioners does not in any way maintain that the average G.P. is capable of doing advanced, general surgery and should ever undertake it unless he has specially studied the subject.

It holds that the best thing young qualified specialists could do is to go and practise in the outlying districts where their skills are needed and engage in general practice as well, rather than sit around the large cities hoping for big fees.

Your correspondent quotes what has happened in the U.S., where the American College of Surgeons has succeeded in educating the public in the direction he so admires.

The tragic result is that in the U.S. today a major surgical operation is a financial disaster for any family outside the very wealthy, the fees being phenomenal.

"Fair-minded."

## Aptitude

**M**ANY a doctor with the qualifying degrees, M.B., B.S., has much greater natural surgical aptitude than many a F.R.A.C.S.

Your correspondent's suggestion that patients are bought and sold like cattle is not in accordance with the facts. Patients are entirely free to come or go as they please. A practitioner's success depends on his own personality and competence.

While there is certainly some truth in your correspon-

dent's article, it is really but half-truth, and therefore irresponsible.

"Perspex," Vic.

## Conscience

**T**HE menace of the untrained surgeon and the sometimes even greater menace of the specialist surgeon will remain while the profit motive is here.

The G.P.—remember he also has a B.S. degree—will remove innocent appendixes; he will also perform life-saving emergency operations when there is no specialist surgeon within hundreds of miles.

The specialist surgeon will

operate on an obviously inoperable carcinoma for a fine fat fee; he will also save the life of a pauper.

The answer is in the man, and his conscience.

"Matron," W.A.

## Not enough

**T**HERE can never be enough specially trained surgeons in the community.

They should not need to expend their energy on tonsils, curettes, circumcisions, etc., all of which are done by the average conscientious family doctor. Such surgery would never be done at all if it were not carried out by the competent practitioner.

A G.P. must never deteriorate into a sorting-out place, a form-filling shiny seat. If this happens the public will be relegated to the status of cattle.

"B.G.F.," N.S.W.

## Admiration

**I** HAVE nothing but admiration for the outstanding work done by specialists, but I have just as much praise for surgery performed by G.P.s. I feel that I am qualified to make such a statement, as I have seen both at work in my capacity as theatre sister.

Your correspondent seems to think only G.P.s are cap-

able of making a mess of things. Just as many mistakes are made by specialists as by G.P.s. After all, both are human.

Some of the finest specialists I have worked with would never have claimed to be less prone to making mistakes than a G.P. is.

As to nationalised medicine, I have seen it operate in England, and I hope it will never happen here. The doctor-patient relationship, that we value in this country, is completely lost. The G.P. becomes just a sorting-office for the specialists.

"A Theatre Sister."

# A guide for patients

● Many readers have asked us to explain the qualifications of doctors and the medical etiquette of the patient-doctor relationship.

**S**O we asked senior doctors to answer some of these questions which obviously interest and concern the public.

Our questions and the doctors' answers were:—

**What qualifications do doctors, especially surgeons, have?**

In Australia a medical student studies for six years, then graduates as a Bachelor of Medicine (M.B.) and a Bachelor of Surgery (B.S.).

But he can't be registered to practise until he has completed a compulsory year of residence in a general hospital. At the end of this year many young doctors do another year in a children's or obstetric hospital before going into private practice.

Real specialisation in medicine, surgery, or obstetrics does not begin until a doctor has completed two hospital years.

He then does at least another year, but generally two or more, getting as much experience as possible in a hospital or through a post-graduate course before attempting to sit for his Member of the Royal Australasian College of Physicians (M.R.A.C.P.) or his Fellow of the Royal Australasian College of Surgeons (F.R.A.C.S.).

The standards set by these colleges are as high as any in the world.

If a young doctor goes to England for post-graduate study and hospital experience he would sit for his Member of the Royal College of Physicians (M.R.C.P.) or his Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons (F.R.C.S.). He would be at least four and usually five or six years out of university before he obtained the diplomas of these Colleges.

To get any of these higher qualifications, including Member of the Royal College of Obstetricians and Gynaecologists (M.R.C.O.G.) or a Diploma in Gynaecology and Obstetrics (D.G.O.), which involve much practical work and examinations, a doctor must do at least five years' post-graduate study and training.

Sometimes you see after a doctor's name M.D. or M.S. These are Doctor of Medicine and Master of Surgery. They are degrees from universities.

There is no time limit for them, but a doctor generally does not take them until he has gained wide experience as a specialist or senior research worker. In the University of Sydney, for instance, these degrees are given only for original research.

Besides these degrees, universities and colleges give diplomas in specialised fields.

Here are some of them:

D.L.O.: Diploma in Laryngology and Otology.

D.D.M.: Diploma in Dermatological Medicine.

D.P.M.: Diploma in Psychological Medicine.

D.A.: Diploma in Anaesthetics.

D.C.H.: Diploma in Child Health.

D.O.: Diploma in Ophthalmology.

D.D.R.: Diploma in Diagnostic Radiology.

Senior physicians and obstetricians may be elected to fellowship of their colleges (F.R.C.O.P., F.R.A.C.P., F.R.C.O.G.) after many years' work in their specialisation.

**How much experience in surgery does a young doctor acquire before he can practise?**

In his compulsory hospital year as a resident, a young doctor may see and assist at many operations performed by qualified surgeons—and particularly if he is in a teaching hospital. He may do two or three appendix operations and one or two tonsil operations.

This means that after six years' study and one year's residence a young doctor's knowledge of anatomy and physiology may be good, but he has had very little actual practice in surgery.

## Experience tells

**Would you agree that some G.P. surgeons, though lacking higher qualifications, are still good surgeons?**

That is perfectly true. Because a man lacks higher degrees does not mean that he is necessarily a poor surgeon.

Some are good, though even the best often lack the experience to know when and why to operate, which is just as important as knowing how to operate.

**But do higher qualifications make a man a good surgeon?**

Not necessarily. There is always a variation of skill. But higher degrees mean that a man has selected surgery because he is interested in specialising in that field and has undergone the prolonged education and training in first-class institutions necessary to produce expert surgeons.

**What qualifications should the public look for in a surgeon?**

The only guide is whether a surgeon has a higher degree or a diploma of one of the Royal Colleges of Australia or Great Britain.

The diplomas of these Colleges at least indicate that a man has successfully completed specialised training—that he has passed rigid qualifying tests, and has been judged by experts as sufficiently educated and trained to undertake major or specialised surgery.

**Would that be your definition of a specialist?**

Something like that, but there is no official definition because the B.M.A. and the Royal Colleges have not yet defined what a specialist is.

**Why is that?**

Because some men practising as specialists don't have higher qualifications. If the B.M.A. and the Colleges defined a specialist as a doctor with advanced degrees, that definition would exclude some senior men who don't have higher degrees but are still competent after long years of experience.

**Who is the best person to see if you have a medical problem?**

A general practitioner. He is a product of a good medical course—one of the best in the world. If you like him and are satisfied with him, stay with him because that way he gets to know you and your family problems.

**And if you are not satisfied and want a change?**

Consult another doctor.

**Should you tell the first doctor why you are leaving him, or the second doctor why you have left the first?**

You, the patient, are supreme. You can explain if you want to, but you are under no obligation to do so.

**Can a second doctor refuse to treat you because you have left the first?**

If you have left the first doctor, then the second doctor you consult is most unlikely to refuse unless he is too busy and can't take more patients. You are a patient consulting him. You are a free agent.

But if you have not actually left the first, then the second doctor can refuse. Sometimes patients go to three or four doctors and even continue with treatments, including different drugs. This could be most dangerous. A doctor has the right to know that you are consulting him, not several doctors.

## You're boss

**If you are not satisfied and want another opinion, a specialist's, can you ask for one?**

Of course. You're the boss. Can you name your own specialist and insist that he is the one you want to see?

You can, unless the G.P. persuades you that he has a better man for your problem. But you don't have to accept the specialist your G.P. recommends.

**Can you demand to know the qualifications not only of your G.P. but also of a specialist he recommends?**

You can, and, if you have any doubts, most certainly should.

**The G.P. and the specialist—do they keep in touch on your case?**

They do. There is a very close liaison.

**Can you consult a specialist without asking your G.P.?**

You can, but the specialist, after asking your permission, should contact your G.P. to see if he is agreeable, which he generally is. But the specialist can't do this without your permission.



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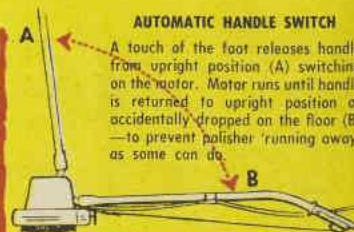


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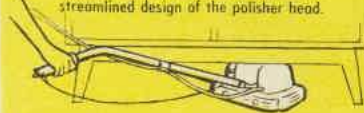


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# CROZZLE - and win £500

● CROZZLES are back! Once again, we're inviting you to play our fascinating word game—and win £500. It's a competition that can provide fun for the whole family.

## How to do the CROZZLE:

● A CROZZLE combines all the features of a puzzle within a crossword. You can work it out by yourself, or have the family join forces to try to increase your score.

If you haven't CROZZLED before, here's how it works:

Each week we will publish a blank crossword grid, like the one on this page. With it there will be a list of words.

To complete the CROZZLE, make up your own crossword in the blank grid. Use only the words in the list supplied.

Remember that no word can be used more than once. When you have completed the CROZZLE, black in the black squares.

Black squares must separate

words on the same line of the grid. That is, you could not have "guardmatespy."

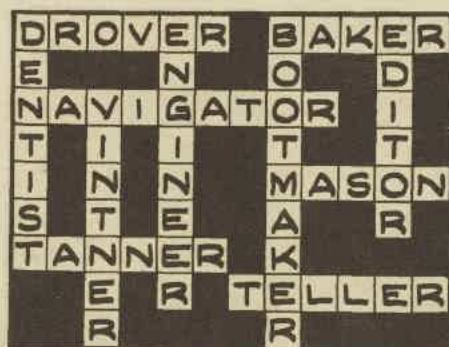
The finished CROZZLE will look like a crossword solution. All lines of letters—reading both across and down—should make complete words from the given list.

Words need not all interlock, but it is the interlocking letters that build up your score.

The CROZZLE does not have to follow any set pattern.

CROZZLE No. 1 will close on June 15, and the result will appear in our issue of July 6.

### SAMPLE ENTRY

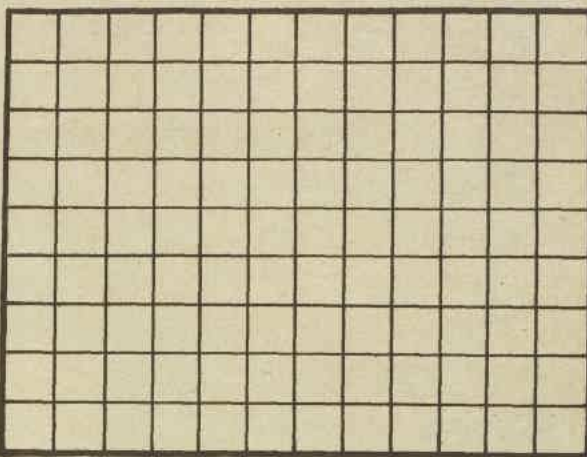


10 15 3 11 7

TOTAL POINTS FROM INTERLOCKING LETTERS 46  
PLUS TEN POINTS FOR EACH WORD USED 110

MAKING THE GRAND TOTAL FOR MY ENTRY 156

## CROZZLE No. 1



TOTAL POINTS FROM INTERLOCKING LETTERS  
PLUS TEN POINTS FOR EACH WORD USED

MAKING THE GRAND TOTAL FOR MY ENTRY

NAME

ADDRESS

STATE

### HOW TO SCORE

For every word used in the crossword you score 10 points.

In addition, you score points for each interlocking letter—at a rate shown in the table published below. Interlocking letters are those occurring in the same square in a word going across and one going down.

The sample provided of a

### THE SCORE

You score 10 points for each word used and for every interlocking letter you score additional points on the scale shown below:

| 1 Point Letters | 3 Point Letters | 6 Point Letters | 12 Point Letters |
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|------------------|
| A               | H               | O               | V                |
| B               | I               | P               | W                |
| C               | J               | Q               | X                |
| D               | K               | R               | Y                |
| E               | L               | S               | Z                |
| F               | M               | T               |                  |
| G               | N               | U               |                  |

### CONDITIONS

1. All entries for CROZZLE No. 1 must be received by June 15, and should be addressed: "CROZZLE No. 1," THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY, BOX 5253, G.P.O. SYDNEY.

2. Entries containing any altered letters cannot be accepted. No words other than those in the list provided may be used. Entries containing any other words or combinations of letters will be disqualified. Names in the list may be used ONCE ONLY.

3. Entries on which incorrect scores are shown will be disqualified.

4. In the event of a tie for top score, the tied entry showing the highest points for interlocking letters will be awarded the prize. If there is still a tie, the winning entries will share the prize money.

Employees of Australian Consolidated Press Ltd. and its associated companies are not eligible to enter this contest; nor are their husbands, wives, parents, children, brothers, or sisters.

Entries which do not fully comply with these conditions, including entries which are received after the closing time, will be disqualified, and all entries, whether disqualified or not, shall become the property of Australian Consolidated Press Ltd. on receipt.

The competition will be judged by employees of Australian Consolidated Press Ltd., who will use their best endeavors to see that every eligible entry is properly considered. The accidental omission to consider any entry and/or any error by Australian Consolidated Press Ltd. or its employees shall not invalidate the competition or give rise to any rights in any competitor to take proceedings against that company or any employee of it at law or in equity on any account whatsoever.

The result as published shall be final and binding on all competitors. All competitors taking part agree as a condition of entry to accept such result as final and binding. No correspondence will be entered into or any interview granted.

It is a basic condition of the sending in and acceptance of every entry that it is intended and agreed that the conduct of the competition and everything done in connection therewith and all arrangements relating thereto (whether mentioned in the conditions or to be implied), and that every entry and agreement or transaction entered into or payment made by or under it shall not be attended by or give rise to any legal relationship, rights, duties, or consequences whatsoever or be enforceable or the subject of litigation, but all such arrangements, agreements, and transactions are binding in honor only.

### Word list of CROZZLE No. 1 (new series)

#### 3 LETTERS

Banker  
Barber  
Barman  
Batman  
Bishop  
Brewer  
Broker  
Bugler  
Butler  
Carter  
Cowboy  
Critic  
Cutter  
Dancer  
Dealer  
Doctor  
Draper  
Driver  
Drover  
Editor  
Farmer  
Fitter  
Grocer  
Hatter  
Hawker  
Hunter  
Jockey  
Joiner  
Lawyer  
Matron  
Mercer  
Miller  
Ostler  
Packer  
Parson  
Porter  
Potter  
Punter  
Purser  
Rigger  
Sailor  
Singer  
Slater  
Stoker  
Tailor  
Tanner  
Teller  
Tinker  
Turner  
Typist

#### 4 LETTERS

Ayah  
Boss  
Cook  
Dean  
Dyer  
Maid  
Mate  
Monk  
Page  
Poet  
Seer  
Vet  
Spy  
Cop  
Nun  
Don

#### 5 LETTERS

Actor  
Agent  
Baker  
Caddy  
Clerk  
Clown  
Coach  
Groom  
Guard  
Guide  
Mason  
Miner  
Navy  
Nurse  
Piper  
Scout  
Sewer  
Smith  
Sweep  
Tiler  
Tutor  
Usher  
Valet  
Valet  
Vicer

#### 6 LETTERS

Airman  
Artist  
Author

Valuer  
Waiter  
Warder  
Weaver  
Writer

#### 7 LETTERS

Acrobat  
Actress  
Almoner  
Analyst  
Artisan  
Assayer  
Auditor  
Barmaid  
Builder  
Butcher  
Carrier  
Cashier  
Caterer  
Cleaner  
Dentist  
Drummer  
Dustman  
Farrier  
Fireman  
Florist  
Furrier  
Glazier  
Grazier  
Manager  
Milkman  
Painter  
Peddler  
Pianist  
Planter  
Plumber  
Postman  
Printer  
Riveter  
Servant  
Shearer  
Showman  
Steward  
Surgeon

Teacher  
Trainer  
Vintner  
Woodman

#### 8 LETTERS

Apiarist  
Attorney  
Comedian  
Composer  
Dairyman  
Engineer  
Engraver  
Gardener  
Importer  
Inventor  
Landlady  
Landlord  
Magician  
Mechanic  
Minister  
Musician  
Optician  
Overseer  
Reporter  
Salesman  
Storeman  
Waitress  
Watchman  
Wrestler

#### 9 LETTERS

Announcer  
Attendant  
Barrister  
Bookmaker  
Bootmaker  
Carpenter  
Coalminer  
Conductor  
Decorator  
Detective  
Fruiterer  
Gasfitter  
Housewife

Messenger  
Navigator  
Nursemaid  
Physician  
Scientist  
Solicitor  
Stationer  
Zoologist

#### 10 LETTERS

Accountant  
Astronomer  
Auctioneer  
Blacksmith  
Bookkeeper  
Bookseller  
Bricklayer  
Cartoonist  
Compositor  
Dressmaker  
Fishmonger  
Journalist  
Lumberjack  
Magistrate  
Missionary  
Pawnbroker  
Playwright  
Politician  
Postmaster  
Shipwright  
Shopkeeper  
Timekeeper  
Watchmaker

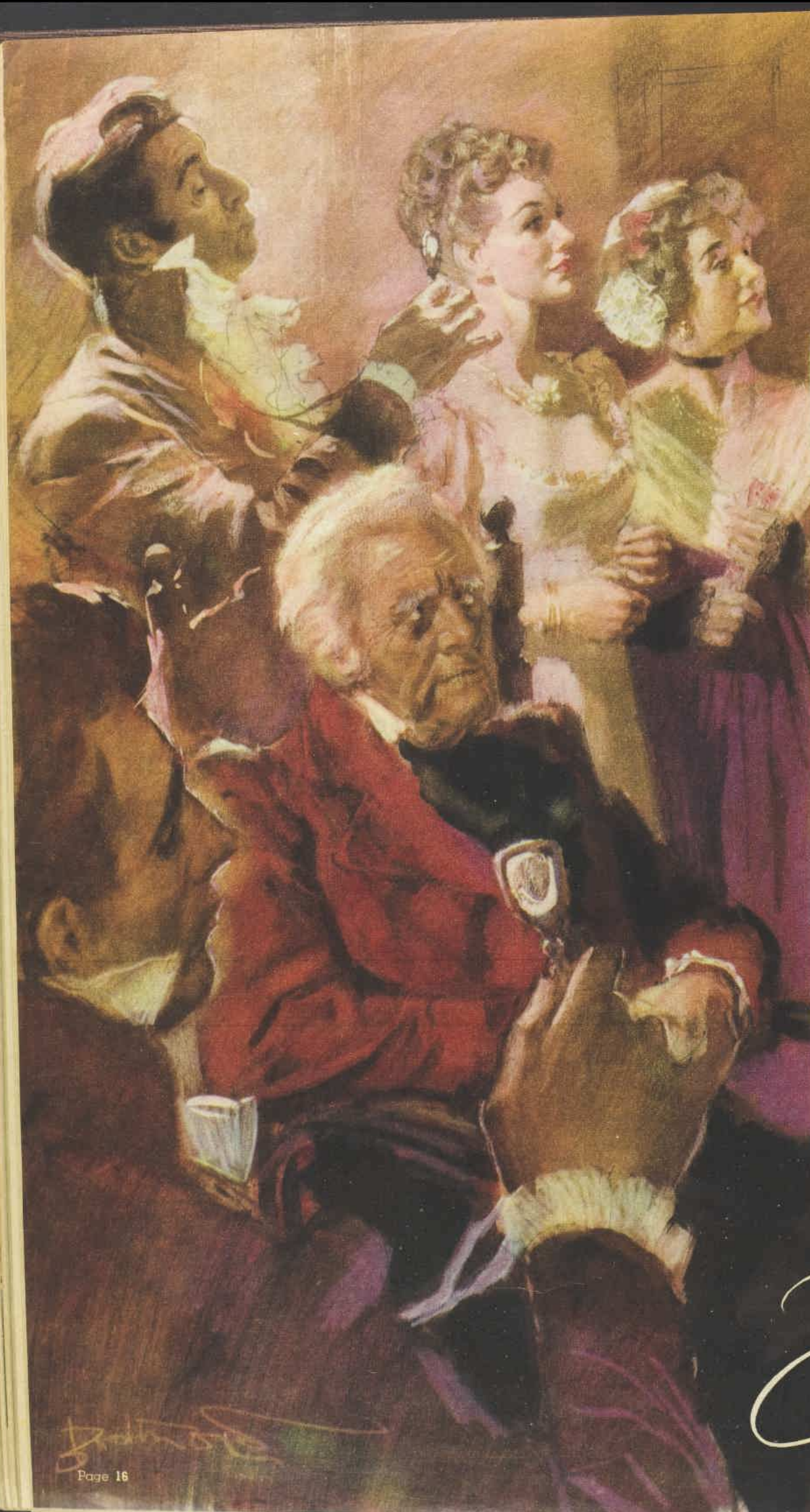
#### 11 Letters

Beachcomber  
Boatbuilder  
Chiropodist  
Haberdasher  
Illustrator  
Silversmith  
Stockbroker  
Taxidermist  
Telephonist  
Wheelwright

### NEXT WEEK:

Another £500 Crossle.





**S**ILENCE had reigned over the dining-room since his lordship, midway through the first course, had harshly commanded his widowed daughter-in-law to 'spare him any more stewards' room gossip. As Mrs. Darracott had merely been recounting to her daughter the tale of her activities that day, the snub might have been thought unjust, but she accepted it, if not with equanimity, with a resignation born of custom, merely exchanging a droll look with her daughter, and directing one of warning at her handsome young son.

The butler, Chollacombe, glanced menacingly at the younger of the two footmen, but the precaution was unnecessary: Charles had not been employed at Darracott Place above six months, but he was not such a whopstraw as to make the least noise in the performance of his duties when his lordship was out of humor.

Charles had thought himself lucky to have been taken on at Darracott Place, but he wasn't going to stay above his twelvemonth, not if he knew it! It might suit James, being Kentish born, to work in a great, rambling house stuck down miles from anywhere, in a marsh flat and bare enough to give anyone a fit of the blue devils, and with never a soul, outside the family, coming next or nigh it, but when Charles went after another place he was going to London.

Such visions as Charles had indulged when he had first blessed his good fortune at being hired to fill the post of second footman in a nobleman's establishment! A proper take-in that had been, and so he would tell his Dad! Dad had assured him that to be hired to serve in a lord's country seat did not mean that he would be immured in rural fastness throughout the year. My lord (said Dad) would certainly retire to Kent during the winter months; but at the beginning of the Season he would remove to his London house; and at the end of the Season (said Dad) the chances were that he would hire a house in Brighton for the summer months. And from time to time, of course, he would be absent, visiting friends in other parts of the country.

But nothing like that had happened at Darracott Place since Charles had first entered its portals. My lord, whose grim mouth and arctic stare could set stronger knees than Charles' knocking together, remained in residence all the year round, neither entertaining nor being entertained.

And no use for anyone to tell Charles that this was because the family was in mourning for Mr. Granville Darracott and his son, Mr. Oliver, both drowned off the coast of Cornwall in an ill-fated boating expedition: Charles might only have been

*The*



Beginning our new serial,  
a Regency romance

BY GEORGETTE  
HEYER

ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROYD

second footman at Darracott Place for a couple of months when that disaster occurred, but no one could gammon him into thinking that my lord cared a spangle for his heir.

If you were to ask him, Charles would say that my lord cared for no one but Mr. Richmond: he certainly couldn't abide Mr. Matthew Darracott, who was the last of his sons left alive; while, as for Mr. Claud, who was the younger of Mr. Matthew's two sons, it was as much as anyone could do not to burst out laughing to see my lord look at him as if he was a cockroach or a bed-bug.

Nor, though he didn't look at him like that, could you think he cared a groat for Mr. Vincent neither; while as for poor Mrs. Darracott, so kind a lady even if she was a bit of a prattle-box, she had only to open her mouth for my lord to give her one of his nasty set-downs. He didn't, it was true, do that to Miss Anthea, but that was probably because Miss Anthea wasn't scared of him, like her Ma, and would maybe give as good as she got: it wasn't because he was fond of her, as you'd think her granddad would be. It wouldn't be Miss Anthea as would coax him out of his sullen; it would be Mr. Richmond.

But Richmond, his grandfather's darling, after one thoughtful glance cast under his lashes at that uncompromising countenance, was lost in his own reflections.

As little as Charles the footman did Anthea, or Mrs. Darracott, or even Richmond, understand the cause of his lordship's brooding ill-humor; rather less than Charles did any one of these three believe that it sprang from grief at the death of his eldest son.

His lordship had both disliked and despised Granville; yet when the news of that fatal accident had reached Darracott Place he had been for many minutes like a man struck to stone; and when he had recovered from the first shock he had horrified his son Matthew, and Lissett, his man of business, by saying several times over, and in a voice of icy rage: "Damn him! Damn him! Damn him!"

They had almost feared for his reason, and had stood staring at him with dropped jaws until he had violently ordered them out of

his sight. Matthew had never dared to inquire what extraordinary circumstance had provoked this outburst, and his lordship neither offered an explanation nor again referred to the matter. Only a black cloud seemed to descend on him, rendering him more unapproachable than ever, and so brittle-tempered that Mrs. Darracott quite dreaded having to address him, and even Richmond several times had his head bitten off.

Dinner at last came to an end. As the servants began to remove the covers, Mrs. Darracott picked up her reticule and rose.

His lordship's frowning eyes lifted; he said, "Sit down! I have something to say to you!"

She sank back on to her chair, looking at once bewildered and apprehensive. Anthea, who had risen with her, remained standing, her head turned towards her grandfather, her brows a little raised. He paid no heed to her; his eyes were on the two footmen, and it was not until they had left the room that he spoke again. Chollacombe softly shut the door on the heels of his subordinates, and picked up the port decanter from the sideboard; he perceived that his master's hands were clenching and unclenching on the arms of his chair, and his heart sank: there had been a storm brewing all day, and it was at last going to burst now over their heads.

But when my lord again spoke it was as though it cost him an effort. He said: "You will be good enough, Elvira, to inform Flitwick that I expect my son and his family here tomorrow. Make what arrangements you choose!"

She was so much surprised that she was betrayed into uttering an unwise exclamation. "Good gracious! Is that all?"

"What brings them here, sir?" asked Anthea, intervening to draw her grandfather's fire.

He looked for a moment as though he were about to utter one of his rough snubs, but after a slight pause he answered her. "They are coming because I've sent for them, miss!" He paused again, and then said, "You may as

To page 39

Every quizzing eye was on Hugo as he entered the room to be presented to his new relatives by Lord Darracott, who said: "Make your bow to your aunts and cousins, my boy."

Unknown Girl



# Final Touch

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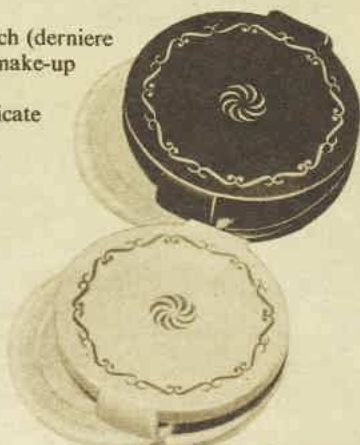
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FATHER



"I made a deal with Dad — I'm giving him my allowance this week!"

MOTHER



"I don't know that I need get you new winter pyjamas — Matador pants are very fashionable."

## It seems to me

I HAD an extraordinary piece of luck last week.

Someone gave me a race tip.

I seldom bet, but I decided recklessly to put a pound each way on the creature.

On Saturday, home from a morning's shopping, I spent some time in front of the mirror. The problem was: which of several tatty old strings of beads would best offset the starkness of a new black sweater.

Discouraged, I looked at the clock.

The race was over.

I had forgotten to back the horse.

It didn't run a place.

Which meant that I was two pounds to the good and could afford a new string of beads.

SOMEBODY, at last, has built a better mousetrap.

It is advertised in an American magazine. The baited steel trap is sold enclosed in a cardboard box. You just tear off the end and put it in a mousy corner.

"Then," say the makers, "toss away boxed-up mouse."

At first thought this seems to solve the whole problem of mouse-catching.

But there are flaws.

The things cost a dollar each. So you may be tossing away a dollar. How do you know there is a mouse inside?

And then, if you have the normal kindly female feelings towards mice, you are still left with your uneasy conscience. Especially — and this is worst of all — as the boxes are labelled "Mouse House."

A SYDNEY architect has suggested the establishment of "aromatic nature strips of potted plants and flowers round the toll gates at the Harbor Bridge."

Nice idea — as long as nobody calls them nature strips.

Garden is an old-fashioned word, but it does very well for the purpose.

MY mail this week is running hot with advice about coathangers.

A couple of weeks ago I mentioned my fondness for a particular wooden kind suitable for wide-necked dresses.

Some readers advised the wrapping of foam rubber strips round the ends.

A number, including one who signed himself "Mere Male," advised me to turn an ordinary hanger upside down and screw the hook in on the other side.

One of these correspondents, who evidently reads character accurately, drew a careful diagram lest I should bungle the operation.

The prettiest piece of mail came from Mrs. Edith Ford, a 77-year-old pensioner, of Narwee, N.S.W.

She sent me a beautifully covered hanger, pale blue, which now has a place of honor in the wardrobe.

By



Dorothy Drann

THE husband who tells this story is puzzled. But women will understand it perfectly.

The wife obtained her driving licence a week or two ago.

She was driving their smart new car; her husband was sitting beside her.

They came to a shopping centre. There was some traffic. Not much, mind you, but enough to flummox a new motorist.

She braked, stalled, started again, then stopped, this time on purpose.

She got out of the car, slammed the door, climbed in the other side, and said, "You drive."

"But," her husband responded mildly, as he slid under the wheel, "I didn't say a word."

"No," she snapped. "But I knew what you were thinking."

CHAIRMAN of the Australian Road Safety Council, Mr. T. G. Paterson, proposing a 10-point plan to reduce road accidents, said that the pedestrian was not "the sacred cow" he was made out to be.

As long as the pedestrian remained a "sacred cow," added Mr. Paterson, he would continue to take liberties.

All that we Sydney pedestrians ask is to be sacred zebras; but with the present attitude of most motorists to the crossings we're not getting much of a go.

SCIENTISTS envisage weather control that could produce a perpetual summer.

Now when the westerly winds blow wild,  
Sharp and cold, and without compassion,  
Think of a summer, a long, hot summer,  
A beautiful summer that never would end.

Ever the breezes, with mild caresses,  
Blow through the long gold days, and the ocean,

With its cool green rollers, never ending,  
Breaking in crystalline drops in the sun.  
But this is a dream, and dreams should never.

Never, oh never, come true — far better  
Cherish them gently, in secret, for comfort,

For daylight will shatter them, coldly apart.

Now is the winter, and winters were ever  
A time to look forward, a time for dreaming

Of days that are coming and days that are over,

Of perfect summers that never could be.



# A kind of Loyalty

A complete short story  
BY EILEEN ALDERTON



Illustrated by  
Batten

ON the day of the dinner party—the first since the reconciliation—Caroline stood at the kitchen table beating double cream for a sweet consisting of airy sponge, raspberries, and apricots soaked in brandy. A plump duck, tucked into shiny foil like a special Christmas parcel, was cooking very slowly in the oven.

Before her, spread neatly on the kitchen table, was everything she would need tonight for a small, impromptu dinner party of a lavishness beyond Roger's income and planned with the (perhaps subconscious) intention to impress.

Subconscious? Well, said Caroline with complete honesty to Caroline, if you're not doing it to impress you're going barmy—for when before have you fed Roger on lobster cocktails, roast duck, and a sweet that takes nearly a pint of whipping cream? All followed by a cheese-board holding six varieties—oh, swank!

Leaving the cream to stand, she flexed her arm and patted red hair in wild disorder. She prodded the duck, rewound the foil and started on the orange sauce that would accompany it.

Yesterday, out shopping for Roger's evening meal and pondering on her list (she used to be absent-minded but, since the reconciliation, her desperate desire to please had given her an unexpected efficiency), she had seen Susan coming towards her.

Susan was Caroline's oldest, dearest friend. They had been at school together. But now, instead of pleasure at renewing a friendship that had lapsed since Susan and her husband had gone to live in London, Caroline felt shock, guilt, and a frantic desire to run away.

But Susan had seen her and was waving,

smiling joyously. She was an intensely joyous person.

"Caroline!"

"Sue—but I thought you and Louis were settled in town?"

"Back last week!" said Susan with a joyous little jump which, performed by anyone less dainty, might have appeared ungainly. "Couldn't stand it, honey. Louis says it's worth changing around, to get back to good clean air. But you—I didn't think you'd stay on here, Caroline. I was going to ring everybody to find out your address..."

"We're still here," said Caroline. "How well you look!"

Susan always looked extremely well. Money, Caroline often thought without bitterness, bought that rested, leisured look as well as the handbox clothes. Susan was a tiny creature, fastidiously neat and young-looking with a schoolgirl's figure and thick blond hair. Though she, like Caroline, was the mother of large school-age children, she wore a crisp cotton skirt that Caroline—tall and broadly built—would have chosen for her daughter.

Susan fingered the top of a French loaf protruding from her Italian shopping basket and murmured, "Oh, but I thought..."

And then it came, shyly, tentatively. "But Roger..."

"Roger? Well, he's here, too, of course. We're still living in the same house and jogging along just the same..."

Susan's eyes looked enormous and Caroline knew—as, of course, she had always known—that Susan had remembered every word. Susan was one of the few who had known and known too much.

Naturally, she could not have forgotten those confidences poured out at the point when Caroline herself had felt as she had

To page 47

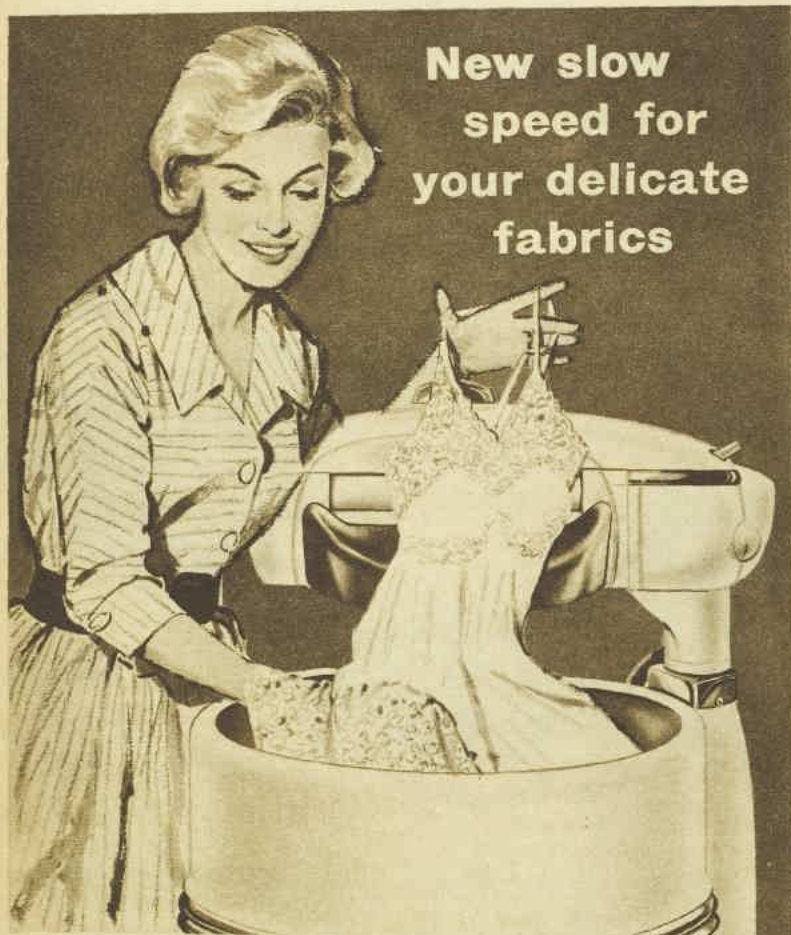
After dinner Susan and Roger sat together listening to the music.



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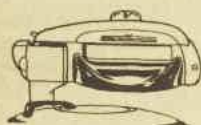
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# THAT SPRING DAY

A charming short  
story complete on  
this page

By  
**CLEDWYN  
HUGHES**

I THINK that the character and the reputation of our household must stand high among animals of the wilder sort. Years ago, of course, we established good relations with domestic pets; cats, dogs, white mice, and tortoises which ate the brussels sprouts. We take them for granted and, doubtless, they do the same.

Our dog lies in the central position on the hearthrug, and our Siamese cat sits in the chair which has certainly the best view of the television screen. Eccles, however, for that is her name, does not view. She once saw a cat of her own breed doing tricks with a conjurer in Children's Hour; she turned her back on the screen that day, and has never looked at it since.

Eccles is that kind of cat; she likes, and she dislikes, in a big way. She is called Eccles because she came in a box all the way from that town. She has a very large pedigree, but has always forestalled our commercial plans to breed with her. The kittens are always of the United Nations sort.

But it is the other animals which we find most pleasing, though occasionally aggravating. There is the hedgehog who walks up the garden path each night. I sometimes have to escort maiden aunts to the lane which goes from the beach to the village and which is our right-of-way. Our aunts never get really used to meeting our hedgehog.

Then there is the squirrel who for years has been fascinated by the automatic washing-machine in the kitchen. It must remind him of something. As soon as that white machine starts to work and the soap-suds appear halfway up the glass porthole at the front he comes from the wood to the kitchen window. It fascinates him.

And we have had other animals; sheep from the farm on the other side of the hill who, curiously enough, developed a wild and unreasonable and thoroughly cunning taste for our strawberries; and the goat who once belonged to a regiment and who now lives with a retired colonel in a house near the foreshore.

But neither goats nor squirrels,

hedgehogs nor sheep were as anything to Diana. She was an aged mare, who had retired when the tractor came to the nearby farm. A less kindhearted man than Thomas Jones would have sold her for meat. However, Thomas Jones was as kind as he looked. And, because he loved animals, Thomas Jones kept Diana in retirement in a stone-walled field opposite our house.

Both Laura, my wife, and Nandi, our daughter, loved Diana. She was a part of their lives, and, while I could be neglected with elevenses, there must be always two lumps of sugar for Diana in that hour of the morning. At four-thirty each day, in August sun or December snow, Diana must be visited and given a bit of food, Swiss roll for preference. The old mare liked all sorts of cake, with the exception of that sort which has a thick wad of cream as its filling. It seemed to stick on her whiskers and tickle them; she would give horsey sneezes for a quarter of an hour trying to get rid of the white substance.

I had a great fondness, too, for Diana. I could see her from my study window, and often her old black eyes looked into mine and she seemed to have a wisdom there, such as I have never seen in any of the intelligentsia. She could cavort, but hardly rock-'n-roll; could eye the downy head of thistle for half an hour, but wouldn't have been able to recognise a politician if she saw one. Diana was wise.

It was a morning in late spring when I happened to be staring out of my study window. It was a perfect day, with the strengthening sun giving a golden light to the landscape. There was the green promise of buds on the trees; white soft clouds in the blue of the sky; and a warm west wind off the acres of the sea. It all looked good, and in the centre of this contentment grazed old Di.

And then, quite suddenly as I looked at this old mare who was now in an honorable retirement, I saw that there was something glistening in the sun on one ear. And as she turned her head with energy to graze on a new area I saw the same flash in the sun on the other ear. I looked again, and then reached to my desk for my bird-watching telescope. I looked through this and it confirmed what I had already guessed.

On the ears of the old mare were earrings; long, glamorous, languorous ones, such as are worn by tall, smart ladies on television. It was extraordinary.

I called downstairs to Laura.

"Darling," I said, "Di has earrings."

Laura was making a Swiss roll.

It was always a trying business; sometimes there was too much "stiff," at other times too much "limp," in the mixture.

Laura was intent on her Swiss roll. I waited a moment until a loud sigh of satisfaction came, and I knew that the roll was a roll. I said again, "Darling, do come upstairs and see Diana in her earrings."

Of course, Laura is used to me. She is used to my strange comments at the wrong times; and so she answered gaily, "I'll come when I've finished baking the cuckoo for lunch. It's one I've kept in the deep freeze since last season. I've found a lovely sauce from Sicily to go with it and—"

It was time for me to speak again, and I did so. "Darling, I'm not joking. Come and see."

She came upstairs and I handed her the bird-watching telescope. She always handles this instrument with distrust, for she suspects that I use it to watch bathing beauties out on the dunes in the summer, which is quite untrue.

She looked, and then she said, "Golly, dear, how right you are. Whatever is the idea? Who can have done it?"

I tried to make a gallant answer. "Fairies, perhaps? A local custom to greet the spring? Or perhaps it's some horse-lovers' society? Or a new idea to sell horse jewellery?"

Laura only grunted and answered, "If only Nandi were here to see it. I think I'll fetch her in the school lunch-hour to show it to her. Not every day one's child can see a horse with earrings."

"And on the way back, why not call in on Mr. Thomas Jones? He may know all about it," I said.

In half an hour there was a shout below my window. Looking down I could see Laura and Nandi on the gravel path with the old farmer, Mr. Jones. He seemed the least excited. I called to him, "What have you been doing to your mare, Mr. Jones?"

He smiled back at me. "News to me, Mr. Hughes. Shall we all go and have a look at the old beauty?"

Laura went and got sugar, and Nandi insisted on taking a piece of the newly made Swiss roll. Mr. Jones and I went empty-handed. As soon as we reached the gate of the stone-walled field, old Diana came at her slow, weary trot towards us. As she moved the earrings swung in the sunshine.

"They look valuable," said Mr. Jones, rather hopefully.

Laura shook her head. "More like paste, Mr. Jones, but how did she get them?"

Nandi made the only helpful suggestion. "Perhaps she had her ears pierced and a gipsy put them in for her?"

We all examined the ears of Diana. They seemed solid enough, and the earrings were of the screw-on sort. They were well made but not very valuable.



"They look valuable," the farmer said as Laura and Nandi stared at the flashing earrings on the old mare.

It was just then that Mr. Thomas Jones gave a short shout. "Got it," he said.

"What?" I asked.

The old kindhearted farmer, who would never become rich because he loved animals too much, smiled and said, "Your little girl talking of the gipsies brings it all back to me. My missus used to have a pair just like them. Gipsies were up at the house last week, and I bet—"

He paused, and Laura went on, "And Mrs. Jones gave them to the gipsies and they put them on Diana?"

"You ask your wife," I suggested. "Do it from our house on the phone."

We all went back into the house, and Thomas Jones rang up his wife. She was a delightful old lady who didn't go about much, but who had the reputation of making the best ginger wine in six parishes. She got more people drunk over Christmas than any hostelry. She was a bit deaf, and she couldn't understand why her husband should want to ring her up. Her soft, kindly voice said over the phone, "Why, Thomas, my dear, it's the first time in ten years that you've talked to me from a distance."

After a while the old farmer got his wife to understand what had happened. And she said yes, that she had given the gipsies the earrings, because the woman had only one earring, having lost the other.

That was settled then. But the other mystery remained, and probably will ever remain. Why had the gipsy woman gone into the field and put the earrings on old Diana? Was it superstition about taking such a gift? She could have sold them, or

traded them, or given them to a friend. But no, instead, the gipsy put them on the old horse, who was the beloved of the husband of the woman who had given her the earrings.

"Anyway," said Mr. Thomas Jones, as he stood uneasily by the telephone. "Anyway, what shall we do? Shall I leave them on the old mare, or am I to take them back to the missus at the house?"

"Perhaps the gipsy will come back for them?" said Laura.

I shook my head. I knew the ways of gipsies.

Laura then suggested other sensible things, but finally said: "As it's a sunny day, let's let Diana wear them just for the afternoon. Now, Nandi, come along back to school. And I'll give Mr. Jones a lift, too."

About half an hour later I looked again, out of curiosity, through my telescope at old Diana. She was grazing once more, but one earring had gone already. And, even as I watched, she gave a very feminine toss of her head and I saw a sudden arc of sharp, dazzling light flying away over the stone wall to the sea.

Well, I thought, that was the end of it, and perhaps as good an ending as any. In some ways our little bit of magic had all been very simple, and yet in an age full of deadly marvels and sciences it was all rather wonderful, too. All over the country, on the heaths and in the lonely places, men were building atomic power-stations and nuclear reactors to outdo the sun. And yet, in a field, an old retired mare could still parade in earrings on a spring day when the sun was warm and the wind was gentle.

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*"I saw two clouds at morning  
Tinged by the rising sun,  
And in the dawn they floated on  
And mingled into one."*

JOHN G. C. BRAINARD



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A short story complete  
on this page

# KISS AND NO MAKE-UP

By JOYCE HUMPHREYS

AS Christina ecstatically breathed, "Mmm-m-m, fresh air," the young man pouring oil into Jane, her ancient two-seater, looked up in surprise. "Don't get much of that in London, do you, miss?" he said. "You goin' on holiday, miss?"

"Mm," Chris said, and drove off. "So that's what happens to plain Chris Smith," she said, glancing in the driving mirror, startled by her unfamiliar reflection.

Of Tina, the elegant, the sophisticated, the most sought-after model in London, little trace remained. Only the flaming hair, which had earned her the nickname Tawny, kept its coiled sleekness under a protective scarf. But the pale face, the unpainted mouth, the weary green eyes, all these belonged to an earlier Christina, who at eighteen had grown up overnight when the plane in which her parents were flying crashed, killing her father and sending her mother, bedridden, in quest of one treatment after another.

Christina, precipitated then into the role of breadwinner, had listed her qualifications and arrived at the chilling realisation that her only marketable assets appeared to be an excellent figure, unusual coloring, and the strength of a horse.

That she had within four years canalised these into Tina suggests that an iron determination might well have been added to the list. Mrs. Smith was safe now. The nursing home where she lay was expensive, but it afforded some degree of comfort to her twisted body.

This holiday was Christina's first relaxation, and she still wondered at the impulse which had led her in search of this inn.

The previous day had found her wandering aimlessly round her small flat. Suddenly she thought: "How lovely, just for a few days, to be myself again, no make-up, no glamor, just Chris Smith in her oldest clothes." It was then the idea came.

Irrevocably abandoned now to the mood of the moment, Chris stopped the car in Reading and had her hair cut into a simple, honest-to-goodness bob as worn by nice girls in provincial towns. She grinned at the transformation. From bare head to sandalled feet she bore little resemblance to the Tina of yesterday.

She found her inn in time for lunch. Only one other guest was there, "a gentleman," said the clerk, "who had arrived the previous day." He did not appear for lunch, and Christina enjoyed the unaccustomed peace.

That night Chris felt young and irresponsible as she changed into a full-skirted frock and descended the stairs for dinner. To John Little, the sole occupant of the tiny bar below, she made an unforgettable picture. There was something different about this girl: tall, slender, and yet . . . yes, that was it, she wore no make-up.

"So you're my fellow guest," she murmured when they had introduced themselves and laughed as they confessed their earlier mutual misgivings. Over the next few days their relationship developed on the same easy, undemanding plane. They asked few questions—both knew that the other worked in London and that each was on a week's holiday.

Living as she was from one minute to another, she scarcely knew what was happening to herself until, almost at the end of the holiday, she stood with John looking into a field where baby calves tottered on spindly legs. Chris, laughing, turned to say, "Look, aren't they adorable?" when, instead, she found John's mouth on hers, his hands pressing into her shoulders. For a long, long time they stayed so, and Chris felt her strength ebb away as she returned his kiss.

Inwardly she was in a turmoil. This part she had played all the week, this carefree uncomplicated Chris; it was only a part . . . or was it? Suddenly Chris didn't know, but wearily she thought that, whatever happened, after tomorrow she would have to be Tina again.

Dinner that night was an ordeal. Conscious of one another, every glance was significant, every word meaningful. And in this mood of intense awareness they parted at Christina's door. "Goodnight, Mona Lisa," said John, gently putting a finger under her chin. "Why do you call me that?" she asked.

"Because there is something about you I can't fathom, something puzzling."

The next morning, their last day, they decided to spend in Oxford before returning to the inn to collect their luggage. They agreed to allow half an hour for packing. But half an hour passed and no sign of John. Surely he hadn't got cold feet and left her.

"Nonsense!" she snapped as she ran up the stairs and tapped lightly on his door. There was no answer. Hesitantly she turned the handle. There, his back towards her, completely engrossed, sat the object of her fears, sketching.

Chris tiptoed across the room to watch. She saw a girl,



"Goodnight, Mona Lisa," John said, gently putting a finger under Chris' chin.

drawn tall and slender. Jeans encased her legs, her skirt was knotted casually in front, and from one hand trailed bizarre sun-glasses. With the other she clasped an enormous sun-hat to her casually shorn head. She was chic, decorative . . . and she was unmistakably Christina.

At the touch of her hand on his shoulder John turned to watch the astonishment on Christina's face. "It bothered me from the beginning," he said. "I couldn't place you as a type, and last night I got it. Do you mind, darling?"

Christina silenced his lips with a finger; her eyes were dancing. "Will you give me half an hour, John?"

Exactly thirty minutes later John opened his door in answer to a knock. He said faintly, "Tina!"

"A poor job, but the best I could do in the time" smiled Chris. She walked towards the one small mirror in the room and surveyed her handiwork. Hair brushed sleekly back, golden skin, copper lipstick, green eyes black-lashed.

Gingerly picking up John's pencil, she leaned over the drawing block and, in an excellent facsimile of his famous signature, scrawled "Littlejohn" across the foot. Then she turned, but whatever it was she had meant to say was lost in John's kiss.

A long time later they were laughing at the success of their deceptions. "We might have guessed," said Christina. "Who but people like us would come here for a holiday?"

"The odd thing is," said John, "that we never met in town. 'Tina,' they said, 'you'd adore her, and I knew I would, as a model, but I thought you would be glossy and brittle and—poisonous.'"

"And I," laughed Christina, "used to hear about you. 'So terribly amusing,' they said. 'You ought to meet him.'"

Then she giggled. "If you will lend me your handkerchief, Miss Chris Smith will wipe off the lipstick that Tawny Tina has implanted on your cheek, and Christina . . . oh, dear, what does Christina do?"

"She kisses me," said John firmly. "Then she comes back to town with me to find out how long it takes these triplets to change their name to Little. Gosh," he added, beaming broadly, "three wives at once. What more could a man ask?"

"This, perhaps," Christina moved closer and put her arms round him.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — JUNE 1, 1960





THE NEW Woodbridge Farm homestead with (on right) the second Woodbridge, now an annexe of Mt. Henry Home for Aged Women.



WESTERLY ASPECT of the new homestead, showing the Hamersley coat-of-arms fashioned in wrought-iron. The weather-vane takes the form of the ram's head from the Hamersley arms.

NEWLY BUILT Woodbridge Farm, the property of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Hamersley, at Guilford, half an hour's run from Perth, is a link with Western Australia's earliest history.

The 110 acres on which it stands is part of one of the first land grants to be made in W.A. and was originally the property of Captain James Stirling, first Governor of the State.

Woodbridge was acquired in 1879 by Mrs. Hamersley's grandfather, Mr. Charles Harper

His granddaughter married in 1932 Herbert Hamersley, great-grandson of Edward Hamersley, who founded the neighboring farm, Lockridge, in 1841. The two properties have been worked as one ever since.

The new Woodbridge Farm homestead is the third. The Captain Stirling Senior High School now stands on the site of the first homestead, built for Captain Stirling in 1830. The W.A. Health Department recently acquired the second Woodbridge as an annexe to the Mt. Henry Home for Aged Women. Photographs by Ray Ogborne, of Perth.

## AUSTRALIAN

# HOMES

THE FOUR-POSTER canopied bed at Woodbridge has been with the Hamersley and Harper families for more than a century. The Regency chaise-longue was brought from England in 1837.





# It's what to do about COLDS or ASIATIC FLU

- 1 See your doctor
- 2 Get plenty of bed rest
- 3 Drink lots of fruit juice
- 4 Take Bayer Aspirin

to reduce the fever and  
relieve the pain

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## Women needed in politics

WHEN the next elections are held, it's to be hoped more women try for parliament. I can find no reason why we have so few women M.P.s. They couldn't do worse than "the stronger sex." Women members would get things done, and what a pleasant change for listeners to parliamentary broadcasts! We'd hear pleasant voices talking in a fashion one can understand.

£1/1/- to Mrs. E. M. Allen, Brunswick, Vic.

## Planted toes

EVERY evening I arrive home with knife-planted toes. The price we pay for pride in these days of pointed shoes is terrible. It takes me hours to prise my toes apart and get some circulation into them. Surely, after all we pay for footwear, we broad-footed types are entitled to some attractive styles. The only shoes made to fit us are those favored by elderly ladies.

£1/1/- to Miss I. Jones, Glen Waverly, Vic.

## Stay silent

I'VE read in many magazines of young women who have had an unhappy episode in their past asking whether they should tell their husbands-to-be all about it? They're usually advised to tell. I think this is wrong; it only goes to make everything worse. A man and woman take each other for better or worse from the day they marry, not before.

£1/1/- to Mrs. A. Small, Chatswood, N.S.W.

## Gift-shy

MOST people always refuse to accept a small gift when it's first offered. Why? Do they want you to persuade them, or is it a case of shyness? They usually wind up taking it.

£1/1/- to Mrs. B. I. Woods, Cambooya, Qld.

## Blank bliss

DOING nothing is wonderful, isn't it? To stretch out on a bed (like a cat) and simply lie there doing, saying, and thinking nothing at all, is perfect relaxation. Try it some time.

£1/1/- to Miss R. MacLean, Margate, Qld.

## Want it free

IS it a "something-for-nothing" attitude which is responsible for the ever-increasing tendency for people to expect schools to be responsible for such things as making instruction, driving lessons, dancing, swimming, sex, first-aid instruction? These are trained people in a community who earn their living from such training. With the current shortage of teaching staff, our teachers have enough to do in concentrating on normal school subjects.

£1/1/- to "New Mother" (name supplied), Altona, A.C.T.

## Master key

WHEN going on holidays recently we took our back door key to my brother's place as he was to look after our house. To our surprise, the key opened his back door. Surely this is a bad mistake.

£1/1/- to Mrs. P. Mole, Manly, Qld.

## Color-conscious

IT'S a shame so many housewives insist on hanging out colored washing with their whites. I think a line of dazzling whites waving in the breeze looks so much nicer. Hang the colors after the whites have come in.

£1/1/- to Mrs. K. Griffiths, Sth. Bundaberg, Qld.

## Sister story

RECENTLY my mother had her seventh child at the age of 48. This gave me a darling little sister. Last year I was married and my husband has a sister of 50. So you see I have sisters of very different ages. Can anyone beat this?

£1/1/- to Mrs. R. Doeck, Bower, S.A.

# Ross Campbell writes...

LIKE many others, I have fallen into the calorie-counting habit.

If you want to be pencil-slim you have to do so. Nevertheless, it goes against the grain.

What I don't like about calorie counting is that it dampens the spirit of revelry. It prevents you from letting yourself go and having a jolly good tuck-in.

If you look back to the famous feasts of past times you will notice that nobody cared a hoot about calories.

Take Belshazzar's Feast. The Bible does not say what goodies the host turned on for his guests, apart from plenty of liquor. But if I know Belshazzar, he wouldn't send out invitations to a low-calorie feast.

Then there was Omar Khayyam. He asked his girl-friend to 'share a loaf of bread and a jug of wine. He said nothing about being 'here with a slice of Melba toast beneath the bough.'

As for the Romans, when they gave an orgy they let dieting go

## A THIN TIME

hang. Anyone who has seen "Quo Vadis" knows that. You just couldn't enjoy an orgy if you were thinking: "I mustn't have any more nightingales' tongues. I've filled my calorie quota."

I am afraid the love of high-calorie foods is deeply ingrained in the



human race. That is why they are mentioned so often in nursery rhymes.

The Knave of Hearts stole some tarts (not some prune-whip). Little Tommy Tucker's supper was brown bread and butter. Simple Simon met a pieman. Pat-a-cake, pat-a-

cake, baker's man; hot-cross buns, the old woman runs. And so on.

The very mention of these care-free eaters is enough to make a calorie-counter's mouth water.

The only diet-conscious person in the nursery-rhyme world was Little Miss Muffet, who ate a 75-calorie dish of curds and whey. And her morale cracked as soon as she saw a spider.

Another thing I have against the calorie business is that it is unfair.

Notice the way the odds are loaded against those who drink beer (150 calories a glass) in favor of those who drink coffee (0 calories).

The hardships of the system fall most heavily on that fine body of people the pie-eaters, to whom I am proud to belong.

We are urged to give up our favorite food and switch to low-calorie things like salads.

Some of us will have to. But I don't think we should pretend it is a normal way to eat. It would shock many people of the old days, such as Little Jack Horner, who cheerfully hoed into a 800-calorie Christmas pie. Lucky boy!



## Their clothes are French

● Australian-born boys Philippe and Daniel Davrain, aged six and three, have French parents and wear fashionable clothes brought out from France.

THE boys live at Blackburn, Victoria, with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Claude Davrain, who have been in Australia for 10 years.

Mrs. Davrain often travels home to Lille, in France, and she always brings back the latest French styles for her sons to wear.

If there is a long gap between her trips, members of Mr. Davrain's family send out fashionable French clothes for Philippe and Daniel.

A fresh parcel recently arrived, and the pictures on this page show the boys wearing what the well-dressed junior Frenchman wears today.

● Casual morning at home for Daniel, in red and green striped pants, piped with red (left). His jumper has a trim of red and green drums.

● Philippe's very tapered grey trousers team with a grey sweater with red pair-stripes. Daniel's trousers are striped in green and tan.



● New "bouffy" look for three-year-olds is seen in Daniel's full, short middie and velvet pants. Note Philippe's striped shorts.



● Off to school, Philippe wears narrow-cut trousers and a turquoise and navy striped blazer with brass buttons. The pocket is adorned with a college crest.



● Red and white striped woollen briefs and square jacket are worn by Daniel for a morning in the sun. Note the French footwear styles in all pictures and the French shoe-lacing.



● Daniel favors full "bouffy" top and pants, but Philippe's trousers are tightly cut. Both have duffle coats with hoods.



# LOOK

LOOK TWICE AT THE TWIN-TUB HOOVERMATIC!



**LOOK ONE!**  
ONLY HOOVERMATIC'S  
EXCLUSIVE PULSATOR  
WASHES YOUR CLOTHES  
BOIL-CLEAN . . .



## NOW TAKE A LONG LOOK AT ALL THESE FEATURES

- Twin tubs for twice the speed — while one load washes the other is rinsed and spin-dried!
- Exclusive "Boiling Action" Pulsator swirls swift currents of sudsy water through every part of every garment — your whole load of whites is boil-clean in just 4 minutes (one minute does woollens).
- Automatic timer stops washer when clothes are cleanest — no unnecessary overwashing.



Price 126 Guineas.

Heater model 7 gns. extra. Easy terms, of course!

# HOOVERMATIC

HW.60.WW142L

Reg. trade mark

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# MOTORING

By BETTY McKAY



• The 1960  
four-door Rambler

• Australia's No. 1 compact car, the Rambler, surprised me by its suitability for Australian conditions — I drove the 1960 Custom four-door version (£2495) some 500 miles during a recent short holiday.

**T**HE present Rambler is a far better-looking car than the earlier models.

It has the flat, opulent, square look of modern styling, and a marked similarity to the new Mercedes about the tail.

Gone are the exaggerated fins, and it looks all the better without them.

Inside it is evident that the makers — American Motors — have been to some trouble to have a good interior designer give them the smart, almost chic, treatment of the Continental cars.

### I liked:

- The spaciousness for six adults, plus a really large boot.
- Good all-round vision for driver and passengers.
- The fuel economy for such a large car (average 23 miles per gallon).
- The effortless cruise at a medium speed (the Rambler is no galloper).
- The easy-to-drive push-button automatic.
- The good ventilation and heating system.
- The fully reclining front seats, which make into a big bed for crews where accommodation is sub-standard or fully booked.
- A simple, straightforward six-cylinder engine that the local garage-man could service in half an hour.
- The long-range, 18-gallon tank.

### I did not like:

- The unwiped vee-area in the centre of the windscreen.

• The too-soft suspension which, with a full load aboard, bottomed on country bitumen roads.

N.B.: The optional heavy-duty shock-absorbers are essential for Australian roads.

• The five turns from lock to lock, which made hard work of driving on winding roads.

• The lack of zip when overtaking, which was embarrassing at times.

• No "intermediate hold" switch to prevent automatic up-changes when not required. (Without this the transmission changes up and down like a yo-yo when hill-climbing. This is not uncommon in American cars.)

• The fierce power brakes. These brakes, while effective, are too sensitive and can be a trap for the new Rambler driver.

Even with these criticisms, it is not hard to understand how the Rambler has been such a success in America, despite the weight of the Big Three — G.M., Ford, and Chrysler.

The public is swinging away from huge, cumbersome, ornate machines to the more practical car, and the Rambler is just that.

### SAFETY HINT:

Check that you are using the correct grade of petrol for your car. Many of the new small cars are run on quite high-compression ratios, and need the best petrol available. Any competent mechanic will advise you, but a fairly safe rule is that any car using a compression ratio of over 7.5:1 should run on premium fuel. (Handbooks state compression ratio with engine data.)

### COMFORTABLE CLOTHES

[I]T is not enough for children's clothes to be pretty.

Physical and even mental health can be affected by what a child wears.

See there is room for movement, both legs and arms.

See that underclothing is not catching anywhere.

Do not have shoulder-straps slipping off (how irritating this can be!).

See that trousers and bloomers are loose, but will stay up without dragging.

See that shoes are big; never small.

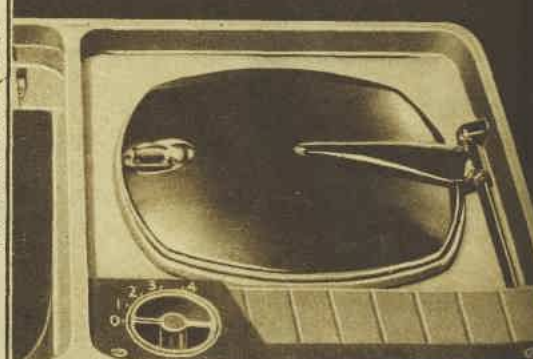
See that buttonholes are made so that the child, where possible, can manage without assistance. — *Ethel Lakeman, supervisor of nursery schools for the Sydney Day Nursery Schools Association.*

# TWICE

LOOK TWICE AT THE TWIN-TUB HOOVERMATIC



**LOOK TWO! HOOVERMATIC  
GIVES THE FRESHEST  
RINSE, THE QUICKEST,  
DRIEST SPIN  
YOU'VE EVER SEEN!**



## LOOK! MORE HOOVERMATIC EXCLUSIVE FEATURES

- Double-rinses and spin-dries the first load while the next is being washed — spin compartment holds even your biggest double blanket
- Removes every drop of washing water, pumps it back into washing compartment — no soap waste!
- Only fresh water used for rinsing
- Extra-fast spin drier leaves clothes barely damp!
- Close lid — it starts, open lid — it stops. So safe!



Price 126 Guineas.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — JUNE 1, 1960



# ARE WOMAN TROUBLES OUT OF DATE?

By EVELYN ARCHER ADAMS

● Modern medicine has all but eliminated the time-honored myths and dreaded miseries of menstruation, pregnancy, childbirth, housewife's fatigue, and "change of life."

NOT so long ago there was only one way for the adolescent girl to find out that the female of the human race menstruates. She could wake up one morning and run in terror to her mother, who soothed her by explaining she was "sick," and would be every month for many years to come.

Mother also dispensed a few other pertinent facts: when you are "sick" you do not wash your hair or take a bath. Thereafter, our wide-eyed adolescent expected to "fold up" with regularity. Mother did when she was a girl.

Her pregnant aunt was in worse shape. She gained 40 or 50 pounds "eating for two" every time she had a baby, vomited constantly, wouldn't go out of the house, avoided exercise, did not discuss her "condition," saw her doctor only occasionally.

She had a fear of the 48 hours or more she would spend "in labor."

If she survived the mental and physical strain of giving birth to her ten-pound baby, she would stay in bed in the hospital or at home two weeks or more.

## Always tired

Once out of bed, she had to struggle with housework, children, and a husband with little patience and no understanding of either wife or children. She was always tired, and nobody seemed to care.

If, by some miracle, she conquered the dragons that threatened her in her "prime of life," there was lying in wait the most terrible of all: menopause, the dreaded "change" which would ruin her looks, make her a sexual cipher, an irritable shrew, and, possibly, a "raving maniac."

This was a woman's life 40 years ago.

Today menstruation, pregnancy, fatigue, and menopause no longer add up to that vague, confounding term, "woman troubles."

The excitement of modern living leaves no time for it; the miracles of modern medicine allow no reason for it.

First, let's consider men-

struation. It seems incredible that something which occurs some 400 times over 30 to 40 years of a woman's life could have so long retained an aura of mystery.

Certainly, today there is no reason for any woman to be ignorant about what is going on in her body every month.

The fascinating cycle during which an egg is produced, sheltered for possible fertilisation, and, if unfertilised, sloughed off, is clearly explained and illustrated in dozens of available books.

## Mystery 'cramps'

There is something that is not said enough in any pamphlet, however—the answer to this question:

What, in the menstrual cycle of a normally healthy woman, can cause the pain, or "cramps," called dysmenorrhea, in degrees varying from mildly annoying to totally incapacitating?

The answer is "nothing."

Though many doctors are loath to say the word "psychosomatic," more and more of them now believe dysmenorrhea in women with no organic problems is just that. There is physiological stress, doctors explain, but the response to it depends on the personality of the woman.

Some women find their menstrual cramps are miraculously "cured" by marriage and/or childbirth.

There is no medical reason why either should have such an effect; yet such cures are often reported.

"They're cures of a sort," says one doctor. "Some women find that, with a family and home to care for, there is no time to fade out once a month."

One of the most dramatic cases of psychosomatic dysmenorrhea in popular literature was that described by Lucy Freeman in the first-person account of her psychoanalysis, *Fight Against Fears*. Miss Freeman lost all signs of her chronic menstrual cramps midway through her analysis, never to have them again.

When menstrual pain is so clearly a mental problem, the reasons are usually closely associated with a woman's general fear or resentment of being female.

A child's attitude about men-

struation is usually formed long before she experiences it, from what she has observed. The late Dr. Marion Hilliard, author of *A Woman Doctor Looks at Love and Life*, called painful menstruation a "legacy."

Dr. Hilliard, who was chief of obstetrics and gynaecology at Women's Cottage Hospital in Toronto, said:

"If I am treating a mother for painful menstruation, I will inevitably be treating the daughter as well. The daughter has assumed that all menstruation is painful and she becomes fearful as her turn comes."

"This tension increases the spasticity of the muscles of the uterus, and the youngster also has painful menstruation. Because of the power of suggestion, she may have painful menstruation for the next 30 years."

When and how a child is told about menstruation does not matter, doctors emphasise, if the total attitude about sex in the home is sound.

Says one pediatrician: "I had a mother in here two weeks ago, fidgeting, coughing, looking at the floor. Finally she told me she felt it was time to tell her little girl about 'you know' and she didn't know what to say."

## Whining woman

"I looked at the poor, whining woman, and I knew it didn't matter what she finally did. The atmosphere in her home was wrong."

Fortunately, most mothers today know how important it is to prepare their daughters for menstruation and they do so, naturally.

Their attitude is exemplified by that of the young woman who had just finished explaining the menstrual cycle to her nine-year-old daughter.

"She seemed so young," the mother said, "but I remember how much I resented my mother's method. She just handed me a government pamphlet and told me to read it."

"At the time, I was 16 and had been menstruating for four years. And I was lucky she was so 'modern.' Most of the girls I knew were never told anything."

More exciting even than the inevitable demise of menstrual cramps are the recent discov-



● Modern women's enjoyment of life need not be interrupted or their energy and vitality impaired by woman troubles.

eries about relieving other menstrual difficulties.

The headaches, depression, irritability, and bloating that precede the actual menstrual period comprise the "syndrome of premenstrual tension," which doctors know has physiological causes.

This tension results partly from the halting of secretions of two female hormones during the end of the menstrual cycle.

Scientists isolated the first of these hormones, estrogen, in 1923; the second, progesterone, in 1929. A few years later they found that the decrease in secretion of both hormones before menstruation has a depressing effect on a woman's emotions.

Also, because of the behaviour of the hormones before menstruation, many women experience excessive water retention (a mild case of oedema), and thus get a bloated feeling, which adds to the tension.

But there is no reason for women to suffer any longer. Almost as quickly as doctors named the problem, they found ways to relieve it: with diuretics, hormone therapy, and tranquilisers.

One of the newest drugs combines almost every known relief-giving ingredient, on the theory that at least one will be the answer for most women.

As for another archaic bugbear, the ills attending pregnancy, observe today's expectant mother. She is trim and svelte for seven of the nine months of pregnancy, stunningly dressed, dashing in and out of shops on fashionable heels.

She is knowledgeable and confident.

She will deliver her baby within 12 hours after entering the hospital, be out of bed the same day, and return home in five days.

In America, tests have been made with a new medical treatment which shortens the period of active labor to about one hour for first-time deliveries, one-half hour for women who already had children.

## Hypnosis

The treatment uses two hormones, oxytocin and relaxin. There are still many physicians who have doubts as to its safety in all cases.

Hypnosis is another method now proving successful for more and more women.

Women owe a monumental tribute to the doctors who have been working for more than 100 years to make childbirth as safe and painless as possible.

The earliest of these, Sir James Simpson, in 1847 administered the first obstetrical anaesthetic ever used to a

poor woman in the slums of Edinburgh.

Simpson's next noteworthy patient, in 1853, was Queen Victoria, often wrongly credited with having been the first woman to deliver under anaesthesia.

The next major step forward came in 1907 when a German, Gauss, of Freiburg, introduced a combination of morphine and scopolamine to relieve the pain of labor.

The former diminished pain; the latter dimmed memory. He called his method "twilight sleep." This theory is still being used; however, other drugs have been substituted for the original two.

In 1928 another great stride was taken with the first enthusiastic report of the use of controlled and localised spinal anaesthesia for delivery.

Such anaesthesia is a "conduction" type: It acts locally, does not enter the mother's bloodstream, and therefore never reaches the baby.

Several varieties of "conductors" are in use today, including "saddle block," which numbs the area of the body that would contact a saddle if you were horseback riding, and caudal, injected into the so-called "caudal space" below the spinal canal.

To page 31



# 20 back-to-school lunch specials from **KRAFT** that provide the calcium your family needs daily.

The average Australian diet is seriously deficient in calcium (according to figures issued recently by the Commonwealth Statistician).



School-bell special sandwich . . . sliced tomato and onion, topped with golden slices of Kraft Cheddar Cheese.



"Young Aussie" Ideal Lunch . . . four slices of buttered wholemeal bread, 1 oz. Kraft Cheddar Cheese, 1/2 pint milk, and an apple or orange.



For a change . . . pack bread and butter sandwiches, a 1 oz. portion of Kraft Cheddar Cheese and a 1 oz. portion of Kraft Cheese and Bacon.



Savoury celery . . . combine 4 oz. Kraft Cheddar Cheese, shredded, with 1 dessertspoon milk. Season to taste. Fill 2 celery stalks and cut into 2-inch lengths. Pack a Vegemite sandwich, too.

## Keep these ideas handy

they'll help you right through the term

### Interesting lunch box ideas

- Pack a 1 oz. portion of Kraft Cheddar Cheese, a few carrot and celery sticks, and some buttered pikelets.
- Pack a scrambled egg sandwich, cubes of Kraft Cheddar Cheese, and a tomato.
- Pack some buttered scones filled with Vegemite and chopped celery. Add slices Kraft Cheddar Cheese, few radishes, and an orange.
- Pack a hard-boiled egg, a Vegemite sandwich, stick of celery, a 1 oz. portion Kraft Cheddar Cheese, and an orange.

### Quick and easy sandwich fillings

- Slices Kraft Cheddar Cheese, slices of cold roast beef and a little pickle.
- Slices Kraft Cheddar Cheese, grated carrot and sultanas.
- Shredded Kraft Cheddar Cheese, Vegemite and sliced tomato.
- Slices Kraft Cheddar Cheese, drained and flaked salmon and lemon juice.
- Shredded Kraft Cheddar Cheese, Vegemite and chopped almonds.
- Slices Kraft Cheddar Cheese, chopped celery and Kraft Mayonnaise.

### Tasty fillings to make up the day before

- Combine 2 ozs. Kraft Cheddar Cheese, shredded, 1 hard-boiled egg, chopped, 1/2 cup finely diced cooked ham and 3 teaspoons Kraft Mayonnaise.
- Combine 2 ozs. Kraft Cheddar Cheese, shredded, 1 teaspoon chopped chives and 3 teaspoons milk.
- Combine 2 ozs. Kraft Cheddar Cheese, shredded, 2 dessertspoons creamed-style sweetcorn and 1 teaspoon chopped parsley.
- Combine 2 ozs. Kraft Cheddar Cheese, shredded, 1/2 cup chopped cold meat or rabbit, 1/2 cup chopped celery and 3 teaspoons Kraft Mayonnaise.
- Combine 2 ozs. Kraft Cheddar Cheese, shredded, 1 tablespoon chopped dates, 2 teaspoons desiccated coconut, 1 teaspoon lemon juice and 2 teaspoons milk.
- Combine 2 ozs. Kraft Cheddar Cheese, shredded, 1/2 cup seasoned mashed potato, 1 hard-boiled egg, chopped, and 1 teaspoon chopped parsley.

For sustaining nourishment and satisfying flavour, choose

## **KRAFT CHEDDAR**

it's your best cheese for sandwiches

As well as essential calcium, Kraft Cheddar provides protein and vitamins that growing youngsters must have each day. You see, it takes a whole gallon of milk to make every pound of this fine cheese. And, wonderful thought for lunch-makers — sandwiches are made in minutes with easy-slicing **KRAFT CHEDDAR**.



Get Kraft Cheddar in the 8 oz. packet, 1 oz. portions, 1 lb. packet, the family size 2 lb. pack.



Cheese is a wonderful food . . . and **KRAFT** makes wonderful cheeses.



## ARE WOMAN TROUBLES OUT OF DATE?

One of the latest innovations is a plastic "space suit" that eases labor pains and cuts delivery time in half, according to its designer, Dr. Stephanus Heyns, of Johannesburg, South Africa.

The mother is zipped into the suit, which is held away from her body by rigid supports, and operates a vacuum pump that helps her muscles work freely and powerfully.

The man who gets credit for much of modern woman's enlightenment is Dr. Grantly Dick Read, the English obstetrician who introduced the term "natural childbirth."

Though many doctors do not agree that the Read method is the right method, most give him credit for popularising the idea of being "school" for childbearing.

As one of the first to insist that fear and tension are the chief sources of pain at childbirth, he became the father of the "eliminate fear through knowledge" theory that governs obstetrics today.

Dr. Read said in his famous book "Childbirth Without Fear":

"It made no difference whether the woman in labor was brave or a coward, whether she wished to escape the forces that threatened her or to turn and fight. She still experienced pain."

"For when the emotion of fear takes possession of the mind, Nature supplies the same chemical secretions for both impulses—fight or flight—so that all the muscles and organs in the human system not connected with those activities can be slowed down."

Applying Read's thinking beyond normal obstetrical conditions, some doctors maintain that fear causes miscarriage.

There is even evidence that prematurity and stillbirth have emotional as well as physical precipitants.

Having a baby today is 14 times as safe as it was a generation ago, and the war against the remaining mysterious killer, toxæmia, is under way.

The best treatment for toxæmia is prevention, which is almost always possible if the patient has good prenatal care and follows her doctor's orders to the letter, especially in regard to diet.

Women with congenital diseases who would never have lived through childbirth in past years now survive one or more births perfectly.

Antibiotics and new drugs play a great role in making pregnancy safe for heart victims, but the most important advance has been in the understanding of the exact extent to which pregnancy adds to the work load of the heart.

Even the minor discomforts of pregnancy have been attacked by science. The incidence of morning sickness is down 50 per cent., and of the women who experience it a great percentage can be helped by tranquillisers, anti-emetics, and other medication.

Cravings for odd food at odd hours seem to have disappeared.

appeared in the stampede of progress, probably because women are so careful about nutrition these days.

Some have severe depression following the birth of their first child. This is known as "postpartum depression," or "after-baby blues."

Commonly considered caused by a combination of physical and emotional stress, postpartum depression is experienced within three days to three weeks after giving birth. It can last anywhere from a few hours to several weeks.

There is a new drug for this—an antidepressant which gives a sense of wellbeing and confidence, rarely causes side-effects.

Childbirth does not cause "insanity." For the one in 500 women who does have a

from page 29

wife that if she takes such rest, he will not think her lazy."

He notes that an overworked mother gets too tired to sleep, thus causing a "vicious circle" of insomnia that brings great fatigue that brings more insomnia.

Before long she is in a state of exhaustion. This seriously affects the time element in cure, because when a person is exhausted, hormonal glands cannot be easily restimulated to undertake their functions.

Dr. Marion Hilliard, concerned by the number of fatigued patients she saw, felt it was essential for a woman to learn the elements of her structure and how to perform within her limitations.

## Fatigue is most likely to be a major problem in times of dynamic changes—adolescence, pregnancy, menopause

mental breakdown after childbirth, pregnancy was the proverbial last straw.

We come now to one of the great enigmas of the female sex:

Why is it that Woman, that tower of strength who outlives Man by six years, is the chronic sufferer of fatigue?

Fatigue is in itself not a disease but a symptom of stress. Stress is essentially the rate of wear and tear on the body—the rate at which energy is consumed. It is going on all the time and is activated by both physical and mental activity.

The body is constructed to respond to stress, resist it, and adapt to it.

If the strain of adaptation is too prolonged, or too intense, and the body is not able to reinforce itself through its nervous system and endocrine glands, then exhaustion occurs.

Housewives have good reason to be tired. Young mothers with three or four children toil as much as 100 hours a week.

A study in Oregon, U.S.A., showed the work-week of the wives in families where the youngest child was between one and six to be a minimum of 68 hours. These hours were put in on a twelve-hour shift, seven days a week, with scattered gaps of leisure in the afternoons and evenings. That women adapt to such schedules is no minor miracle.

Doctors are on the side of housewives, and constantly warn them to keep themselves from crossing the fine line between one degree of fatigue and the next.

Dr. Walter G. Alvarez, Emeritus Consultant in Medicine to the Mayo Clinic, recommends:

"One of the best things a mother can do when she is about worn out is, each day for several weeks, to go back to bed after she has given her family breakfast.

"Perhaps, also, she can get a nap in the afternoon. A wise husband will keep assuring his

common after a major emotional upset, such as the death of a husband.

During the time a woman is experiencing menopause, she may have these symptoms intermittently: Loss of energy, vague aches and pains, headaches, spells of irritability, and what one doctor calls "the most glamorous symptom," hot flushes.

Flushes are thought to result from the sensitivity of the nervous system and blood vessels to changes in the hormone content of the blood.

They may be preceded by a sensation of dizziness, and are usually accompanied by a wave of heat.

Between 15 and 20 per cent. of women go through menopause with no symptoms at all.

There is no way to figure who will have symptoms and who will not.

Even women who have had hysterectomies can experience menopause symptoms, if they have their

ovaries—in spite of the fact that they stopped menstruating when the uterus was removed.

What causes the symptoms is, again, a temporary hormone imbalance. A whole new pattern is established; the ovaries cease producing hormones, and the pituitary and other glands take over.

This is, of course, an oversimplification of a complex process, but it is enough to show that menopause is not synonymous with insanity, obesity, or infidelity.

A minority of women, one in eight or ten, have considerable discomfort.

For such women medical science has remedies to offer.

Hormones give quick and dramatic relief, but many doctors feel they should be used only in extreme cases. Usually they are taken in small doses, in pill form, for the few months they might be needed.

One type of medication in use today combines two hormones—a "masculine" and a "feminine"—and reduces the possibility of unpleasant side-effects such as reactivated menstrual periods, or growth of facial hair.

Many women who could be helped by hormone therapy shy away from it for fear it will cause cancer.

However, according to the American Cancer Society, there is no reason to believe that the hormones used to treat menopause symptoms cause cancer in humans, and they are being used more and more to treat ailments of ageing in both men and women.

One of the most common myths about menopause is that it means the end of a woman's sex life.

Though it is true that a woman's sex drive might reach an all-time low before and after she stops menstruating, this is temporary.

Her vitality will quickly pick up again. In fact, women often notice increased pleasure after menopause because they are free of the fear of unwanted

has red-brown hair, a lovely complexion, and a host of activities that might scare off a younger woman; golfing, charity work, art classes.

She has found the great secret of going through menopause gracefully; keeping busy.

Coincidentally, menopause usually occurs in a woman when her status in the family is changing.

Her children are becoming less dependent, her husband is reaching the peak of his career. She has a very real need to readjust, and the wise woman looks ahead to this long before it happens.

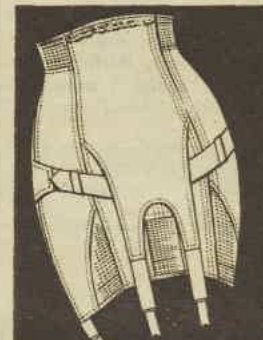
When menopause is over, a woman has reached the most constant plateau of her life. Her moods are more regular, her energy more predictable.

Whatever "woman troubles" she may have had are gone. With planning, she can make the "vintage years" the best years of her life.

## "I wouldn't dare wear this dress without my Jenyns Reducing Foundation"



Today's fashions demand slim silhouettes. That's why so many knowing women choose a Jenyns Reducing Foundation. Jenyns smooths out figure faults gently... allowing free movement, relaxed comfort. You'll appreciate the new subtle support as Jenyns moulds your figure to today's fashionable lines. Jenyns Reducing Foundations are endorsed by the Institute of Hygiene, London.



STYLE 3616. Australia's best reducing foundation for the hip figure. All sizes 23-34. (Fits hips 10 to 11 inches larger than waist.)

\* Ask for the Jenyns trained fitter. She will personally ensure you get the correct fitting.

Ask only for

# JENYNS

REDUCING FOUNDATIONS

MANUFACTURED BY JENYNS PATENT CORSET PTY. LTD., BRISBANE.

MODERATELY PRICED AT ALL LEADING STORES.



# VARYING THE MEAT COURSE

● There is an old French saying that only gourmets and peasants know how to cook the less expensive meats — the first group from choice, the second from necessity.

THESE meats—harshly referred to by butchers as “offal” or “innards” are not as popular as they should be with the Australian housewife, partly because she is not familiar with the best way of cooking them to bring out their delicate texture and flavor. Wines, herbs, special seasoning combinations, and care in handling and cooking are needed to produce a dish which the family will heartily enjoy.

Here are a few simple rules to remember when planning to cook these less-used meats:

**Tripe** is partly boiled and salted before you buy it, so be cautious when salting it yourself. Wait until it is fully cooked before you taste and add more salt. Tripe should be cooked slowly — for a long time.

**Brains and sweetbreads** are best pre-cooked, skinned, and refrigerated as soon as possible after buying.

**Liver** should be soaked or scalded and skins removed before slicing thinly to cook. Liver should be sauteed quickly — for a short time.

**Kidneys** should be soaked, well rinsed, and skinned before using. Beef and veal kidneys are best slightly parboiled. Kidneys should be sauteed quickly — for a short time.

**Hearts** should be soaked and fibrous tubes at top removed before cooking.

**Tongues** are bought fresh or corned. Cut

away the fibrous root end, wash well, cook slowly then peel off skins before using.

In the following recipes spoon measurements are level and quantities given are sufficient for four to six servings.

## SAUTEED LIVER PATTIES

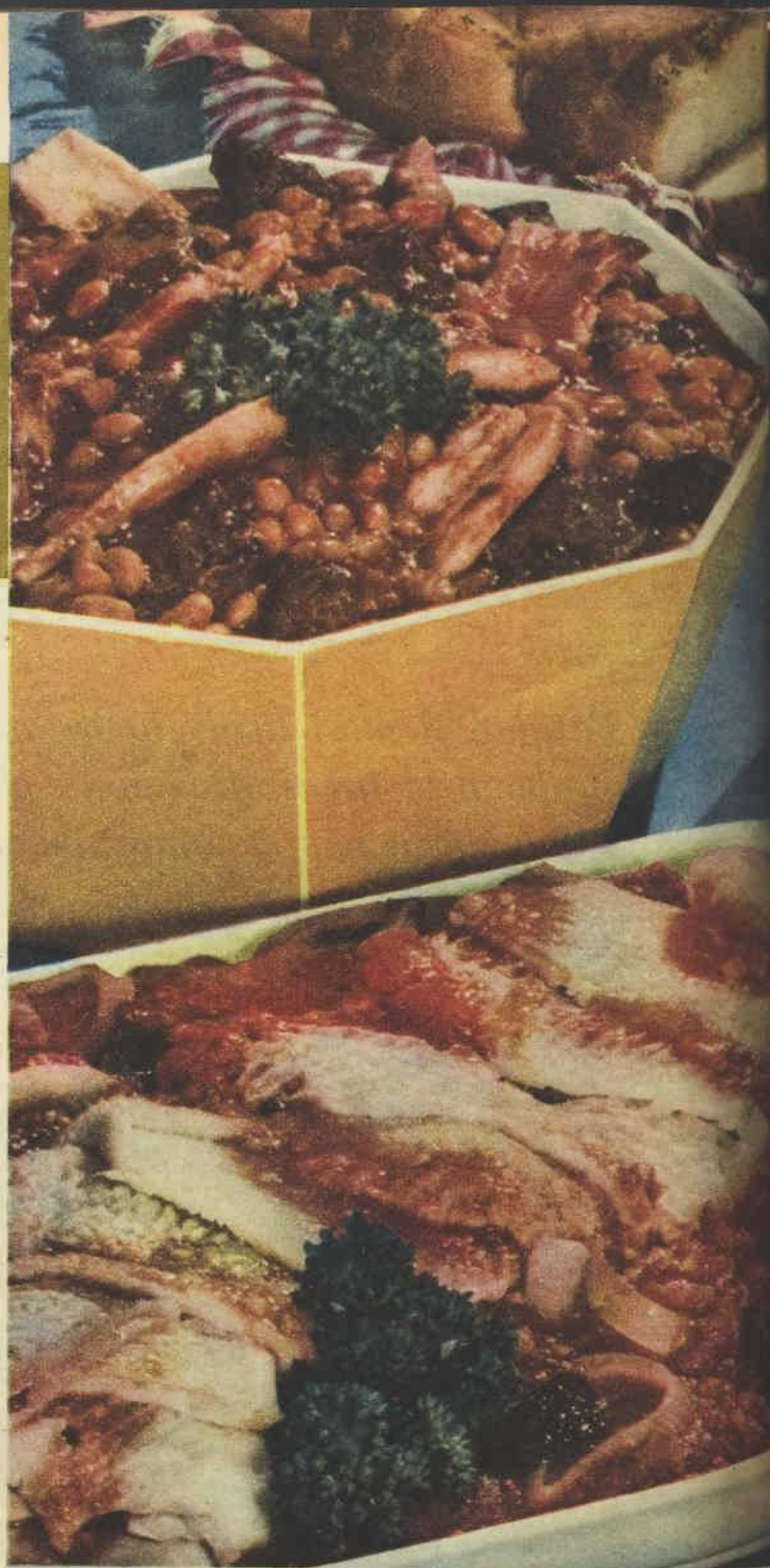
One lamb's fry or piece of liver, 2 rashers bacon, 6 tablespoons breadcrumbs, 2 tablespoons flour, 2 teaspoons finely minced onion, salt, pepper, tomato, fat.

Soak liver 15 minutes in salted water. Remove skin, chop very finely or put through coarse mincer. Add half the bacon finely diced, breadcrumbs, flour, onions, salt, and pepper. Using little extra flour, shape into small patties less than 1/2 in. thick. Melt small quantity of fat in pan, place patties in, brown well on one side. Turn, reduce heat slightly, cook slowly 7 to 10 minutes. Serve hot with grilled or fried bacon and tomato.

## CRUSTED CALVES' TAILS

Two calves' tails or one ox-tail, 3 cups stock or water, 1 onion, salt, pepper, flour, egg-glazing, breadcrumbs, fat for frying, brussels sprouts, creamed potatoes.

Wash tails under cold water, cut into sections. Place in large saucepan with stock, sliced onion, salt, and pepper. Cover, bring to boil, then simmer 1 1/2 to 2 hours or until meat is tender. Lift out meat pieces, allow to drain. Coat with seasoned flour, dip in egg-glazing, toss in breadcrumbs. Fry in heated fat until golden-brown. Serve on large platter with brussels sprouts and piped potatoes.



**SWEETBREADS (below)** served with a curry sauce on slices of crisp bread, with vegetables in season, make a nourishing and appetising meal for a family.



## CURRIED SWEETBREADS MADRAS

One pound lamb sweetbreads, 1 sliced onion, 1 pint milk, 1 1/2 oz. butter or substitute, 1 1/2 oz. flour, 1 medium-sized chopped onion, salt, pepper, 1 tablespoon curry powder, melted butter, squares of bread cut thick, oil for frying.

Wash sweetbreads thoroughly, place in saucepan with cold salted water, sliced onion. Bring to boil, remove from heat, drain well. Meanwhile prepare sauce. Melt butter or substitute in saucepan, add chopped onion, and cook until onion is soft but not browned. Add flour and curry powder, stir until well mixed. Gradually add milk, stir constantly over heat until sauce boils and thickens, simmer 3 minutes. Season to taste with salt, pepper. Keep hot. Cut sweetbreads into service-sized pieces, brush with melted butter, grill 5 to 7 minutes or until soft. Deep-fry bread pieces in heated oil until golden-brown. Pile sweetbreads on to bread squares, pour curry sauce over. Serve with vegetables as desired.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

June 1, 1960

# Teenagers'

## WEEKLY



**WINTER FASHIONS**  
... **pages 8, 9**

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly Not to be sold separately



# LETTERS

## Heart-free girls, but not flirts

I WISH boys could realise a girl's feelings towards going steady. My friends and I would like to get to know a lot of boys while we are young, to go out with them and to get to know their various personalities. We would like to do this without being branded flirts. Later we may be contented with one boy, but till then I hope we can mix more and still keep a good reputation. — "Mix a n d Mingle," Leichhardt, N.S.W.

## School chess

L HANSEN (T.W. 20/4/60) said that chess should be introduced into schools, but it already has been. The Girls' Inter-schools Championship was recently played at the Sydney Chess Academy with both A and B grade players. There are 13 girls' teams in N.S.W., and many more boys' teams. — "Chess Player," Lane Cove, N.S.W.

## Foolish drinkers

SINCE leaving school last December I have been to several grown-up dances. Without exception, where alcoholic drink is supplied, a number of boys have made fools of themselves by getting partially drunk. I wonder if these boys who have just left school think that this is a sign of manhood, and that girls will be impressed by their man-of-the-world behaviour. I, for one, am not impressed and these boys lose my respect and are not respected by other decent girls. — "Unimpressed," Hobart.

## Elvis' secret

NEXT time you listen to an Elvis disc, listen closely and I'm sure you'll find that he seems to be singing just to you. Other rock-'n-roll stars just shout, even when they are singing ballads. Even if you're not an Elvis fan, I think you will agree with me. — Annette MacSkimming, Port Macquarie, N.S.W.



ANNETTE MacSKIMMING  
... Elvis sings to her

There are no holds barred in this forum. Send your snaps, too, and we pay £1/1/- for every letter used. Send them to Box 7052 WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

**Our pin-up:** The Everly Brothers, Don and Phil, one of the highest-paid singing teams in the U.S., who recently made their second Big Show tour of Australia for Lee Gordon. Their latest hit-parader is "Cathy's Clown."

## Why only English?

WHY is the study of literature at matriculation level restricted by the prefix "English"? There is now a wide selection of translations available; why not use them? Immortals like Hugo, Dostoevsky, Balzac, Pushkin, Dumas, and Ibsen deserve a place in our education. — W.L., Ballan, Vic.

## Mixed chores

IF girls think that boys should wash up, how about the girls taking over the mowing of lawns and the chopping of wood? My sister would rather do this than wash up, so my mother lets us take week about on each job. — Foley, Johnston, Atherton, Qld.

## Token of love

IN "Modern Girls are Unromantic" Beryl Penwill (T.W. 27/4/60) criticised girls who choose an engagement ring to show off, or reject one in favor of a useful gift, and urged them to accept a ring as a pledge of love. I am 18 and when I became engaged recently my fiance asked me about the type of ring I would like, but I did not know anything about it until the night he slipped it on my finger. I am very glad I was engaged this way, as I could not have chosen a lovelier ring myself, and I will probably never know how much it cost. Boys, it's your money and your token of love — so choose it yourself; and girls, if you love him it won't matter if it costs £5 or £50. — "Happy Modern," Murray Bridge, S.A.

ENGAGEMENT rings are useless and a waste of good money. Many a young chap has bought an engagement ring at a fabulous sum only to find soon after marriage that he could well do with the money he has frittered away on a useless piece of jewellery simply because his wife had to follow convention. There'll be no engagement ring when I find The Girl. The money will go towards a home or some furnishings. — "Ringed," Coburg, Vic.

## Pets favored

DO you think a house (with children) should have some kind of pet? Some say that cats are dirty animals, and that dogs carry fleas. Others say they like to have a friendly animal around the home. We have four healthy pets and our home is no different from any other. I say that pets and children go together. — J.G., Brighton, S.A.

## Any jobs?

WE are University students living away from home and find that after paying fees, buying books, and paying board we never have much money for anything else, and cannot save any money for emergencies. Could anyone suggest ways and means of obtaining some extra money in our spare time? — "Students," Hobart.

## Girls and cars

WHEN a boy has a car he thinks he can get any girl alive. I have spoken to boys about this and have always received the same answer: "You girls are all the same. If a bloke hasn't a car you don't recognise him, but as soon as he gets one you're all over him." I'll admit that there are some girls like that, but I would not go out with a boy unless he appealed to me, no matter how big and flash his car was. — "Hater of Cars," Limerick, Tex.

## Chasing boys

DO the girls really chase the boys? "Hunted" (T.W., 13/4/60) wrote that girls chase the boys instead of the boys chasing the girls. I know one girl who chased a boy and really caught him good and proper, but this is only one case. I have never chased a boy. I am only 16 and like to go out with boys who ask me, but only if I think they are the right sort. I will be able to say, and proudly, too, that the boy I married chased me and proposed to me. — "Proud," Ipswich, Qld.

WOULD "Hunted" please tell us what we are to do? If we don't take the trouble to find ourselves a date we usually find ourselves going to the local dance or party minus a partner. I and many of my friends would rather be hunted, but we prefer to be hunters than be partnerless. — "The Hunter," Cronulla, N.S.W.

## Double loss

UNTIL last September I had been going out with a boy for close on three years. We got on quite well together and I got to like him very much. We sometimes took my girl-friend with us as she did not go out very much and the three of us always had a good time. Then he told me that I ought to go out with other boys and he with other girls, as we were both too young to be serious. Though I was upset, I agreed with him, as I was only 16 and he a little younger. A week later he asked out my girl-friend and has gone steady with her ever since. So, girls, if you have a girl-friend, don't share her with your boy-friend or you will lose them both. — "Betrayed," Bicton, W.A.



JENNY BOSSENCE  
... good to mix

## Early start

LAST year, when I was 12, I started going to socials and mixing with a lot of boys and girls my own age. When I first went none of us could dance very well, but as each social passed we gradually improved. I think it is good to mix with boys now, and to learn how to dance, as it stops embarrassment later on. — Jenny Bossence, Kyabram, Vic.

## Casual clothes

HAVING lived for several years in America, I feel that I can answer Jay Gansman's questions (T.W., 20/4/60) about the casual dress of American artists touring Australia. It is not that they think we are "not worth the effort," or that we are "ignorant of clothes sense." They are only wearing what they wear in America for similar appearances. The Americans are all for informal living. When I came back to Sydney for holidays I found that I was inclined to wear "too casual" clothes, which were the accepted rig in America. — T.W., Mosman, N.S.W.

## U.S. and Australian Schools

HAVING recently returned from San Francisco, where I graduated after three years at Lowell High School, I feel that the article "Fun and Games in an American School" (T.W., 27/4/60) gives the wrong impression. It was stated that lessons were half an hour long and in between you could go to the store for a hamburger. Actually, each period is 45 or 55 minutes long and you can't leave the school grounds, let alone eat, in between. Also, chewing gum is strictly against the rules. Lowell High School is purely academic (the only one in San Francisco), and approximately 80 per cent. of its students plan to enter college or university, so the majority take at least five solid subjects, of which one or two are usually university experiment courses. American schools believe that the teachers should not force the students, but that the students should be willing to learn. Consequently nothing is compulsory. This leaves the challenge up to the students, and most of them accept it. As for dress, most girls wear skirts and sweaters and flats or

saddle shoes. School was by no means all fun. Each night we would do between two and four hours of study. I was secretary of the Student Body and our Executive Board meetings were never formal, though the general atmosphere was parliamentary. — Pat McKenna, Burwood, N.S.W.

ALTHOUGH I have been attending an Australian school for only one year, I believe that you have a wonderful education system. I am attending St. Peter's Lutheran College, Indooroopilly, Qld. I'm an American, and when I began school here I was really behind in class. But since then, with the help of patient teachers, I have caught up with the others in my class, and am an average student. Even if Australia might be behind in fashions and so on, they are ahead of America as far as educational standards go. — Roxanne Sansness, Indooroopilly, Qld.

NO wonder so many Australian children leave school at 14—because there is really nothing to look forward to.

Our first and second forms have no social activities, the third form has one social a year, and the fourth and fifth forms have three. I know we go to school to learn, but wouldn't it be possible for our schools to take a lead from American schools, and cater for social activities as well as academic? — Cherie Ireland, East Brunswick, Vic.

RECENTLY I came to Australia from America to spend a holiday with relations in the country. My cousin told me a great deal about her school and I was amazed by the amount of discipline enforced by the teachers. Surely when a child has reached his teens he is mature enough to do the work allotted to him without having a teacher stand by ready to punish him at the slightest misdemeanor. In America students are given work which the teachers expect them to do from their own conscience instead of making them do it with threats of punishment. — F. Martin, Geelong, Vic.



# Youngest boxers lead team to Rome

• Australia's Olympic Games boxing team of ten will be led to Rome in August by two 18-year-old boys—Danny Males and Gerald Freeman.

**D**ANNY, No. 1 choice for the team and N.S.W. amateur featherweight champion, is a Sydney lad who is studying wool-classing.

Gerald, No. 2 man and Australian light-welterweight champion, comes from Bothwell, Central Tasmania, and is a student at the G.P.O. Linesman School, Hobart.

With Sid Prior, they are the youngest members of the team.

Danny is modest, softly spoken, and looks about as pugnacious as a spring lamb, but the moment he dons a pair of boxing gloves he becomes "Danny the Destroyer," the boy who has won 14 of his 15 fights on knockouts.

It's only 12 months since Danny decided to take up boxing and meandered into the Newtown Police Boys' Club, Sydney, to ask voluntary coach Jack Blom to teach him something about the fight game.

His brother Billy, aged 17, was already among Mr. Blom's aspiring boxers, and that's really why Danny took it up.

"I didn't want my brother to be better than me, see," Danny told us.

At first Mr. Blom thought he had a much better fighting prospect in Billy, who's a bantamweight butcher—the "butcher" referring to his occupation, not his prowess in the ring—but Danny quickly forged ahead to become Australia's No. 1 amateur boxer.

Billy, however, did not lag behind, and there is still a chance that he, too, will be going to Rome.

He has challenged the fourth member of the Olympic training squad—Queensland bantamweight Ollie Taylor—for his place in the team.

Under Australian Boxing Union regulations, if Billy defeats Ollie in three challenge bouts, he automatically replaces him for the trip to Rome, and Jack Blom is confident that he will.

## "Very deceptive"

It didn't take Danny long to get known as "Danny the Destroyer," and he got too good to box with local boys, so that Mr. Blom had to take him to a gymnasium for practice bouts.

"It won't be any fluke if Danny comes back from Rome with a gold medal," said Mr. Blom. "And that's fair dinkum. In the ring Danny's nothing

spectacular to look at when he's moving. Very deceptive, he is. Looks like a slow old pug, as a matter of fact. But I tell you, this boy is the goods.

"Danny's a knockout specialist. He hits 'em on the chin, but he's a humane boxer. He doesn't really like to hurt his opponents, you know, and send them to hospital. He hits them clean, so an hour or so after the fight they're just about as good as new.

Before he went to the Newtown Police Boys' Club a year ago, Danny's only real boxing experience had been in a school bout he won when he was a pupil at the De La Salle College, Bankstown.

Apart from that, he had just a few "scraps" with his brother Billy. "That was years ago, when we were just kids, but he won them, too," said Billy.

## Hard training

The Males boys live with their family at Birrong, an outer Sydney suburb, and their two greatest fans are their sisters, aged 13 and 10.

Danny goes to the club at five every afternoon, seven days a week, for at least two hours.

Apart from boxing, his major interest is football, and he has played for the Regents Park Rugby League team.

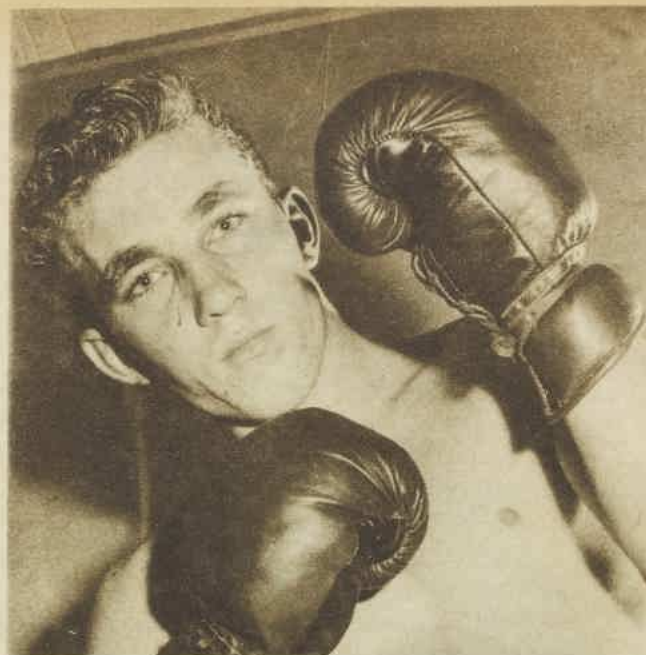
Football, surprisingly, has knocked Danny about more than boxing. He hasn't any sign of cauliflower ears or the facial scars you usually associate with a boxer—and his slightly flattened nose comes from a knock he received playing football.

His favorite food is steak—lots of it, at least once a day.



**BILLY MALES, right, training with brother Danny at the Newtown Police Boys' Club. Billy has challenged Ollie Taylor for the bantamweight position in the team.**

**TEENAGERS** who head Australia's Olympic boxing team: Right, Danny Males, the featherweight knockout specialist; Below, Gerald Freeman training in his 8ft. by 10ft. backyard shed.



Favorite entertainment for him is dancing, to rock-'n-roll or any kind of music, and he goes to the local dance every Saturday night.

But he hasn't got a girl-friend. "I don't seem to do any good there," he said. "Just can't win at all."

And how did Danny feel when

he heard he'd won Olympic selection?

"I couldn't believe it, and that's honest," he said with a grin. "You could have knocked me down with a feather!"

Well, maybe, Danny, maybe. But with 14 knockouts in 15 fights to your credit, who'd dare try?

Gerald Freeman is a lanky 5ft. 11in., dark-haired, and slow-spoken.

In becoming an Australian champion he has won 27 out of 29 fights.

"I learned boxing quicker than most blokes because I had to," he told us. "The place in which I trained was so small I just couldn't run away. I had to keep fighting all the time or get belted around.

"My brother Murray, who used to be a professional prize-fighter, started me off. He made me put on a pair of boxing gloves and took me to an empty shed in the backyard.

"The shed was 12ft. by 10ft. and in that confined space I had no option but to hit back. That's how I learned close fighting and close body work."

Today Gerald is known as a

fighter who is hardly ever on the defensive, but who keeps attacking, probing, jabbing at his opponent all the time. His "shed" training has paid him dividends.

"I've always seemed to be hard up for room," he said. "I now live in a boarding-house in Rosetta, near Hobart, and do my training in an 8ft. by 10ft. shed in the backyard.

"It's so small that I can have only one, punching-bag up at a time."

Gerald gets up at 5.30 a.m. every day, runs for about three miles, skips the rope, does some gymnastics, and a bit of bag punching before breakfast.

Twice a week he travels to New Norfolk where his brother Murray works and boxes about 12 rounds with him in the local gymnasium.

Murray coaches him carefully, showing him how to use his right hand. It's a hard-hitting, swift-as-lightning hand and is becoming well known in Australian boxing rings.

Gerald's boxing career began when he was 16. After winning several tournaments he was selected to go to Melbourne for the 1957 Australian amateur boxing championships, where he was defeated in the final.

This was his first defeat in the ring. His second, and last, was by John Leckie, when they fought for the Australian light-weight championship in 1958.

## "Best sport"

By last year Gerald's weight had dropped to 10st. 4lb., and he beat veteran Arthur Bradley to win the national light-welterweight title.

"I've already started saving for the Rome trip," Gerald said. "I reckon I'd need a bit of money to get around that town.

"At the moment I'm in strict training and have no time for dances or other dates, but after the Games I hope to have a bit of fun.

"Boxing is the best sport there is, but I don't want to become a professional. When I return from Rome I'll earn my crust as a G.P.O. linesman, and keep in training to defend my championship belt for as long as possible."





WALTZING gracefully are David Boland and Joy Williams, pupils of George and Mavis Weiss.

# How to dance THE WALTZ

● Take your partners for the waltz, and it's not strictly for squares, at all — this is the modern waltz you'll see everyone dancing in crowded night-clubs or on the packed floor of the local dance hall.

**L**ISTEN and you can hear them playing "Around the World," "Fascination," "Sleepy Lagoon" — just the music for the modern waltz.

You'd better get with it and join in the fun. Follow these simple directions, supplied by the George and Mavis Weiss School of Dancing, Sydney, and your partners will think you've waltzed straight out of Wonderland.

This is a very graceful dance, so don't slouch and weave along. Stand up straight — not as though you've just swallowed a slide-rule, though — and hold your partner correctly and comfortably.

The hold is the usual dance position.

**BOYS:** Arms held up and bent at elbows, with elbows in line with the hips. Right hand holds your partner just below her left shoulder-blade and the left hand is linked with her right.

**GIRLS:** Left hand rests near the top of the boy's right arm — not draped casually round his neck. The right hand is linked with his left and held fairly high.

Now you've got the right hold, the music's playing smoothly, and you're ready to learn the basic step of the modern waltz — the Change Step.

Once you've learnt this you can waltz quite well enough to get round any dance floor. Remember, before you start, that you always dance around the floor in an anti-clockwise direction.

The count is one, two, three — with the accent on the first beat.

strain to step farther than is comfortable.

## Natural Turn

The starting position for the boy is facing diagonally to the wall; for the girl, her back to the wall.

**BOY:** 1. Right foot forward, commencing to turn to the right. 2. Left foot to the side. 3. Right foot closes to left foot (making 3/8th of a turn to the right). 4. Left foot back, commencing to turn to the right. 5. Right foot to the side. 6. Left foot closes to right foot (making another 3/8th turn to the right). Boys finish facing diagonally to the centre of the room.

**GIRL:** 1. Left foot back, commencing to turn to the right. 2. Right foot to the side. 3. Left foot closes to right foot (making 3/8th of a turn to the right). 4. Right foot forward, commencing to turn to the right. 5. Left foot to the side. 6. Right foot closes to left foot (making another 3/8th of a turn to the right).

Girls finish with their backs diagonally to the centre of the room.

## Reverse Turn

This is the opposite to the Natural Turn and completes the waltz. Since this follows on from the Natural Turn, the boy starts facing diagonally to the centre of the room.

**BOY:** 1. Left foot forward, commencing to turn to the left. 2. Right foot to the side. 3. Left foot closes to right foot (making 3/8th of a turn to the left). 4. Right foot back, commencing to turn to the left. 5. Left foot to the side. 6. Right foot closes to the left (making another 3/8th of a turn to the left).

Boy finishes facing diagonally to the wall.

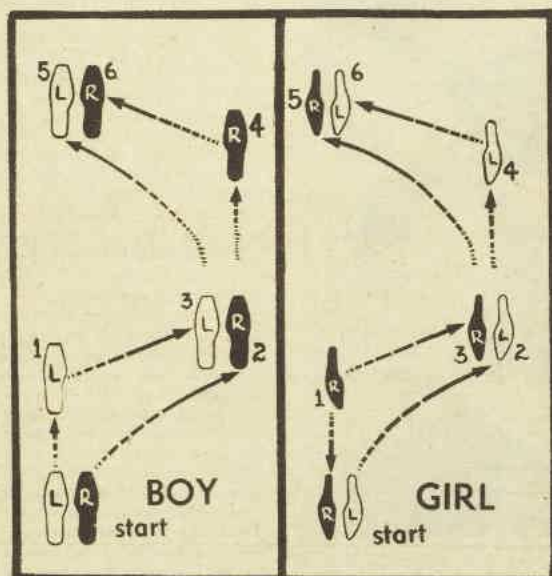
The girl starts off with her back to the centre of the room.

**GIRL:** 1. Right foot back, commencing to turn to the left. 2. Left foot to the side. 3. Right foot closes to the left (making 3/8th of a turn to the left). 4. Left foot forward, commencing to turn to the left. 5. Right foot to the side. 6. Left foot closes to right foot (making another 3/8th of a turn to the left).

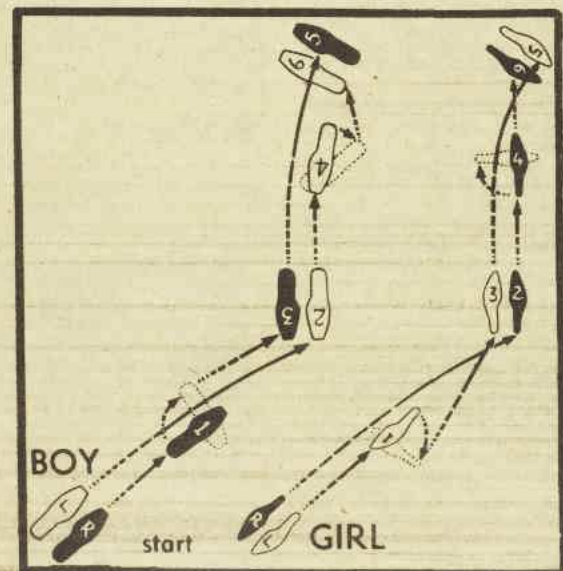
She finishes with her back diagonally to the wall.

Well, look at you; just look at you — you're WALTZING!

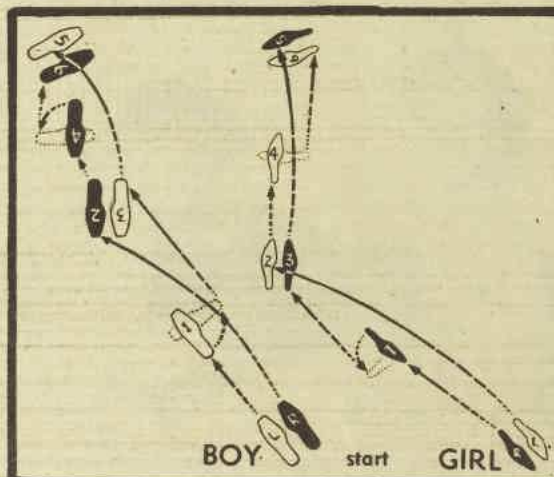
## Basic Change Step



## Natural Turn



## Reverse Turn







# The man I will marry

**The boy next door?**

**Or the handsome stranger?**

● Every girl has her ideal man clearly defined in her heart and dreams long before she meets him. He's like the fairy-tale prince on the white charger — someone so perfect that he can't possibly live nearby. He's too glamorous for her mundane neighborhood.

By March Wingate



AND yet when it comes to plain fact, quite a lot of girls finish up by marrying boys they've known all their lives.

Clergymen I've spoken to tell me that the young folk who come to them to be married are fairly equally divided into "strangers" and "old friends."

And which marriages turn out best?

Again, it seems to be an even chance for success, exactly fifty-fifty.

Successful marriages are blessedly unpublicised. Being successful, they attract no attention but just run along smoothly on oiled wheels.

It's the marriage "break-downs" which give us our figures.

A well-known Marriage Guidance lecturer and counsellor, who has dealt with more break-downs than she likes to remember, is Mrs. H. C. Arter, formerly of Sydney and now of Brisbane.

Mrs. Arter is now on the Queensland Executive of the Marriage Guidance Council.

She trained with Dr. David Mace, of London, who is the founder of Marriage Guidance

and a man of international importance.

"In my wide experience I would say that the girl who marries a fairly new acquaintance has just as much chance of success as the girl who marries the son of old family friends," Mrs. Arter told me.

## In-law trouble

"On the face of it, one would think that the family-friend type of marriage would have a better chance of success. They know each other's habits and conventions, and they know all each other's relations, and have ready-made friends.

"But one can't be dogmatic about this type of marriage being the best.

"Families are often guilty of breaking, instead of making, the marriage of a young couple.

"In-law trouble is at the root of many broken marriages.

"A boy and girl who meet on foreign soil, that is, away from their families, know they jolly well have to rely on themselves to make a success of things.

"If their parents are close to them they feel they can always run home. They often magnify

their troubles to their parents, and this can lead to interference and further trouble.

"Left alone, they must shoulder their own burdens and cope. They must develop the personalities of individuals, not just part of a big family.

"But I do think it is important that a boy and girl should bring their parents together before they decide to marry.

"If it's impossible for them to meet, they should introduce each other by letter, and give them the chance to get to know each other a little. Distance should not prevent this.

"Air-mail letters can enable the two families to learn something about each other before it is too late. Young folk are starting off on the wrong foot if they get married first and tell their parents later."

Mrs. Arter has gained a most interesting conviction during her years of research work on the subject of marriage.

"I firmly believe it is the wife who makes the marriage," she told me. "If she decides the marriage will succeed, then it will.

"If a girl is determined, then it's going to be a pretty poor man who won't co-operate," she told me.

"The marriage is really in her hands. If she's patient enough, she can rescue them both from almost any disagreement. I admit that sometimes she needs superhuman patience."

I asked a number of my teenage friends whether they hoped to marry an old friend or a "stranger." Their replies were most refreshing.

Half of them plumped for an old friend. They were girls who liked a closely knit large-family life and didn't aim to move far from their childhood homes.

"If it's the old-friend type, I'd know what to expect of him all the time," one girl told me. "We'd think much the same way, and I feel we'd have more chance of being happy."

## "New, different"

But these are the replies from other girls:

"Oh, I want to marry someone quite new and different. I don't want him to remember me when I had braces on my teeth, and freckles," said one girl.

"I couldn't bear to marry a boy who knew absolutely everything about me," said another girl.

"I want the adventure of getting to know someone quite new and strange. Getting to know each other slowly, then learning all about each other's families and background, and eventually getting married.

"I want someone with a different background from my own, possibly a boy from another State or even another country."

A university girl said: "I feel the attraction of opposites appeals to me. It wouldn't suit my temperament to marry a childhood friend.

"Also, I'm very fair, and I know that my fiance will have to be very dark and carry with him the glamor of far-off places.

"I'd like to feel that for years and years we could continue to learn new things about each other."

Well, girls, whichever category you come under, it is good to know that you both have an equal chance of success, so long as you are determined to help yourselves towards that success.

And whom do you have in mind for yourself? The boy from the old home town or the handsome stranger from far away?





*She refuses to join  
The post-dinner club,  
The forecast is clear—  
No dishes, no grub!*

# HOW NOT TO BE INVITED



*Chippendale, Aubusson —  
Authentic or fake,  
She'll ruin them all —  
She's hard to take!*



*"No, Pop, just you stay  
Where you are!  
Peg's dad will drive me home  
In his car."*

## AGAIN



*She'll flirt with your brother  
And also your beau;  
You'll never change her —  
She's just "got to go."*



*The monster dashes  
From her house to yours,  
Killing mom's flower-beds,  
Knocking down doors!*

*You can't recall  
Asking those others?  
It's "Love her,  
Love her brothers."*



*Everyone's dead —  
They're yearning for bed,  
But she wants to watch  
The late show instead!*



*Stretch the stew —  
Again you're defeated,  
This visitor never knows  
When to beat it!*





THE DE KROO BROTHERS: Leo (left) and Doug.

## Elvis has last laugh on two brothers

● Two good-looking boys from Perth have started on the rocky road to show-business fame because one of them made fun of Elvis Presley.

THEY are the De Kroo brothers, Leo (18) and Doug (19).

Several years ago, when rock-n-roll was just starting and Elvis Presley had only one Cadillac, Leo took up a guitar, strummed a few notes, and tried to mimic The King.

He meant it to sound awful, but it wasn't bad at all.

"Now I feel I ought to apologise to Elvis," said Leo.

He took up lessons on the guitar, and things began to happen. He formed his own group called "The Roulettes" and wrote a song called "Head Over Heels."

The group broke up, but the song won the Western Australian section of the 1959 A.B.C. Talent Quest.

By this time Doug had also learnt the guitar, and with Leo singing and playing and Doug playing an accompaniment, they decided to try their luck in Sydney.

On the long drive from Adelaide to Melbourne, where they were to appear on television, they passed the time by strumming their guitars and singing snatches of songs and choruses.

They found that Doug could sing, too, and that the two of them together could really harmonise. And that was how their act was formed.

Now they are in Sydney doing regular TV and variety work, and very soon another record "Cause I Like It," with flipside "Love Land," is to be released.

Their style is just in between hillbilly and rock-n-roll.

"We like ballads best, but with a beat. We like to give the kids a beat to dance to," said Leo.

"But definitely none of this crazy-wild stuff," added Doug.

They come from Holland and lived three years in Java, and for a while in Darwin, before their family settled in Perth ten years ago.

● **Guitarist - singer**  
**Rob E. G., former Sydney University Arts student, who's given himself a couple of years away from lecture rooms to try his luck in the entertainment world, has a full programme for this winter.**

IT includes a gym weight-building course, a change of label, voice-production lessons, and a fling at some acting.

Until last year Rob had only sung around with friends, and had never given a public performance. Rex signed him, and a few months ago issued his first single, his own composition, "Your Cheating Heart."

Jerry Lee Lewis took "Cheating Heart" back to the States with him to record, and Rob plans to send Mark Dinning his new slow ballad, tentatively titled "Flower Girl."

First out on his new label is likely to be his original instrumental, "Whiplash." Duane Eddy said some nice things about it when he was here and heard it.

**Local Talent:** "Diggin' With The Delltones" (Leedon EP) gives fans of the busy Sydney quartet a chance to hear them in their own arrangements of four favorites, "Blue Birds Over The White Cliffs Of Dover," "Where Mary Go," "Sunday Kind Of Love," and "Land Of Beauty."

**Pops:** Those who appreciate a stylish treatment should lend an ear to **Emile Ford's** great revivals of "Slow Boat To China" and "That Lucky Old Sun" (Pye 45). The West Indian former engineering

student, whose "Eyes At Me" topped both the English charts and those here, really gives the two old standards a working-over.

IF your taste is towards the prettier and more romantic type of tunes, **Mark Dinning's** "A Star Is Born" should be the one for you. Mark gives it a young sound, and the gentle guitar accompaniment adds to the charm. "You Win Again" makes an agreeable flip (M.G.M. 45).

ANYONE with an eye for a bargain is going to pounce on Popular Record Club's May (No. 9) release in its LP series "Tops In Pops." Its 12 new, newsy tracks, brightly put across by the National Singers of U.S.A., include such currently in demand tunes as "Puppy Love," "Footsteps," "Let The Little Girl Dance."

**Spoken word:** Two new Festival 12ins., "fourth speed" (16 and two-thirds r.p.m.) discs offer a rare treat to theatre enthusiasts. **Christopher Fry's** "The Lady's Not For Burning" is eloquently spoken by the original New York cast, headed by the magnificent voices of Sir John Gielgud and Pamela Brown.

**ARTHUR MILLER'S** fine modern tragedy, "Death Of A Salesman," is given a splendid and deeply moving reading by a New York cast headed by Thomas Mitchell and containing such names as Arthur Kennedy and Cameron Mitchell. Miller himself speaks the narration.

**Classics:** Sir Malcolm Sargent's conducting of Elgar works during his present tour has done much to renew interest in this rather out-of-fashion English composer. One of Elgar's most noted works, the "Enigma Variations," a series of musical character-studies, can be heard on an Ace of Clubs LP, with the London Symphony Orchestra under Sargent. A delightful suite taken from the theatre-music of Purcell fills out side two.

DECCA has an attractive EP entry in the pop classic field with "Mantovani Concert Encores No. 1." An Elgar piece for strings and woodwinds, Strauss' "Perpetuum Mobile," Kreisler's "Schon Rosmarin," and Debussy's "Clair de lune," played with all the lushness and polish expected of the Mantovani orchestra.

**Novelties:** Anyone who's ever done any baby-sitting will get a laugh out of its less gruesome moments as recalled by Mike and Lulu with "Baby



Rob E. G.

Talk" and (apologies to Brahms) "Baby's Lullaby" on a Top Rank 45. No words, just gurgles and glugs.

**"MINSTREL SPECTACULAR"** (W. and G. LP) re-creates on disc an old-fashioned nigger-minstrel show, complete with the brassy march to the theatre, razz-matazz, spoons, soft-shoe dances, and a generous helping of old minstrel songs. Should be popular family fare.

**Star turn:** It takes a big-hearted girl like **Winnie Atwell** to tackle 13 numbers, each at one time associated with the name of some other pianist, each of them employing vastly different techniques. On the Decca LP "Hall Of Fame" Winnie gives her version of (among others) Fats Waller's "Ain't Misbehavin'," Carmen Cavallaro's "Manhattan," Dave Brubeck's "Give A Little Whistle," Count Basie's "Oh, Red," and George Shearing's "I'll Remember April."

## WORTH HEARING

### SIBELIUS: Fifth Symphony

SIBELIUS, the great Finnish composer, died only three years ago, aged 91, though he had written the last of his important works 30 years before that.

He was an utterly individual composer, a lonely figure; and there is something lonely in the sound of his music. It has a severe strength, and takes its inspiration from ancient legend and from Nature — especially the sub-Arctic landscape of Sibelius' native land—rather than from anything at the ordinary human level.

The fifth of his seven symphonies has the Sibelian grandeur but is less austere than some of his works. There is a fine recording of it by the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra under Sir Malcolm Sargent (H.M.V.). — **Martin Long**

**How to get glamour hairsets for 4d.**

1. Get concentrated Curlypet at your nearest Chemist's.
2. Dissolve your Curlypet in a pint of warm water. This gives you fifteen hairsets.
3. Comb Curlypet quickest through your hair. Set in your chosen style. Curls and waves stay softly set. Your hair will be vibrantly alive, subtly fragrant, its beautiful bask. Remember! YOU CAN'T BUY A BETTER HAIRSET THAN CURLYPET... AT ANY PRICE!

**15 sets for 4/10**

**So - Quickest with Curlypet!**

**Curlypet**



# Winter fashions that really figure

*You'll simply love the way you look in these gay winter clothes which are shaped with an eye for all that flatters the teenage figure.*

● OUR COVER coat is deep-pile wool fabric in a dreamy shade of quince-pink. It is full length, with outsize pearl-button trim.

AN OUTFIT to wow the gallery if you're a willowy miss. Zebra-stripe tights in non-run nylon-stretch are topped with a coat of dazzling white nylon-and-cotton. It's lined with orlon for warmth and collared with a soft nylon fur fabric.

SEPARATES for casual wear. A long-line, fine-knit black sweater goes with tricky black-and-white striped tights (also shown in picture at left). Tights are waist-high and fit like paint. A double-knit jersey (centre) makes the shapely slacks and collared jumper. There'll be rave notices for the all-wool cardigan separates (right). The knitted cardigan is bound in ancient tartan to match the smart pleated skirt.

Supplement to The





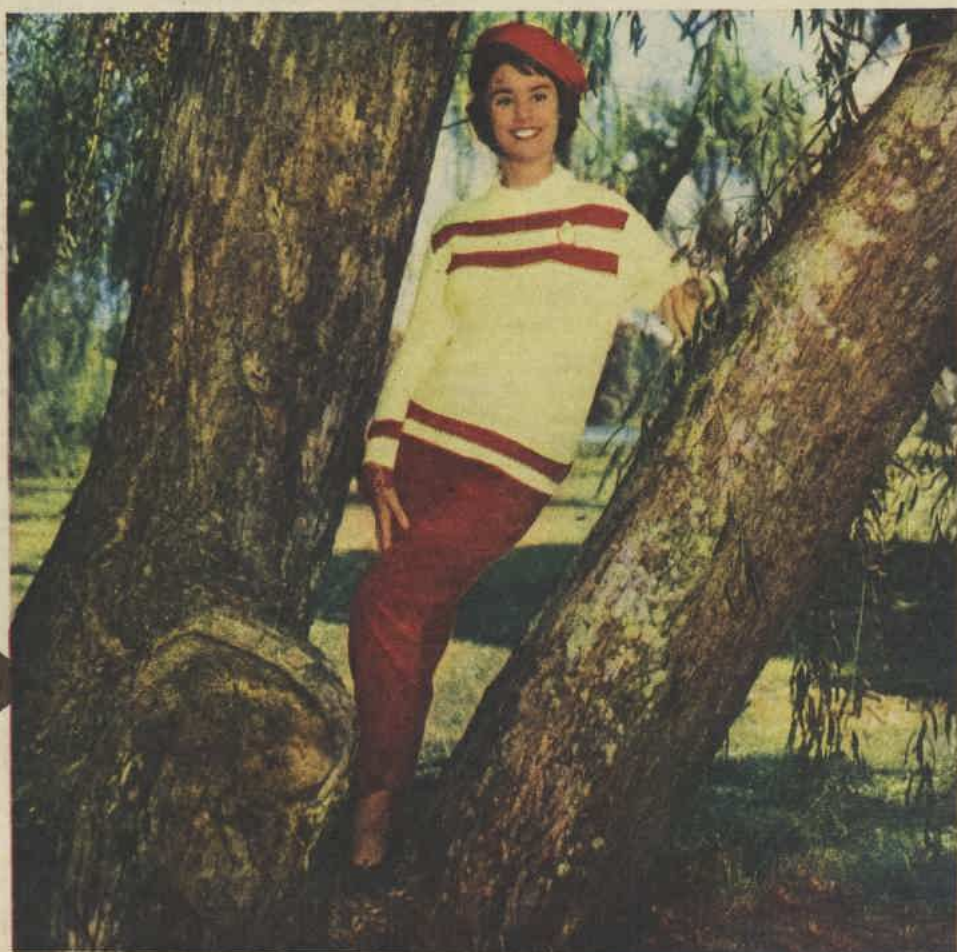


THREE pretty maids step out in style. The slim, blue-check wool skirt (left) has a natty Jack Tar jacket. Chanel-type dress and jacket (centre) is in cocoa-wool piped with white and has a full box-pleat skirt. Three-piece weskit style (right) of washable plain - and - check Arnel fabric features a knife-pleat skirt with matching weskit. The small-check blouse has roll-up sleeves.

EYE - CATCHING casuals in traffic-stop-red and white. The tapered slacks are hard-wearing corduroy, the bulky sweater is orlon, and the gored pull-on beret is velvet.

Fashions from Farmer and Co., Sydney.

Weekly - June 1, 1960





Louise  
Hunter

Here's  
your answer

### Young jealousy

"I HAVE been going with a boy for six months and until recently I thought I loved him. We are both 20. Lately he has become very jealous and questions me whenever I go anywhere without him, even when I go with my father. Before I started going with him I was very happy-go-lucky, and nothing worried me, but now I'm getting moody and everyone is noticing it and asking what is wrong with me. My boy-friend always annoys me by twisting my words and doesn't give me the chance to work my feelings out: for instance, he says 'I love you and you love me, don't you?' He also leaves all his washing for me to do, which I don't think is right. He says, 'I'll leave this for you to do, I know you don't mind and would do anything for me.' So how can I refuse? My mother has been dead for six years and my father is a wonderful person. He and I live together on our farm, and I have a lot of work to do and I think my boy-friend should understand that. However, the other night he realised there was something wrong and asked me, and I told him that I didn't love him and he howled and kept jumping and said it was his nerves (but I think he was putting it on). He kept saying 'You wouldn't give me up, would you?' and I told him I

would if I found I couldn't love him. I asked him to give me some time to find out for sure and asked him not to come to see me so often, which is about five days out of seven each week. But he has been here every day since. This has all come up because I have realised I still love the boy I used to go with, I know he still loves me, too, and we are both extremely good friends still. I am very bewildered."

"Vicky," S.A.

I don't think that the reason why you are sick and tired of this young man matters. You make it quite plain that you are sick of him. You'll just have to tell him quite firmly that everything is finished and not be swayed from your decision.

### Girls or work?

"I AM a girl of 16 and I like a boy who is 18. I was going with him last year for about three months, and then he was called away for about four months. During that time I received a few letters from him. I answered them because I wanted to keep acquainted with him. He came back about three weeks ago and he has only been in touch with me once. He has not been out with other girls, and I think he likes me. He trains a lot for sport and has not much time off, and I think that is why he has not seen me lately. Do



### Dad knows best

"I AM a girl of 16 and I have a problem which I hope you can help me with. Even though I am only young, I think I should be allowed to go out with a boy. Dad doesn't even believe in me bringing a boy to our house. Of course, I would always introduce the boy to my parents first. They never think about themselves when they were children. I'm sure if they did they would remember when they said to themselves, 'How I would love to go out with a boy or a girl.' After all, Louise, you are only 16 once. If you don't mix the two sexes together nobody would ever get married. Is there any harm with going out with a boy?"

C.L., W.A.

No. Girls of 16 should be allowed to go out with boys occasionally, I think, but always remember your parents know better than I what is best for you. This is because they know you and the boys you know. They will soon let you accept invitations, I'm sure.

Parents are people, although their children often think they are simply narks, born to make the lives of their children miserable. This is not true. The decisions they make sometimes seem detestable, but they are often designed to make their children much happier in the long run.

Remember this next time you ask if you may accept an invitation. Even if they refuse, don't worry, soon you will go out, meet boys, and marry.

you think he is interested in me? If so, do you think I should make the first move or leave it to him?"

"Confused," S.A.

Leave it to him. He's done exactly what you have—he's been in touch with you to keep your friendship going, and is now concentrating on training and work. You must realise that work and study are more important to him now than girls.

To be practical and mercenary about it, unless he concentrates on his work now he won't have any money to take you out with later on—nor prospects of having any. Relax and let things be.

### Friendship rings

"PLEASE, would you tell me what a friendship ring is? I mean what does it look like? What is it made of? How much does it cost? What binding power has it between a boy and girl? And if the relationship is broken off, should the ring be returned?"

N.R., S.A.

Friendship rings are a fad that have set in on the wave of "going steady." They are generally a wide silver band, like an old-fashioned wedding-ring, engraved, and worn on the wedding-ring finger or the third finger of the right hand. They cost about 35/- in silver, more in gold.

They are no more binding than a kiss or a night out at the pictures with a boy. As for returning them—would you return a pair of earrings or some similar present if you broke up with your boy-friend?

I think a friendship ring is a ghastly bauble and I strongly disapprove of them. Your feelings are what make you true to anybody, not a ring.

### Double trouble

"COULD you help me with my problem? I have asked my parents and my friends for advice, but they all say it is my problem and I have to work things out for myself. I have just tried to do this, but all I do is get confused. I live in Sydney, and there are two boys I go out with. They know each other to speak to only. Up till last weekend everything was wonderful; then things began to happen. Both the boys went away and so did I, as we have a weekender down the South Coast. Both these boys came down, as this is where I met them—at separate times. So there I was with the two of them, and did not know what to do next. Everything went well for a while, then I would find myself with the two of them, and it was very embarrassing. I don't know whether to give up one of them, because I like both of them very much. These two boys don't live anywhere near each other in Sydney, so they never see one another. The only time they meet is when they both happen to go away at the same time, as happened, by coincidence, last week. I know they have talked things over and are considering what to do. So I decided to get your advice before I lose both of them. My parents would rather me go out with more than one boy, as they said I am too young to go steady. I am 16. I agree with them, as I think you can get yourself too involved. All my teenage friends say that if I don't do something about the two boys I will end up without either of them. My sister said she is ashamed of me because all the boys are calling me a flirt."

"Ann," N.S.W.

You have no decision to make. It is the two boys who have to fight out who is the superior man, and who will be the one to take you out in future. They obviously have, and you are the one who must sit back and wait for one of them, or both, to get in touch with you.

They might just decide to go on as they were, that you are not worth

## A WORD FROM DEBBIE



DO you like having a friend to stay for the weekend? There's nothing nicer, if you plan it well so that all the family enjoy the visit.

Here's how to do it. First of all, ask your mother's permission.

Then plan, so that when you invite her you can make the date and time clear and specify how long you want her to stay.

Something like: "Come home with me after school and stay till late Sunday afternoon," or whatever suits.

Be sure before she arrives to have her bed ready and room made in the wardrobe for her dresses.

If there is no spare bed, don't turn your little sister out of hers and make up a couch for her; take the couch yourself and give up your bed.

Don't expect your mother to clean your room for the guest; do it yourself before she comes. Change the sheets and pillow-slips and put out clean towels and face-washer.

Plan some entertainment. Make sure she hasn't seen the show at the locals and book seats in advance for Saturday night — if your weekend includes a picnic, tell her so she can bring picnic clothes.

If you are invited to a party at someone else's house during the weekend you have asked your guest, ask if you may bring her, too. Never go off and leave her alone.

If you have a shy friend enlist your family's help. A family party of games, an afternoon of mad cooking, or a wonderful beauty session of new hair styles from shampoo to the finished product helps shy people to relax.

fighting over, or that it is one or the other of them. You'll find out soon enough what their decision is. Then, you must make yours. Your heart will tell you what you want to know.

Take no notice of your sister or girl-friends. They're all jealous—furiously. Every girl enjoys having two boys fight for her. It is so romantic.

Discussing your boy-friends with your other friends is foolish and will be sure to hurt you in the long run. Well-meaning friends can pass on things that you don't want passed on. It is much better not to discuss them. If it gets to be known that this is your habit, boys won't fight over you, they'll shun you like the plague.

• Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.



## BEAUTIFUL HAIR NEEDS GOOD FOOD

• The greatest of all hair-beauty aids isn't an expensive formula in a bottle. You'll find it right on your plate at mealtimes. There's no surer way to beautiful hair than through proper food, because healthy hair is naturally beautiful.

Hair follicles are nourished by the blood-stream. If there's something faulty about the nourishment the follicles get from the blood — something missing or a lack of balance in the diet — it's going to show in your hair.

Scientific experiments have shown that just the addition of salad oil to the diet can add new life and lustre to lifeless hair. Similarly, a lack of Vitamin A — the yellow vegetable vitamin — can weaken the hair, cause dandruff or dry, flaky scalp.

And experts believe the Vitamin B family to be closely related to hair health — to color and growth.

Now, all this doesn't mean that you should settle down to a menu of salad oil, carrots, and blackstrap molasses three times a day. Actually, a balanced diet, one that has enough from each of the main food groups, should give you these important hair-beauty essentials.

Your daily diet should include food from EACH of these categories: the milk group; the meat group, including fish, eggs, poultry (two or more servings a day); the vegetable-fruit group (three or more servings daily, including a dark green and yellow vegetable and a citrus fruit); bread-cereal group (four or more servings daily).

The other foods — fats, oils, sugars — that you need are usually included in adequate quantities in cooking or serving these.

And if you're cutting down on weight, DON'T cut out a group. Eat less from each, and let common sense be your guide.

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — June 1, 1960

## Young look from Paris

• A smart and pretty Australian teenager has sent us this report from Paris on the newest "look" in make-up and hairstyling for young girls and how to achieve it.

THE current Paris trend in make-up and hairstyles towards a very natural "jeune fille" look is sure to appeal to Australian girls, and no doubt to Australian men as well.

The pale, pale look in make-up is OUT, as are faked suntans and tight curls.

The young look, as worn by the charm-

ing *mam'selle* pictured above, starts with a beige liquid foundation. A gold-beige color will flatter a fading suntan.

After a light film of matching powder is added, come the two most important items — lipstick and eye make-up.

Gay, light reds have succeeded the pale, pale pink lipsticks.

When it comes to eye make-up, blue and brown mascara are much more natural than black. And the awful flick of black pencil at the corner of the eye has been replaced by a soft grey line drawn right along the roots of the upper lashes.

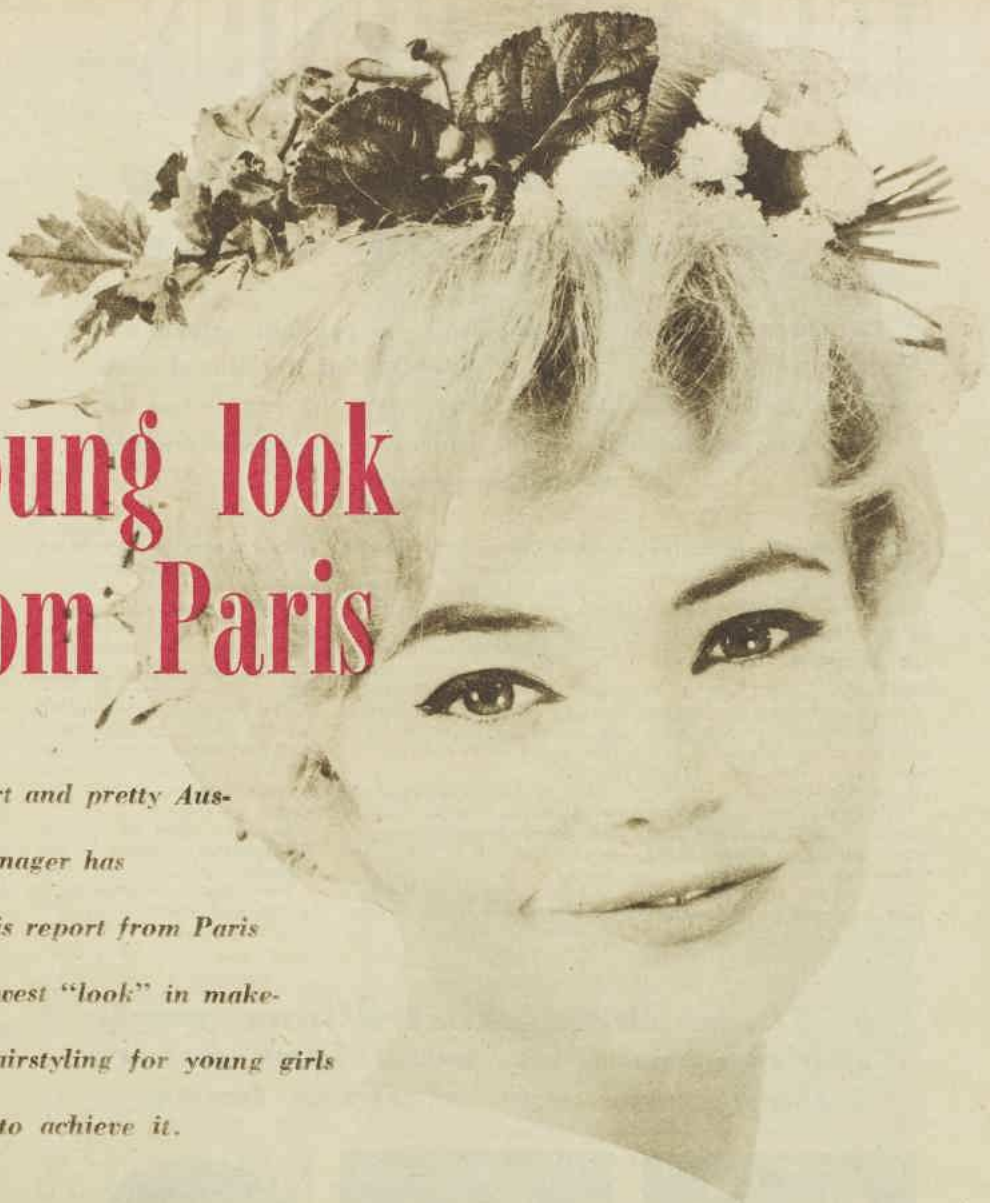
Few Australian girls, though, will want to wear the very thick eye make-up favored by Parisiennes.

If you are likely to look good with your hair up, start growing it now.

Alexandre, a leading Paris hairdresser, is very fond of the tall, sleek chignon for young girls. He also likes a shorter, more practical style like the one shown on the left.

The hair, rinsed with beer to give it body, has a lot of height, but is fairly smooth. It reaches just below the collar and is layer-cut all over the head. The ends are turned up very gaily and soft fringes frame the forehead.

This style is very popular with the young girls in Paris.





# TEENAGE GENIUS

## *shines most brightly in the world of music*

● The world's first teenage genius was probably Alexander the Great, who was only 16 when he led the Macedonian Army to victory in 340 B.C. Eventually he conquered the then known world, from the shores of the Mediterranean to northern India.

SINCE then many of the world's most famous people have shown genius in their teens—and by far the majority have been musicians.

We don't mean the current crop of teenage singing idols who are on top today and gone tomorrow. They have genius of another sort.

The genius we are talking about is that which created music which has delighted the world over the centuries.

One of the most significant facts about the great musicians is that they produced their

youthful masterpieces despite enormous difficulties.

Young Johann Sebastian Bach, for example, was an orphan whose jealous brother would not let him learn music.

But he was so determined that between the ages of 10 and 15 he taught himself secretly by moonlight to write music from scores he filched from his brother.

And at 18 Bach was Court musician at Weimar, and he had already begun to compose the music which is still played today.

George Frederick Handel's father wanted him to be a valet-physician to a nobleman. He

refused to send Handel to school for fear they would teach him music.

Handel smuggled a dumb spinet into an attic where his father caught him practising on the silent keyboard at dead of night.

The Duke of Saxe-Weissenfels decided Handel should be a musician when he caught the small boy playing the organ without permission in the palace chapel.

By 1701, when he was 16, Handel had composed two operas.

Franz Joseph Haydn was the second of 12 children of a family so poor that the only fun they

got was from singing, yet by the age of 13 he had composed a Mass.

At 16 he had to shift for himself, playing a violin in one church, the organ in another, and joining friends to serenade Vienna music patrons from the streets. He eventually wrote 104 symphonies and 13 operas.

Ludwig van Beethoven was thrashed into early genius. His father, a drunkard, often whipped him to the piano, because he wanted Beethoven to be a child prodigy whom he could drag on show round the capitals of Europe at great profit.

Under this savage tutelage, Beethoven wrote three of his 49 sonatas before he was 13.

Johannes Brahms was composing in secret in the early hours at 13, arranging marches for brass bands in the daytime, and playing the piano in a tavern near Hamburg docks at night.

He had to compose in secret because his father was determined he should be a pianist, and composing interfered with his practice.

Later, Brahms played dance music in cafes to earn a living, while he composed his concertos and symphonies to earn immortality.

Franz Schubert, who composed the famous "Ave Maria" and more than a thousand other delightful melodies, began to write music at 14.

Because his publishers cheated him, Schubert remained so poor that he could rarely afford the music-paper on which to write his masterpieces.

Johann Strauss, the Younger, greatest of all waltz kings and composer of the "Blue Danube," had to fight his father to become a musician.

His father, also a writer of great waltzes, was so soured that he vowed none of his children would be musicians.

When he caught young Johann playing a violin he took it from him and locked it away. Yet at 19 Johann was conducting his own light orchestras.

Gioacchino Rossini, whose "Barber of Seville" is the best-known of his 40 operas, was in danger of becoming a vagabond.

His father, a town-crier and trumpet-player, was always in and out of gaol for plotting against the Papacy.

Friends gave Rossini a home. At 16 he wrote a cantata, and by 19 he had composed two comic operas.

Jacques Offenbach, of "Tales of Hoffmann" fame, heard a concert entirely of his own music at 15. He then left school to play in the orchestra of Paris Opera Comique.

But not all teenage music geniuses had to struggle.

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart was the darling of royalty as a child. He was only 12 when he wrote the first of his 22 operas.

Felix Mendelssohn, too, came of a highly cultured family. In his 13th year he produced six symphonies, five concertos, and many other works.

He wrote his overture to "A Midsummer Night's Dream" at 17 and still contrived to be an excellent rider, swimmer, dancer, and billiard-player.

Frederic Chopin was the pet of Polish aristocracy and made his piano debut at 8, and when he was 15 the Russian Tsar Alexander gave him a diamond ring for a performance.

Chopin was composing so feverishly before his 16th birthday that he had a breakdown.

Liszt, king of Hungarian rhapsodies, performed before George IV at Windsor Castle at 13 and had his first operetta staged at 14.

Many modern composers of light music also showed genius in their teens.

Stephen Foster, who wrote "My Old Kentucky Home" and "Jeanie With the Light Brown Hair," was composing at 13.

Richard Rodgers ("South Pacific" and "Oklahoma!") composed his first song at 14.

George Gershwin ("Porgy and Bess") was pounding a piano in a music publisher's at 15 and had his first song published at 16.

What did we say at the beginning about our present teenage singing idols?

Could one of our present hit-paraders be judged a classic by our great-grandchildren?

Who knows?



MOZART, at the age of 12, when he composed his first opera.

● These three Australians made their names as musicians before they were out of their teens:



CHARLES MACKERRAS, at 34, is one of the world's busiest freelance conductors and has just finished a tour of Australia for the A.B.C. He composed his first concerto at 12, his first cantata at 14, was the principal oboist with the Sydney Symphony at 17, professor of the oboe at the Sydney Conservatorium at 19. In 1947 he went to London, where he became assistant conductor at Sadler's Wells the following year, aged 22. One of his greatest successes was the ballet "Pineapple Poll," which he arranged from the music of Gilbert and Sullivan.

Page 12 — Teenagers' Weekly



BERYL KIMBER, now 29, was born in Perth. When her family moved to Tasmania she studied the violin with leaders of the Tasmanian Symphony Orchestra, and at 16 went to Melbourne to study with the French violinist Jeanne Gautier and played her first concerto with the Victorian Symphony Orchestra. Two years later she won a scholarship to the Royal Academy of Music in London, then studied with Georges Enesco in Paris, and in 1959 was the first Western musician to study in Moscow with David Oistrakh. She has toured Australia, Britain, the Continent, Russia, and South America.



MAUREEN JONES, 32-year-old Sydney-born pianist, made her concert debut at the age of ten when she played with the Sydney Symphony Orchestra at a school concert. She studied at the Sydney Conservatorium and at 17 became the permanent pianist with the Musica Viva for five years. After studying overseas for seven years, she returned to Australia to tour for the A.B.C. and Musica Viva. She has toured England and Europe with Adelaide violinist Brenton Langbein, and now, with her Italian husband, Dario de Rosa, and their baby daughter, she lives in Trieste.



## How to start a hobby

# PHOTOGRAPHY

- Photography is a hobby that appeals to all age groups, but most people take it up while in their teens.

ONE of its big advantages is that you need spend on it only what you can afford. It can be economical or costly, according to your enthusiasm or the thickness of your wallet.

Photography also:

- Provides an invaluable and permanent record of your happiest moments.
- Is a most satisfactory outlet for your artistic and creative impulses.

You can make a perfectly sound start in photography (and take good sharp pictures, too) with a £3 box camera and a roll of film costing 3/6.

But unless you intend to take only simple snapshots under perfect lighting conditions, it is better to spend a little more on a camera that is more versatile and capable of producing better-quality photographs.

The box camera is efficient enough in its limited sphere, but it has only one shutter speed and one lens aperture, and can therefore take correctly exposed pictures only when the light is "just right."

If the light is too bright or too weak, it relies on the "latitude" of the film—the film's ability to stand over-exposure or under-exposure to get any result at all.

This is rather like trying to drive a car over hilly country with no gearbox and no brakes! You can get away with it sometimes, but not always.

The user of a box camera, therefore, cannot gain much experience, and a camera in which the amount of light reaching the film can be controlled is far preferable.

### Exposure control

This control is achieved in two ways: by varying the speed of the shutter and by altering the size of the hole, or aperture, in the centre of the lens.

The technique of photography, as opposed to the art of it, consists of mastering these two simple controls, and with modern equipment it is not really hard.

For practical purposes, the amount of light reaching a film must be doubled or halved to have an appreciable effect on the finished picture.

Both aperture and shutter speed controls on modern cameras are designed to meet this requirement. Each control, when moved one notch, doubles or halves the amount of light reaching the film.

Apertures on most cameras range from f 22 to f 2.8 and are arranged as follows: f 22, f 16, f 11, f 8, f 5.6, f 4 and f 2.8.

The larger the "f" number, the smaller the aperture, so that f 16 admits twice as much light as f 22, and so on. If the shutter speed is the same, a film exposed at f 2.8 receives 64 times as much light as if f 22 were used.

The "f" number is arrived at by dividing the diameter of the aperture of the lens into its focal length, which is the distance between the centre of the lens and the film when distant objects are in focus.

That explains why a lens with a short focal length, as on a 35 mm. camera, is faster (that is, puts a stronger light on the negative) than a lens of the same diameter with a greater focal length.

Shutter speeds are also arranged so that each faster speed admits approximately half as much light as the one immediately slower.

By Alan Pout

The photographer can choose between a fast shutter speed and a large aperture or vice versa, but remember that the slower the shutter speed the more careful you have to be to hold the camera steady and the slower must be the movement of the subject.

Conversely, the larger the aperture the more accurate you have to be in focusing the camera, because the depth of field (the area in which subjects are sharply focused) becomes rapidly less as the aperture is increased.

A third variable quantity is the sensitivity or "speed" of the film used, which varies from about 10 A.S.A. for slow color film to 400 A.S.A. for ultra-fast black-and-white film. The 10 A.S.A. film will require 40 times as much light as the 400.

The beginner is strongly advised to use an exposure meter to show him exactly what exposure to give.

With the aid of a meter, the mechanics of taking good pictures under most lighting conditions are soon mastered, but this is only half the battle!

Composition is just as important to the successful photographer as it is to the artist, and indiscriminate shooting does good to no one except the film manufacturers.

A little care in composing makes the difference between just another snapshot and an outstanding picture which might be in the exhibition class.

When shooting a view, for instance, frame it with a tree, or a figure (NOT looking at the camera).

A distant view which is attractive to the eye becomes flat and uninteresting when reduced to two dimensions, even in

color, and in monochrome it means nothing at all.

When taking groups of friends, don't have them standing like a row of gargoyles gawking self-consciously at the camera.

Get them to do something, and be interested in what they are doing, and you will get a picture instead of a museum-piece.

And always watch the shadows. Don't let them cut your picture in half, but, on the other hand, if they make an attractive pattern include them and make the pattern part of your picture.

### Golden rule

The golden rule for all photography is this: "When about to take a picture, THINK F-A-S-T." The initials are for Focus, Aperture, Shutter, Think.

Think if the picture is worth taking at all. Do this always, and you will have both color slides and prints that you can be proud of.

When selecting a camera, get the best you can afford. It will last for years, and will prove cheaper than buying something not good enough that has to be changed for something better a few months later.

If you are not really interested in photography but only want pictures for an album, an "automatic" camera will give you almost perfect results with little or no experience, but the gadgets that make the camera automatic will cost an extra £20 at least.

If you want to become a real photographer, you must learn to stand on your own feet. Spend that £20 on a non-automatic instrument of greater versatility and quality.

Finally, start with black-and-white photography and process your own films and prints.

This will teach you more in a month than "button-pushing" with factory-processed color film will in ten years.



COMPOSITION is as important to the photographer as to the artist. These shots of Sydney's Archibald Fountain show the difference between a careless snapshot (above) and a good photograph (below).



YOUR FRIENDS won't thank you if you let them gawk at the camera when you take their photograph. It's so easy to get them to do something naturally while you click the shutter—and just look at the improvement as shown in the photograph at right.





## A GUY on barbecues jumps

# Out of the frying pan!

THESE new "niks" — they're all girls — are, as the name implies, rebels against the accepted rules of picnics and barbecues.

One of the most frustrating things about the Picnik is that a boy is never forewarned about her. With devilish subtlety she lulls him into a false sense of security by often actually suggesting the outing.

But once the boy's committed himself to nutrition *au naturel*, the Picnik is up to her old, anti-social stunts.

When the show is planned she solemnly agrees that an early start is imperative and nods wisely when, say, 8 a.m. is mentioned as zero hour. Comes eight, of course, and she's still sawing logs instead of a loaf of bread.

The Picnik's next move is when the party is finally on the way. Every mile she remembers things

● We've heard plenty about Beatniks and Sikniks lately. Well, now I'm able to classify a new type — the Picnik!

they'll need — even though she had undertaken to get the goodies ready.

Roadside stalls ("Oh, look — butter. We haven't any!") cause more hold-ups than Sunday-driving traffic. Paper shops must be called at, too ("I might need something to read").

At last, however, they manage to arrive at the spot he's selected.

### Nothing but the truth

GIRLS who write in and criticise Robin Adair have only one thing — a guilty conscience. Two girls wrote that he had apparently not had much to do with girls at all, but we think they are wrong. Ever since his column has been printed he has written practically nothing but the truth about girls.

"THREE FANS," Teralba, N.S.W.

And the Picnik is at it again. The spot is too crowded, too lonely; whichever suits her.

Finally, when her date has got spots — before the eyes! — she agrees to settle down. But is that the end of her campaign? Not on your sweet outdoor life. It's really only the start.

No sooner have they sat down than she's up on her desert boots squealing about (a) ants, (b) spiders, (c) sandflies. Actually, of course, the only insect attacking her is the bee in her bonnet!

And when the Picnik takes a hand in the cooking, while the billy boils her boy does, too!

First off, she's a real wet blanket and puts out the fire. The boy has taken great pains getting the blaze down to a nice glow that will cook without burning the food.

She, however, thinks it is going out and so she stokes it with so much wood that it smothers.

The poor devil starts from scratch again and soon has the meal going great guns — until the

great guns backfire and the tucker goes up in smoke! He leaves her to watch the grilling and comes back to find it all ready to eat — if he's partial to ashes!

"The smoke got in my eyes and I couldn't get near it," she wails. It would really make you spit, wouldn't it?

And it's no good falling back on sandwiches. Yes, you've guessed it. She's forgotten the bread.

The Picnik is the death of the party, too. Although there's still a good hour or so of enjoyment left she gets cold, bitten by mosquitoes, tired. One or all of 'em.

No wonder the boy laughs bitterly when, after day is done little better than the meat, she says brightly: "Thanks for a wonderful time!"

Well, that's the Picnik story.

If a girl wants to be a hit with guys around a 'griller she ought to watch her barbecues and p's.

Otherwise she'll go down with the fellers about as well as her burnt steaks do!

— Robin Adair





other people's jobs . . .

*"As a beautician at Max Factor, I meet people all the time—the Telegraph helps me talk to them."*

Hennyth de Brave has what must be the most glamorous job in the world — glamor itself. We asked 17-year-old Hennyth what led her into this career.

"I like good grooming and this naturally led to an interest in how women can make the most of their looks. So I decided to become a beautician with Max Factor."

"How long have you been working?" was our next question.

"About sixteen months. I have also learned facial massage which is rather special. Of course one of the nice things about my job is I'm always meeting new people."

"Do you talk to them much?"

"Oh yes. We chat about just about anything you can think of. So I have to keep up to date on things."

We asked Hennyth how she does this.

"Mostly by reading the paper. My favorite is the *Daily Telegraph*."

"Oh. Why the *Telegraph*?" we asked feeling rather pleased.

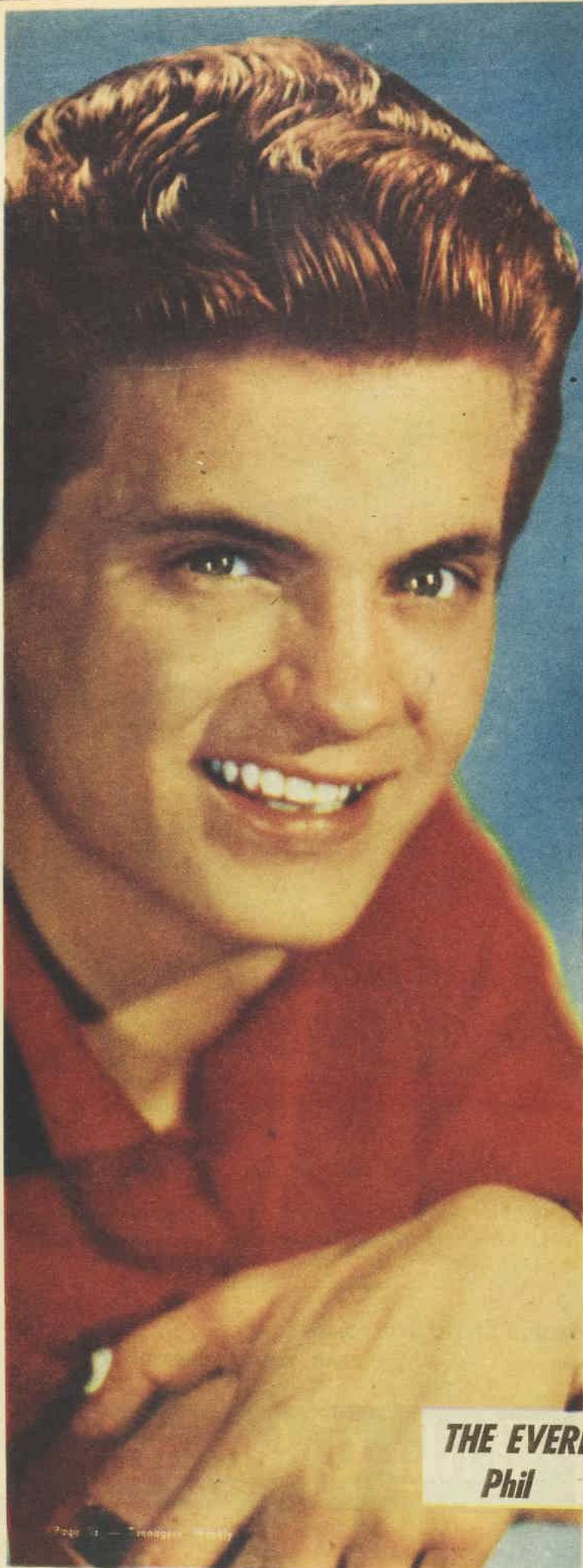
"Well, it's such a lively paper. It makes the news come alive. And it has so many features of special interest to women."

**PEOPLE AT THE TOP TOMORROW**

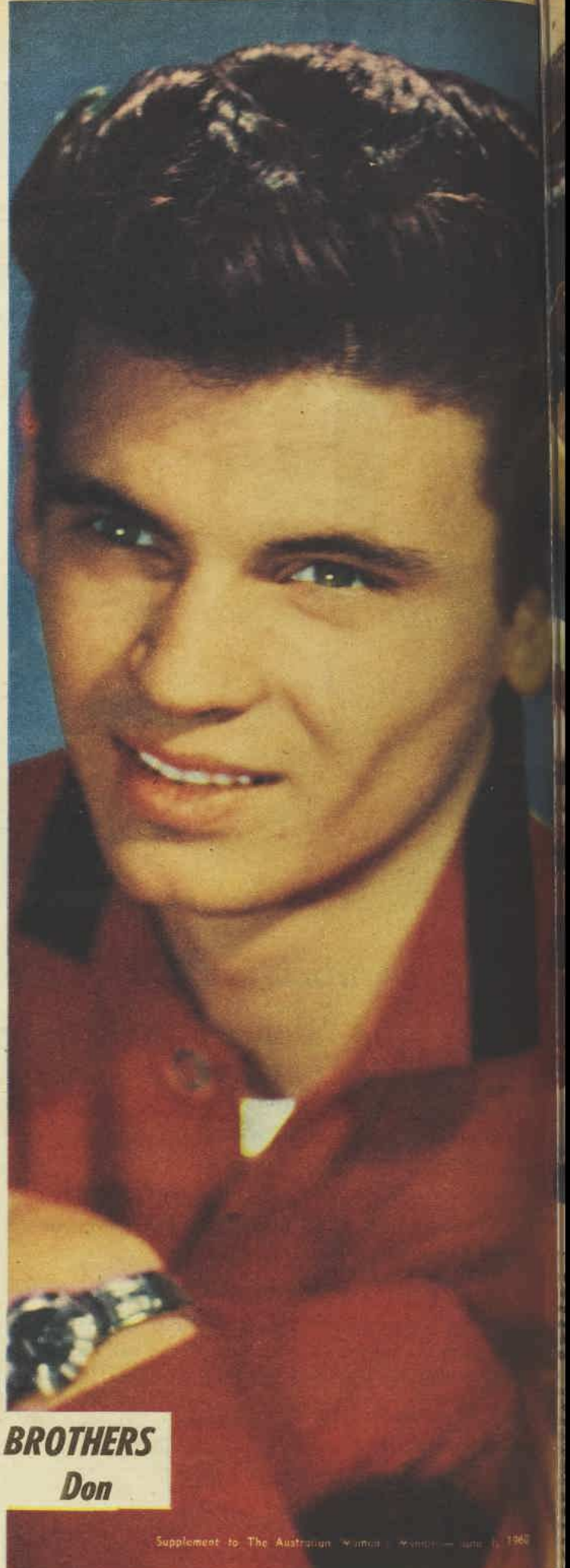
**READ THE TELEGRAPH TODAY!**

**Daily Telegraph**





**THE EVERLY BROTHERS**  
**Phil**



**Don**

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly - June 1, 1960

LITLY SHIRT OVER - OLIVE WITH VERMILION





By LEILA C. HOWARD  
OUR FOOD  
AND COOKERY EXPERT

**SELECTION OF DISHES (left) using the miscellaneous meats includes crusted calves' tails, liver and bean hot-pot, tripe and mushroom Creole, and stuffed sheep's hearts. See recipes.**

**KIDNEYS ARDENNAISE**

Six to eight veal kidneys, 2 tablespoons good shortening, 1 onion,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. mushrooms, 2 tablespoons flour,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup white wine, 1 cup well-seasoned stock or water and 1 bouillon cube, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, salt, pepper.

Parboil kidneys in salted water 10 minutes, drain, remove skins, cut in pieces. Heat shortening, add chopped onion, saute few minutes. Toss kidney pieces in flour and add to onions, cook 5 minutes, add sliced mushrooms, cook further 5 minutes. Stir in white wine and stock, simmer few minutes, stirring constantly. Add parsley, salt and pepper to taste. Serve piping hot.

**WEST INDIAN STYLE LIVER**

One sheep's liver, 2 rashers bacon (rind removed),  $\frac{1}{4}$  chopped parboiled green pepper, 2 cups chopped tomatoes, pinch cayenne pepper, 1 teaspoon salt,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon curry powder, 3 tablespoons water, seasoned flour, cooked spaghetti.

Soak liver in cold salted water  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour. Drain, remove skin, cut into  $\frac{1}{4}$  in.-thick slices. Coat with seasoned flour. Dice bacon, saute in its own fat until crisp; remove. Add liver slices to pan, adding little extra fat if necessary, cook until lightly browned. Add tomatoes, water, green pepper, bacon, salt, cayenne, and curry powder. Cover with closely fitting lid, simmer about 45 minutes or until liver is tender. Serve with cooked spaghetti and tossed green salad.

**POTATO THATCHED TRIPE**

One pound honeycomb tripe, 1 pint cold water, 1 onion, 3 sticks celery, 2 teaspoons butter or substitute, 2 tablespoons flour,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cups milk, salt and cayenne pepper to taste, 2 tablespoons diced ham, 1 or 2 hard-boiled eggs, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 2 cups mashed potato, 2 tablespoons grated cheese.

Wash tripe, scrape underside if necessary. Place in saucepan, cover with the cold water, add sliced onion, chopped celery, salt. Cover, simmer  $1\frac{1}{2}$  to 2 hours until tripe is tender; drain. Melt shortening, add flour, cook 2 or 3 minutes without browning. Stir in milk, season to taste with salt, cayenne. Continue stirring until boiling, fold in ham, eggs, tripe, celery, parsley. Turn into greased ovenproof dish, top with potato mixed with cheese. Bake in hot oven until thoroughly re-heated and top lightly browned.

**PORK-AND-TONGUE LOAF**

Four sheep's tongues, 1 thick slice of onion, thin piece lemon rind, 2 cloves, 1 dessertspoon vinegar, 1 teaspoon brown sugar, 4 pork sausages, 3 teaspoons gelatine,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup tongue stock,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup water, 1 clove of garlic, 2 gherkins, 1 or 2 chopped hard-boiled eggs, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley.

Cook tongues until tender with onion, lemon rind, cloves, vinegar, sugar. Drain, skin, cut into thin slices. Prick sausages well, simmer 10 minutes; drain, skin, cut into thin slices. Mix with tongues, add chopped gherkins, eggs, and parsley. Soften gelatine in water, add tongue stock, finely chopped garlic. Bring to boil, cool. Pour carefully into tin, chill until set. Unmould, serve in slices with salad ingredients.

**TRIPE AND MUSHROOM CREOLE**

One and a half to 2 lb. honeycomb tripe, salt, pepper, sliced onion, 3 whole cloves, 1 teaspoon vinegar,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup milk, water, 1 tablespoon oil, 2 onions, 1 clove garlic, 4 tomatoes,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. chopped sauteed mushrooms, parsley to garnish.

Scrape underside surface of tripe if necessary, cut into even-sized pieces approximately 5 in. by 2  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. Place in saucepan, cover with cold water, bring to boil. Drain, cover with fresh water, add milk, sliced onion, cloves, and vinegar, cover, bring to boil, then simmer  $1\frac{1}{2}$  to 2 hours or until tender. Heat oil in frying-pan, add sliced onions and crushed garlic, cook until soft but not browned. Drain off excess oil, add chopped, peeled tomatoes, season with salt and pepper. Simmer 20 minutes or until mixture is thick and pulpy. Add mushrooms, mix well. Pour tomato mixture into greased ovenware dish, arrange tripe pieces on top. Spoon a little tomato mixture over tripe, place in moderate oven until thoroughly re-heated. Garnish with parsley.

**STUFFED SHEEP'S HEARTS**

Six sheep's hearts, 1 cup boiled rice, 3 tablespoons shortening, 1 onion, 1 tomato, salt, pepper, 1 egg, 1 cup each sliced carrots, celery, and onions, 1 pint stock or water, 1 cup cooked green peas, 2 tablespoons flour blended with little extra water.

Soak hearts in cold salted water  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour. Rinse under running cold water. Remove any loose pieces of fat, sinews, etc. Cut out dividing pieces in heart to make one large cavity. Meanwhile prepare stuffing. Heat 1 tablespoon of the shortening in frying-pan, add chopped onion, saute until very lightly browned. Add chopped skinned tomato, continue cooking until tomato is soft. Combine with boiled rice, season with salt, pepper; bind with beaten egg. Fill rice mixture into prepared hearts, secure opening with cocktail sticks or sew up with coarse thread. Heat remaining shortening in pan, add onions, carrots, celery, brown slightly, lift out, and drain. Add stuffed hearts to pan, brown well. Drain off surplus fat. Place browned vegetables in saucepan with hearts. Pour over

stock or water, cover with closely fitting lid, simmer  $1\frac{1}{2}$  to 2 hours or until hearts are tender. Remove hearts, add blended flour, stir constantly until mixture boils and thickens. Simmer 3 minutes. Return hearts to saucepan with peas, stir until thoroughly re-heated. Serve.

**LIVER AND BEAN HOT-POT**

One pound calves' liver, flour, salt, pepper, fat or oil for frying, 2 cups home-cooked or tinned haricot beans, 3 or 4 rashers bacon, parsley.

Soak liver in cold salted water  $1\frac{1}{2}$  hours. Rinse, pat dry on kitchen paper. Cut into small pieces, toss in seasoned flour. Place in pan with heated fat, saute until well browned on all sides. Lift out, drain. Remove rind from bacon, cut into 2 in. pieces. Saute in pan in its own fat 3 minutes. Combine liver pieces with bacon and beans, season to taste with salt, pepper. Fill into greased ovenware dish, place in moderate oven 1 hour or until re-heated. Serve piping hot, garnished with parsley.



# RICHARD HUDNUT

## NEW MEDICATED

# egg creme shampoos

## stop dandruff- QUICKLY!



In two types — for oily and for dry hair. Both contain "Thersil", the amazing new anti-dandruff discovery!

Free your scalp from clogging dandruff, finally and completely... with this new, fast-acting medicated Egg Creme Shampoo now added to the Richard Hudnut range. It's in two specialised types, both of which stop dandruff quickly. One is for oily hair... the other for dry hair. Both contain new "Thersil", the most effective anti-dandruff agent discovered. One lathering can sweep away even stubborn, deep-seated infections. Try it... and make your hair clean... sparkling... dandruff-free.

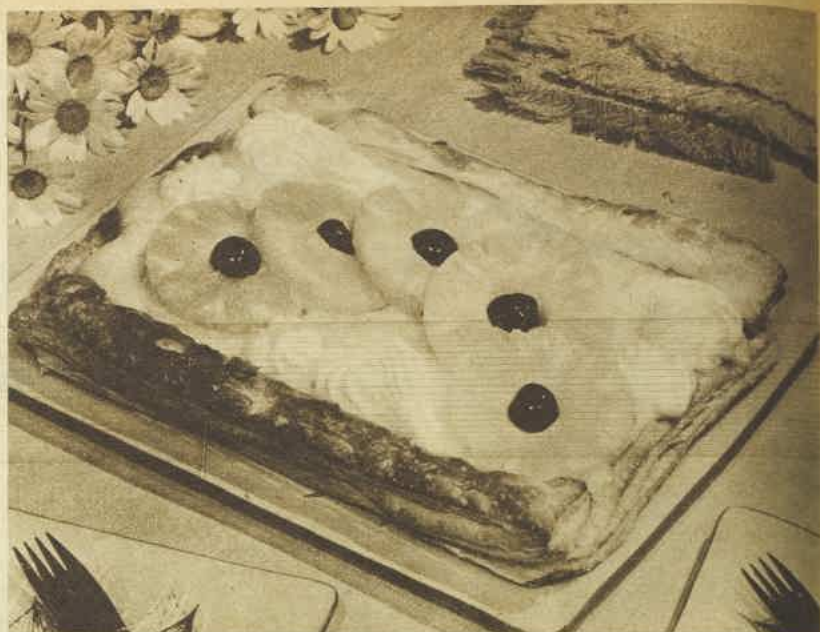
Large bottles (green labels) — 5/11.  
Two types, one for oily hair,  
one for dry hair.



### YOU HAVE NO DANDRUFF PROBLEMS?

Then continue your hair-care with these nourishing, regular Richard Hudnut Egg Creme Shampoos. There's a type made specially for your hair.

RED LABEL for normal to dry hair.  
BLUE LABEL for normal to oily hair.  
Bottles - 5/6 and 9/6. Bubbles 1/3.



CRISPY PUFF-PASTRY SHELL filled with a rich cream and topped with rings of pineapple decorated with cherries and cream is our prizewinning sweet this week. See this and consolation prize recipe below.

## DESSERT WINS £5

• This week's prize of £5 is awarded to a Victorian reader for her recipe for a pineapple puff dessert.

THIS recipe could be varied by omitting the pineapple rings and substituting well-drained peach or apricot halves.

A consolation prize of £1 has been awarded to a simple savory snack recipe flavored with cheese and olives.

All spoon measurements are level.

### PINEAPPLE PUFF

One pound puff pastry,  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint milk, 2oz. castor sugar, vanilla essence, 4 to 6 rings pineapple, 1 egg, 1 tablespoon cornflour, 1 tablespoon flour, 2 tablespoons sieved apricot jam, 1 jar cream, glace cherries.

Trim pastry with sharp knife to make even rectangle, then cut off one quarter of pastry from one long side. Roll rectangular piece of pastry as evenly as possible into strip approximately 14in. long and 4in. wide. Roll remaining quarter into strip approximately 14in. long and 2in. wide. Cut this down centre to make two long strips; trim them evenly. Moisten edges of the side strip and lay the narrow ones along them. Prick centre with fork. Leave pastry on baking-tray in cold

### HOME HINT

A PRIZE of £1/1/- is awarded to Miss Carmel Tyndall, Tamban P.O., Eungai Creek, N.S.W., for the following hint:

When storing home-made sauces such as tomato or plum sauce, do not stand the bottles upright, but put them on their sides. The moisture swells the corks and thus prevents fermentation.

Send your hint to Home Hints, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney. We will pay £1/1/- for every one used.

place for an hour. Bake in hot oven 15 minutes, then reduce heat to moderate, bake further 15 minutes or until cooked. Slip pastry on to a wire tray and cool.

To Prepare Filling: Beat egg-yolk with half sugar in basin. Add sifted flours and enough of the measured milk to make a thin cream. Heat remaining milk, beat into the egg and flour mixture. Return to pan, stir over gentle

heat until it comes to boil. Beat well to keep mixture smooth; simmer 2 or 3 minutes. Remove, stir in vanilla. Put pastry cream into basin, sprinkle with the remaining sugar to prevent skin forming. Leave until cold. Brush sieved jam over centre and sides of pastry puff. Beat pastry cream, place it down centre of puff. Arrange rings of pineapple and cherries down centre. Whip cream until it will hold its shape, then beat egg-white stiffly and fold into cream. Fill into pastry-bag, decorate top with swirls or rosettes.

First prize of £5 to Miss M. Todd, 116 Shaftesbury Pde., Thornbury N.17, Vic.

### SAVORY OLIVE PINWHEELS

One cup grated processed cheese,  $\frac{1}{2}$  tablespoons softened butter or substitute, pinch cayenne pepper,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sifted flour, pinch salt, 1 cup chopped stuffed green olives, water or milk.

Blend cheese, butter, and cayenne together. Mix in the flour and salt, work into pliable dough. Roll out between sheets of waxed paper to 10in. x 6in: rectangle about  $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thick. Sprinkle with chopped olives. Roll up as for Swiss roll, beginning with long side, lifting paper slightly with each turn. Seal edges with water or milk. Wrap roll in waxed paper and chill at least 1 hour. Cut into  $\frac{1}{2}$ in. slices, place on ungreased oven-slide about 2in. apart. Bake in hot oven 10 minutes or until edges are lightly browned. Serve hot.

Variations: Chopped gherkins with a thin spreading of anchovy paste or  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup piquant chutney and a fine sprinkling of chopped capers could be used on the cheese pastry before rolling up if desired. Poppy or sesame seeds could also be sprinkled on top of the biscuits just before baking.

Consolation prize of £1 to Miss M. Arnold, P.O. Box 279, Devonport, Tas.

### FAMILY DISH

THIS week's family dish, meat and rice layer, serves 4 or 5 and costs 6/6 to 7/6, depending on type of meat used.

### MEAT AND RICE LAYER

One packet chicken noodle soup,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups water, 1oz. good shortening, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 dessert-spoon curry powder, 1 cup milk,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  to 2 cups finely chopped cooked meat (lamb, beef, or corned beef), salt, pepper, 2 cups cooked rice,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sweet fruit chutney, extra shortening, 1 cup soft breadcrumbs.

Cook soup in the water 6 or 7 minutes. Melt shortening, add flour and curry powder, cook 2 or 3 minutes. Add milk, stir until boiling. Add soup, meat, salt and pepper. Arrange alternate layers of meat and rice in greased ovenware dish, dotting rice layers with chutney. Sprinkle top with breadcrumbs, dot with extra shortening. Cover, bake in moderate oven  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour, removing lid for last 10 minutes.





An announcement by AUSTRALIAN DAIRY PRODUCE BOARD

For flavour you want . . . protein you need

# Make the most of natural **CHEDDAR**

Cheese is one of mankind's most delectable foods and no cheese is higher in quality and lower in price than Australian Cheddar — the most concentrated high-protein food your money can buy. A single pound contains all the calcium and vitamins in 20 tall glasses (a full gallon) of fresh creamy milk, and more protein than 2 lbs. of the choicest steak. Cheese is a delicious, easily-digested food, and everyone in your family needs its special protein goodness every day.

**HOW TO CHOOSE IT.** Australian Cheddar is sold everywhere in traditional round blocks or loaves, cut to your requirements, or already prepackaged in plastic film. Mild, semi-matured or tasty, there's a cheddar exactly right for every taste. Do a little sampling and find yours! *Proper storage is important.* Cheese will stay fresh-flavoured and moist if you keep it wrapped in plastic film or foil. It should be stored in the refrigerator, but removed in time to serve at room temperature.

**HOW TO USE IT.** Australian Cheddar is not only a magnificent table cheese but a versatile cooking cheese as well. It belongs to every meal, enhances everything you cook. Be adventurous with cheese — see what it will do for all the family's favourite foods!

- ★ Top meat or vegetable casseroles with slices of cheese a few minutes before you take them out of the oven.
- ★ Add a big spoonful of grated cheese to your bowl of soup.
- ★ Mix grated cheese with crumbs when coating cutlets or veal schnitzel.
- ★ Mash grated cheese into cauliflower, potatoes and other vegetables.
- ★ Shred cheese into scrambled eggs, omelettes, baked beans and on to grilled tomatoes and salads.



**Cheese is your family's protein insurance — HAVE THEY HAD THEIR CHEESE PROTEIN TODAY?**





*A whizz . . . a zoom . . . and the world's cleanest, whitest wash!*

**Johnny's Surf washed shirt would make any mother proud. It welcomes a close-up look!**

What fun young Johnny's having! The tummy-tingling slide — the happy squealing laughter — the flushed cheeks — the shining eyes — the sunshine racing to catch up with his flashing shirt. And see? How *white* his shirt is! Easy to see Johnny's mother uses Surf. Like everything in her wash, Johnny's shirt has the close-up cleanness you get only with Surf. Because *only* Surf gets out *all* the dirt — you literally see grime and dirt fall out of the clothes. This unique washing action plus Surf's new Added Brilliance gives a cleanness and whiteness never before possible. A close-up look proves it! Use Surf next washday and see for yourself.



**SURF GIVES YOU THE WORLD'S CLEANEST, WHITEST WASH**



# PLAY AREA FOR FAMILY LIVING

● A large kitchen, a convenient study or play area, and three well-sized bedrooms make this an ideal home for the average family. Plans cost only £10/10/- a complete set from any of our Home Planning Centres. See addresses below.

IT has been designed for our Home Planning Service under the direction of Melbourne architects Kevin Borland and Geoff Trewenack.

The Home Planning Centres, which are situated in large stores throughout Australia (see addresses below right), have numerous and various designs for small houses which will suit most budgets and sites.

Plan No. 838, which is illustrated on this page, can be built in timber from £3600 to £4500 and in brick from £3750 to £5100.

Its area in timber is 11.98 squares and in brick 12.05 squares. The frontage is 59ft.

Living and dining areas are combined. The spacious kitchen has a bar dividing it from the dining section. It has a door leading on to a small patio and easy access to the laundry.

All three bedrooms are close to the bathroom. W.C. has two doors and can be reached from the bathroom and the laundry.

Free advice on all aspects of home building is available from the architects in charge of The Australian Women's Weekly Home Planning Centres.

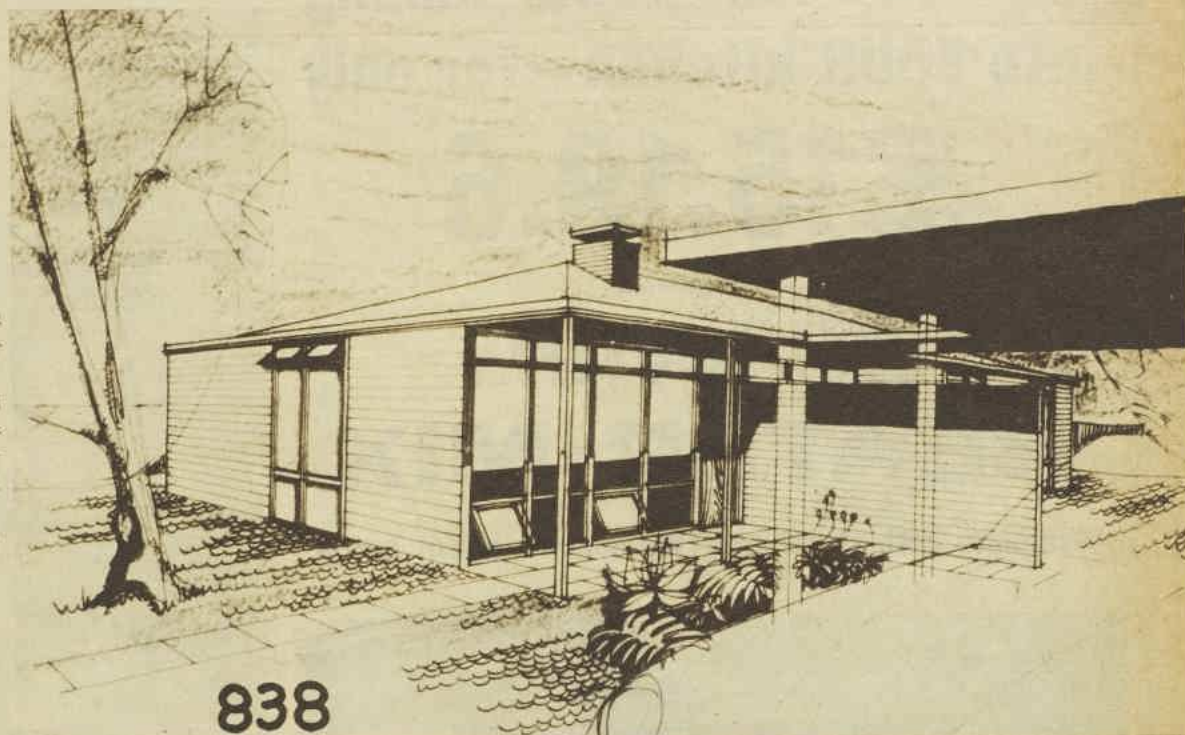
Color consultants, interior decorators, lighting specialists, and other skilled advisers on the staff of the store in which the Home Planning Centre is situated will also assist you in furnishing and decorating your home.

Modifications can be made to any plan. If drafting and printing are involved in these alterations, an extra charge is made.

All plans are available in mirror-reverse position. They can be placed at various angles on the site. They can be built on stilts or on the side of a steep hill.

Both contemporary and traditional designs are available.

Windows, window areas, and positions can be varied. Often a kitchen is shown opening directly on to the living-room, but in many cases it can be walled off.



838

**PERSPECTIVE SKETCH** for Home Plan No. 838 shows floor-to-ceiling windows in the living-room. The wall at the end of the entrance porch allows for a sheltered, private outdoor area, which is an essential in a built-up suburb. This design would look equally well in brick or timber.

Fireplaces can be substituted by oil, electric, or gas heating. Cooling systems can also be incorporated.

Carports and garages, even if they are not shown on the plan, can be incorporated in the design. Allow an additional £175 to £250 for a carport, and £325 to £400 for a single brick garage.

For a small fee the Centres will arrange for an expert to inspect the site for you. He will then advise as to the design most suited for your family's requirements, your budget, and the land.

Staff at the Centres are familiar with all building regulations, and will advise you about local council regulations.

Plans can be bought by calling at or writing to your local Home Planning Centre.

When ordering by mail, please state the number of the plan you want, whether it is to be constructed in brick or timber, and the roofing material required. Please also state whether or not the site is sewer, whether the plan is required as drawn or in the mirror-reverse position, and enclose a cheque, money order, or postal notes for the fee of £10/10/- for the plan.

Addresses of the Centres are:

CANBERRA: Anthony Hordern and Sons Ltd., Civic Centre. (Please telephone J2311 to consult architect at this Centre.)

BRISBANE: McWhirter's Ltd., The Valley. (Telephone 50121.)

MELBOURNE: The Myer Emporium, Lonsdale Street. (Telephone 32044.)

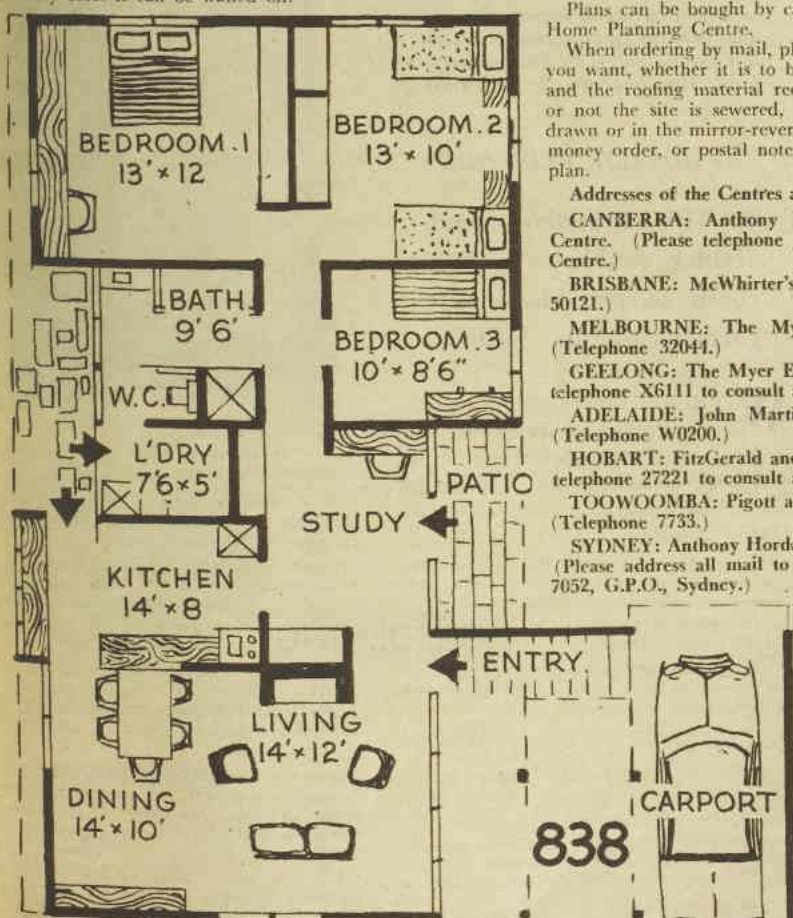
GEELONG: The Myer Emporium, Malop Street. (Please telephone X6111 to consult architect at this Centre.)

ADELAIDE: John Martin and Co. Ltd., Rundle Street. (Telephone W0200.)

HOBART: FitzGerald and Co. Ltd., Collins Street. (Please telephone 27221 to consult architect at this Centre.)

TOOWOOMBA: Pigott and Co. Pty. Ltd., Ruthven Street. (Telephone 7733.)

SYDNEY: Anthony Hordern and Sons Ltd., Brickfield Hill. (Please address all mail to this Centre to Home Plans, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.)



**FLOOR PLAN** No. 838. The study could double as a playroom, with the patio outside as a play area for the children. Living-room has open fireplace.

## FORTY PLANS

TWO folders, each containing perspective sketches, floor plans, and full particulars about frontage, size, and price for twenty Home Plans are now on sale at all our Home Planning Centres and newsagents.

If ordering by mail from your nearest Home Planning Centre please enclose a postal note for 2/11 for folder No. 1 or No. 2, or 5/8 for folders Nos. 1 and 2. These prices include postage.

## FALSE TEETH wearers can offend without knowing



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What STERADENT does for dentures that toothpaste cannot do

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**BEATER-MIX**

Complete with stand and TWO heat-resistant bowls



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...TURN HER DAYDREAMS INTO SUNBEAMS

## Room divider



• *Variegated-leaved begonia and variegated ivy form a lacy curtain on this metal screen divider. The planter in concrete is set on low wooden legs. Driftwood helps hold the begonia in position.*

By ROSALIE REDWOOD

• This attractive room-divider enables a sitting-room to provide a tiny garden and an "office."

WITHOUT appearing to detract from the size of the sitting-room it gives comfortable space for a 3ft. 9in. wide desk, cupboards, shelves for books, and space for a radio, all topped with a planter.

The framework of the divider is made from 1/2 in. timber, with plywood doors. The body is covered with adhesive plastic patterned to resemble the natural grain of timber.

The planter and shelf-edges are painted in black enamel, linking the color scheme of the sitting-room.

The planter is 12 in. wide, 8 in. deep and 6 ft. long.

A metal waterproof-painted trough fits inside the planter to cope with possible overflow when plants are watered.

A sheet of metal mesh, such as is used for wrought-iron screens and furniture, is fitted with a 1 1/2 in. wooden frame and attached to the pillar on one side.

Black plastic-covered electricians' wire makes an interesting design on the screen.

The width of the planter allows for roomy pots and good-sized plants.



Individual pots make it possible to turn the plants occasionally when they grow too strongly towards the light.

It also enables plants to be replaced should they wilt, or be repotted, with little effort and no mess.

Some attractive climbing plants for a room-divider would be *Philodendron cordatum*, *Pothos aureus*, *Pothos marble queen*, *Hedera canariensis variegata*.

If you have a divider that would accommodate hanging plants try *Hedera helix Pittsburgh*, *Philodendron trifoliatum*, *Chlorophytum lineatum*, and *Syngonium podophyllum*.

For the base of a divider, *Athelandra*, *Anthurium scherzerianum*, *Maranta massangana*, *Dracaena*, *Peperomia*, *Begonia Merry Christmas*, and African violets are some of the best plants.

Fill pots with cinders, broken crocks, or stones for drainage, and then fill with loamy fibrous soil mixed with light sand, leaf mould, or peat-moss.

Do not water too freely or the plants will become waterlogged. The amount of water required depends on the heat of the room.

## GARDENING



well know now as later! I've sent for my heir as well."

At these bitterly uttered words Chollacombe nearly dropped the decanter.

"Sent for your heir as well?" repeated Richmond. "But my Uncle Matthew is your heir, Grandfather—isn't he?"

"No."

"Then who is, sir?" demanded Anthea.

"A weaver's brat!" he replied, his voice vibrant with loathing.

"Oh, dear!" said Mrs. Darracott, breaking the stunned silence that succeeded his lordship's announcement.

The hopeless inadequacy of this exclamation dragged a choke of laughter out of Anthea, but it caused his lordship's smouldering fury to flare up. "Is that all you have to say? Oh, take yourself off, and your daughter with you! Go and chatter and marvel, and bless yourselves, but keep out of my sight and hearing! I don't know how I bear with you!"

"No, indeed!" said Anthea instantly. "It is a great deal too bad, sir! Mama, how could you speak so to one so full of compliance and good nature as my grandfather? So truly the gentleman! Come away at once!"

"That's what you think of me, is it, girl?" said his lordship.

"Oh, no!" she responded, dropping him a curtsy. "It's what I say, sir! You must know that my featherheaded mama has taught me to behave with all the propriety in the world! To tell you what I think of you would be to sink myself quite below reproach! Come, Mama!"

He gave a bark of laughter. "Tongue-valiant, eh?"

She had reached the door, which Chollacombe was holding open, but she looked back at that. "Try me!"

"I will!" he promised.

"Oh, Anthea, pray," whispered Mrs. Darracott, almost dragging her from the room. "My love, you should not! You know you should not! What, I ask you, would become of us if he were to cast us off?"

"Oh, he won't do that!" replied Anthea confidently. "Even he must feel that once in a lifetime is enough for the performance of that idiosyncrasy! I collect that the weaver's son is the offspring of the uncle we are never permitted to mention? Who is he, and what is he, and—oh, come and tell me all about it, Mama!"

"Yes, but I don't know any-

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thing," objected Mrs. Darracott, allowing herself to be drawn into one of the saloons that opened on to the central hall of the house. "Indeed, I never knew of his existence until your grandfather threw him at my head in that scrambling way! I was never more shocked!"

A smile danced in her daughter's eyes, but she said, with becoming gravity: "Exactly so! But a well-bred ease of manner, you know, is quite wasted on my grandfather. Mama, when

## FROM THE BIBLE

• "He that hath the Son hath life; and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life."

— 1 John 5.12.

This is an extract from a letter, one of three, written by John to be handed round among the Christians. John says that whosoever possesses Jesus Christ in his life on earth has life for ever, but whosoever has not possessed the Son of God in this life has no life eternal.

you ruffle up your feathers you look like a very pretty partridge!"

Mrs. Darracott's mind, never tenacious, was diverted to the delicate sheen of her gown. She had fashioned it herself, from a roll of silk unearthed from the bottom of a trunk stored in one of the attics, and she was pardonably pleased with the result of her skill. The design had been copied from a plate in the previous month's issue of "The Mirror of Fashion," but she had improved on it, substituting some very fine Brussels lace (relic of her trousseau) for the chenille trimming of the illustration.

MRS. DARRACOTT was a notable needlewoman. She was also a very pretty woman, with a plump, trim figure, large blue eyes, and a quantity of fair hair which was partially concealed under a succession of becoming caps.

She was neither learned nor intelligent, but she contrived to dress both herself and her daughter out of a meagre jointure, supplying with her clever fingers what her purse could not buy; and she had never, during the twelve years of her widowhood, allowed either her father-in-law's snubs or the frequent discomforts of her situation to impair the amiability of her disposition.

Her daughter was twenty-two years of age and still unwed; her spirited young son was kept kicking his heels in idleness to serve his grandfather's caprice; but although she recognised that such a state of affairs was deplorable she could not help feeling that something would happen to make all right.

Smoothing a crease from the purple-bloom satin, she said very seriously: "You know, dearest, it will be excessively awkward!"

"What will be awkward? The weaver's son?"

"Ah, him!—No, poor boy—though of course it will be! I was thinking of your Aunt Aurelia. I am persuaded she will expect to see us in mourning. You know what a high stickler she is for every observance! She will think it very odd of us to be wearing colors—even improper!"

"Not at all!" replied Anthea coolly.

"I think we should at least wear black ribbons," said Mrs. Darracott.

"Very well, Mama, we will wear whatever you choose, but tell me about the weaver's son, and the uncle who must not be mentioned."

"But I don't know anything!" protested Mrs. Darracott. "Only that he was the next brother to poor Granville, and quite your grandfather's favorite son, though for my part I can't believe that he held him in the slightest affection! Never, never could I bring myself to disown my son! Not though he married a dozen weavers' daughters!"

"Is that what my uncle did? Married a weaver's daughter?"

"Well, that's what I was told," replied Mrs. Darracott cautiously. "It all happened before I was married to your papa, so I am not perfectly sure. Papa wouldn't have spoken of it only that there was a notice of Hugh's death published in the 'Gazette,' and he was afraid I might see it, and make some remark."

"When did he die, Mama?"

"Now that I can tell you, for it was the very year I was married, and had just come to live here, in 1793. He was killed. I can't remember the name of the place, but I do know it was in Holland. I daresay we were engaged in a war there, for he was a military man. And I shouldn't be at all astonished, Anthea, if that is what makes your grandfather so determined Richmond shan't enter the Army."

"I don't mean Hugh's being killed, but if he had not been a military man he would never have been stationed in Yorkshire, and, of course, if he had not been stationed there he would never have met that female, let alone have become so disastrously entangled. I believe she was a very low, vulgar creature, and lived in Huddersfield. I must own that it is not at all what one would wish for one's son."

"No, indeed!" Anthea agreed. "What in the world can have possessed him to do such a thing? And he a Darracott!"

"Exactly so, my love! The most imprudent thing, for he cannot have supposed that your grandfather would forgive such a shocking misalliance!"

"And to be obliged in the end to receive her son as his heir!" said Anthea. "No wonder he has been like a bear at a stake all these months! Did he know, when my uncle and Oliver were drowned, how it was?"

"Perhaps he will tell Richmond," suggested Mrs. Darracott.

"No," Anthea said, with a decided shake of her head. "Richmond never asks him questions he doesn't wish to answer, any more than he argues with him."

"Dear Richmond!" sighed Mrs. Darracott fondly. "I am sure he must be the best-natured boy in the world!"

"Certainly the best-natured grandson," said Anthea.

"The thing is," pursued Mrs. Darracott, "that he has the sweetest disposition imaginable! Only think how good he is to your grandfather, sitting with him every evening, and playing chess, which must be the dullest thing in the world! I wonder, too, how many boys who had set their hearts on a pair of colors would have behaved so beautifully as he did, when your grandfather forbade him to think of such a thing?"

She sighed. "Poor boy! It quite wrung my heart to see

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him so restless, and out of spirits, but thank heaven that is all over now, for I couldn't have borne it if your grandfather had agreed to let him join! I daresay it was just a boyish fancy—but Richmond had such good sense!"

"Depend upon it," said Mrs. Darracott comfortably, "he will never think of it again, once he has gone to Oxford."

Anthea said, after a moment's hesitation: "Richmond has no turn for scholarship, Mama. He has failed once, because he doesn't wish to succeed. And here we are in September, so that he will be more than nineteen by the time he goes to Oxford—and he will have spent another year here, with nothing to do but to—"

"Nothing of the sort!" interrupted Mrs. Darracott. "He will be studying!"

"Oh!" said Anthea, in a colorless voice. She glanced uncertainly at her mother, again hesitated, and then said: "Shall I ring for some working-candles, Mama?"

Mrs. Darracott, who was engaged in darning, with exquisite stitches, the torn needle-point lace flounce to a petticoat, agreed to this.

Shortly Chollacombe brought the tea-tray into the room.

Mrs. Darracott looked up, and saw that Richmond had followed the butler into the room, and her face became wreathed in smiles. "Oh, Richmond! You have come to take tea with us! How charming this is! Thank you, Chollacombe; nothing more! Now,

## Continuing . . . THE UNKNOWN AJAX

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sit down, Richmond, and tell us!"

"What, about the weaver's son? Oh, I can't! Grandpapa snapped my nose off, so we played backgammon, and I won, and then he said I might take myself off, because he wants to talk to you, Mama!"

"You are a detestable boy!" remarked Anthea. "Mama, take care! You will spill that! Depend upon it, he only means to throw a great many orders at your head about the manner in which we are to entertain the heir."

"Yes," agreed Mrs. Darracott, recovering. "Of course! I wonder if I should go to him immediately."

"No, you will first drink your tea, Mama," said Anthea firmly. "Did he tell you nothing about our unknown cousin, Richmond?"

"Well, only that he's a military man, and was in France, with the Army of Occupation when my uncle Granville was drowned, and that he has written that he will visit us the day after tomorrow."

"Well, at least he can write!" exclaimed Mrs. Darracott. "Poor young man! I can't but pity him, though I perfectly appreciate how provoking it is for us all that he should have been born."

After she finished drinking her tea she begged Richmond not to go to bed before she returned from the ordeal before

her, and went away to the library.

Anthea got up to fill her cup again. She glanced down at Richmond, sunk into a deep chair. "You look to be three parts asleep. Are you?"

"No—yes—I don't know! I

do this—or that—or the other? Because I know when my grandfather can't be persuaded by anything I could do or say!"

Anthea said no more, knowing that it would be useless. She was deeply troubled, however, and not for the first time. He was spoilt, and wilful, but she loved him, and was wise enough to realise that his faults



"Isn't that a strip of bacon you're wearing?"

had one of my bad nights, that's all. Don't cosset me—and don't say anything to Mama!" He grinned at her. "I wonder what Grandpapa does want to say to Mama?"

"I don't know, but I hope he may say it with civility! How could you stand there, and let him speak to her as he did at dinner, Richmond?"

"Well, I can't stop him! What's more, I've got more sense than to rip up at him as you did! It only puts Mama into a quake, when she thinks he may fly into a passion with you or me; you should know that!"

She looked curiously at him. "But you're not afraid of him, are you?"

"No, I'm not afraid of him, but I detest the sort of riot and rumpus he kicks up when he's in a rage. Besides, it doesn't answer: you'll get nothing out of Grandpapa if you come to cuffs with him. I'll swear he gives me more than ever he gave Papa!"

She deflected that this was true. Lord Darracott, who grudged every groat he was obliged to spend on anything but his own pleasure, pandered to his favorite grandson's every extravagant whim. If coaxing did not move him, it was seldom that Richmond failed to bring him round his thumb by falling into a fit of despondency. That was how Richmond had come by the beautiful, headstrong colt he had himself broken and trained.

It had been to cajole him out of silent despair at being told that under no circumstances would my lord buy him a pair of colors that his yacht had been bestowed on him. Suddenly Anthea wondered if the possession of a sailing vessel had been what he had all the time desired. She turned her eyes towards him, and said abruptly: "Do you still wish for a military career, Richmond?"

"I don't care for anything else!"

"Then—"

"You needn't go on! Why don't I persist? Why don't I

sprang from his upbringing, and were to be laid at Lord Darracott's door."

He had been a sickly, undersized baby, not at all the sort of grandson that might have been expected to occupy Lord Darracott's heart. His lordship, indeed, had paid scant heed to him until it was forcibly borne in upon him that the frail scrap whom he despised was possessed of a demon of intrepidity. But from the day when a terrified groom had carried him into the house a baby who screamed: "Put me down, put me down! I can ride him! I can!" and had learned from this trembling individual that his tiny grandson had got upon the back of one of his own hunters and put this great, raw-boned creature at the gate that led out of the stableyard, he had adored Richmond.

Nothing could have made a greater hit with my lord. Himself a man of iron nerve, he was at once surprised and exultant to discover in the weakling of the family a fearlessness that matched his own.

NOW, a little more than eighteen years old, he was certainly a thin youth, but he seemed to have no other weakness than a tendency towards insomnia. As a child, the slightest stir in his room had jerked him wide-awake, and this idiosyncrasy had remained with him, causing him to choose for his own a bedchamber as far removed from the main body of the house as was possible: to bolt his door; and to forbid his solicitous family to come near him once he had retired for the night.

Tonight he was certainly looking heavy-eyed, yawning, but as he had begun to bring his hunters into condition, and had spent the morning at trotting exercise, following this up soundly by beating his sister in several games of battledore-and-shuttlecock, before going off to shoot rabbits in a turnip-field, it would have been surprising had he not looked weary.

He glanced up presently and said, with a gleam of impish amusement: "I wouldn't be in that fellow's shoes for a fortune, would you?"

"Our unknown cousin? No, indeed I wouldn't! If he's not up to the rig, Grandpapa will behave abominably, and we shall all be put to the blush. What do you think he will be like, Richmond? It seems to me that if he's a military man he can't be very vulgar. Unless—good heavens, he isn't just a common soldier, is he?"

"Rifleman. No, of course he— I never thought of that!" said Richmond, in an awed tone. He grinned appreciatively. "Well, if that is the way of it, it will mean the devil to pay, won't it? I wonder if my uncle knows what Grandpapa has in store, or whether—Vincent, too! I'll tell you what, Anthea, I don't give a fig for Uncle Matthew, but I think it's a curst shame that Vincent should be cut out by this mushroom!"

She did not answer, for at that moment Mrs. Darracott came back into the room.

It was instantly apparent to her children that Mrs. Darracott had not been summoned by her father-in-law to discuss such trivialities as the arrangements to be made for the reception of his heir. She was looking slightly dazed; but when Anthea asked her if my lord had been unkind, she replied in a flustered way: "No, no! Nothing like that! Well, that is to say— Now, where did I put my thimble? I must finish darning that shocking rent before your aunt arrives tomorrow."

"No, that you shan't!" declared Anthea, removing the workbox out of her mother's reach. "Now, Mama, you know you can't do it! What has Grandpapa disclosed to you? Instantly tell us!"

"Nothing at all!" asserted the widow, looking guilty. "As though he ever told me anything!"

"Now, that is trying it on much too rare and thick!" said Richmond accusingly.

Her masterful offspring converged upon her, Anthea sinking down on to a stool at her

feet, and Richmond perching on the arm of her chair.

"Grandpapa has told you all about the weaver's son. Confess!" said Anthea.

"No, no, I promise you he hasn't! He told me nothing about him—well, nothing to the purpose! Only when I ventured to ask him if it had not been a great shock to him to learn of the young man's existence, he said he had known of it for ever. My dears, would you have believed it? It seems that poor Hugh wrote to tell your grandfather of this Hugh's birth, twenty-seven years ago! And not a word has he uttered to a soul until today! Unless, of course, he disclosed the truth to Granville, but I am positive he never did so."

"So Grandpapa has known from the start how it was, has he? We needn't marvel that he said nothing about it while my uncle Granville and Oliver were alive, but how can he have allowed my uncle Matthew to suppose all these months that he was now the heir to the barony? Did he hope the young man might be dead? He can't have forgotten him!"

"Well, I fancy, from something he said to me just now, that he had the intention of disinheriting him."

"I didn't know one could cut out the heir to one's title," objected Richmond.

"It seems to be established that Grandpapa cannot," said Anthea.

"Grandpapa feels that there is nothing for it but to make

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● The tailored skirt illustrated below is chosen for a young woman who inquired about a basic pattern for an easy-to-make skirt.

HERE is the reader's letter and my reply:

"Would you please design me an easy-to-make skirt pattern that could be made in different fabrics? I have some tweed and velveteen to use for this purpose. I am medium build with a 26in. waist."

The design I have chosen for your skirt could be made in practically any type of fabric from velveteen to tweed. I do not think you will have any difficulties in making the skirt, because our patterns include full details of how to draft and sew.

The pattern is available in sizes 24, 26, 28, and 30in. waist. Under the picture are further details and how to order.

"I HAVE always worn a lot of beige because it seems to suit my coloring so well. I now feel I would like a slight change. Will you please advise me?"

Pineapple is a new and flattering color for a girl who can wear beige. Actually pineapple is a kind of super-beige jazzed up with light orange.

"THIS is my problem: I have bought a misty dove-grey sheer frock which I intend to wear dancing. It has a full short skirt. What shade should I choose for gloves and shoes? I would like a contrast."

I suggest honey or white. Both colors look wonderfully new with misty-grey.

"COULD you advise me about an evening frock I intend making? I think I saw the style in the Weekly. The frock was entirely pleated, with a full-length skirt and sleeveless top. If you remember such a style, could you give me any details that might help with the making?"

The dress you describe is a Jean Patou model. It is made in beige silk and is entirely knife-pleated. The shirtwaist top is sleeveless and softly bloused over a wide, caramel shantung belt. Pleats continue into a floor-length skirt. The dress is front-buttoned from neck to hemline.

"I will be joining my husband in London in June, and as I have no idea what to expect from the weather and what clothes are necessary I am seeking your advice. I will not be spending anything much on clothes, as I have a fairly large wardrobe. I will be only three weeks in England, and the time will be spent in London sightseeing and visiting."

London has chilly days even in summer, but it can also be extraordinarily hot. British taste is very simple, and from a tourist point of view it is not dressy. A suit and coat in spring-weight fabric would be useful items. Add a soft, short-skirted late-day dress for



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theatre, dinner, and cocktails. A simple sheath-dress will be excellent for lunching, and tailored separates (and flat-heeled shoes) good for walking around the Tate and other galleries and for sightseeing.

N.B.: When you are trying to dress smartly out of a suitcase, a cardigan jacket and permanently pleated skirt plus a camisole-top and shirt-b blouse are the best set of separates I know.

"MINE is a spring fashion problem that I hope is not too early for you to help me with. I am to be married next September, and for my going-away costume I have decided on a white coat over a printed silk frock. I would be grateful if you could suggest a spring

design for both coat and frock. I am 24, tall and slim, and like plain but sophisticated dressing."

A popular spring dress, and one I suggest for you, is designed with an easy fit and slightly lowered waist and all-around box-pleated skirt. The pleats spring from the lowered waistline and the design is finished with a self-sash tied loosely around the normal waist. The bodice-top is sleeveless (a very new detail for spring) and has a high, collarless, shoulder-to-shoulder neckline.

For the coat I suggest a straight, easy silhouette, beltless, collarless, and single-breasted. Have the lining of the coat matched to the dress print.



the best of this young man," continued Mrs. Darracott. "Did he say that, Mama?" asked Anthea incredulously. "Yes, he did," nodded Mrs. Darracott. "Well, it was what he meant!"

"How does Grandpapa mean to make the best of our new cousin, Mama?"

"Well, my dears," responded the widow, capitulating, "he seems to think that it will be necessary to lick the unfortunate young man into shape."

"Unfortunate young man, indeed!"

"I own one can't but feel a great deal of compassion for him, yet it can't be denied that it is a severe trial for your grandfather to know that he must be succeeded by quite a vulgar person. And to make it worse, the poor man is in the wrong sort of regiment."

"What?" ejaculated Richmond, kindling. "He's in the 95th! A Light Division man! I should like to know what is wrong with that!"

"Well, don't put yourself in a passion," recommended his sister. "You cannot suppose that anything other than a cavalry regiment, or the 1st Foot Guards, would do for a Darracott!"

"Balderdash!" said Richmond. "Oh, well!" he said, shrugging. "It's of no consequence—only

## Continuing . . . THE UNKNOWN AJAX

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I do hope Grandpapa doesn't make a cake of himself! Go on, Mama! How is our cousin to be licked into shape?"

"Oh!" Mrs. Darracott said. "He said something about Vincent's being able to hint him into the established mode."

"Vincent! He won't do it!" said Richmond positively.

"No, well—well, at least your grandfather seems to feel that we ought, all of us, to use the young man kindly!" Mrs. Darracott perceived that both her children were regarding her with a mixture of surprise and disbelief, and her color rose. "I daresay he will feel sadly out of place here, and we must try to make him welcome. I shall certainly do so, and I hope you will, too, dearest Anthea. Grandpapa is—particularly anxious that you should make yourself agreeable to him."

Aware that two pairs of fine grey eyes were fixed on her face, she found herself unable to finish this sentence, and tried hurriedly to begin another. "Dear me, how late it is!"

"Mama!" uttered Anthea accusingly. "If you don't tell me precisely what it was that my grandfather said to you, I'll go to the library and ask him!"

This dreadful threat threw Mrs. Darracott into instant disorder. She scolded a little, wept a little, asseverated that my lord had said nothing at all, and ended by divulging to her children that my lord had conceived the happy notion of bringing about a match between his shabby-genteel heir and his only unmarried granddaughter. "To keep him in the family!" she explained earnestly.

● A teaspoon of salad oil beaten with each egg helps bind the crumbs when preparing fish and cutlets for egg and breadcrumbs

That was all that was needed to send Richmond into shouts of laughter. His sister waited in ominous silence until his mirth abated, and then asked with careful restraint: "Does it ever occur to you, Mama, that my grandfather is a lunatic?"

"Frequently!" Mrs. Darracott assured her. "That is—oh, dear, what am I saying? Of course not! Perhaps he is a trifle eccentric!"

"Eccentric! He's a medieval bedlamite!" said Anthea. "Upon my word, this is beyond everything!"

"I was afraid you would not quite like it," agreed her mother unhappily. "No, Richmond! You will be in whoops if you don't take care!"

"Let him go into whoops, Mama! They may choke him!"

Mrs. Darracott was shocked by this unfeeling speech, but thought it wisest to beg Richmond to go away. He did go, but it was a moment or two before Anthea's wrath abated. "I should know better than to fly up into the boughs for anything that detestable old man could say or do! I beg your pardon, Mama, but it puts me in such a rage when he behaves as though he were the Grand Turk, and we a parcel of slaves—! So I am to marry the weaver's son, am I? I collect that I have nothing to say in the matter: has the weaver's son? Has he been informed of the fate that awaits him?"

"Oh, no! That is—I did venture to suggest to your grandfather—But he said—you know his way!—that the poor young man would do as he was bid!"

"And he will!" said Anthea. "That's to say, he'll try! Wretched, wretched man! I pity him with all my heart!"

"He will be miserably ill-at-ease, miserably out of place, and will arrive to find himself under fire! Grandpapa will overawe him within five minutes! Did you tell my grandfather that I shouldn't consent to such a scheme?"

"Well—well, I didn't say that, precisely!" confessed Mrs. Darracott, in acute discomfort. "Then I will, and immediately!" declared Anthea.

She was halted by a small, anguished shriek. "Anthea, I forbid you—I implore you! He would be so angry."

Anthea could not be impervious to this appeal. She paused; and, pursuing her advantage, Mrs. Darracott said: "My dearest, you have so much good sense! I know you will consider carefully before you—What will you do, Anthea? Oh, my dearest child, I'm cast into despair. You are two-and-twenty, and how can you hope to receive a respectable offer,

when you never meet anyone but the family, or go anywhere. And here is your grandfather saying that you frittered away your chances when he was so obliging as to frank you to a London Season, and so you must now be content with a husband of his choosing!"

"During my one Season," said Anthea, in a level tone, "I received two offers of marriage. One came from a widower, old enough, I conjecture, to have been my father. The other was from young Oversley, who, besides being next door to a mooning, had the fixed intention of continuing under his parents' roof."

"I could, I think, have developed a tendre for Jack Froyle," said Anthea reflectively. "But he, you know, was obliged to hand out for a rich wife, and thanks to the providence for which the Darracotts are so justly famed, my portion can't be called anything but paltry. Does Grandpapa consider that when he talks of the chances I have frittered away?"

"No, he doesn't!" replied Mrs. Darracott, with unaccustomed bitterness. "But I do, and it utterly sinks my spirits! That's why I can't help thinking that perhaps you ought not to set your face against this scheme of your grandfather's. Not until you have met your cousin, at all events, my love! Your position as Lady Darracott would be one of the first respectability. Anthea, I cannot bear to see you dwindle into an old maid!"

Anthea could not help laughing at this impassioned utterance, but Mrs. Darracott was perfectly serious, saying very earnestly: "So what, I ask you, is to become of you? When Grandpapa dies we shall be obliged to leave Darracott Place, you know. We shall be reduced to seeking lodgings, very likely in some dreadful back-slum, and eat black-puddings, and turn our dresses, and—"

WITH a peal of laughter Anthea interrupted this dismal catalogue: "Stop, stop, Mama, before you fall into an incurable fit of the blue-devils! We shall do nothing of the sort! With your skill in dressmaking, and my turn for making elegant reticules, we shall set up as mantua-makers. In Bath, perhaps, on Milsom Street: not a large establishment, but an excessively modish one. Shall we call it Darracott's, to enrage the Family, or would it be more tonish to call ourselves Elvira?"

Mrs. Darracott, while deprecating such a nonsensical idea, could not help being strongly attracted by it. Anthea encouraged her to enlarge upon the daydream; and soon had the satisfaction of seeing her volatile parent restored to her usual optimism.

Mrs. Darracott, much cheered, was able then to go to bed with a quiet mind. She was too deeply occupied with household cares on the following morning to have a thought to spare for any other problems than which bedchamber it would be proper to allot to the heir: how best to hide from Lady Aurelia that there was not a linen sheet in the house which had not been darned; and whether the undergroom would be able to purchase in Rye enough lobsters to make, when elegantly dressed, a handsome side-dish for the second course that day.

When Mrs. Darracott asked his lordship if he wished poor Granville's bedchamber to be prepared for the reception of his successor, his reply was ex-

plusive and unequivocal, and carried the rider that the weaver's brat would think himself palatially housed if put to sleep in one of the attics.

The first of the guests to arrive were Mr. Matthew Darracott and Lady Aurelia. They came in their own travelling-carriage, drawn by a single pair of horses; and they reached Darracott Place shortly after noon, having left town the day before and rested the night at Tonbridge.

Of my lord's four sons, Matthew, the third, was the one who had caused him the least trouble and expense. He had been the first to marry; and from the day that he led Lady Aurelia Holt to the altar his career had been at once blameless and successful.

It might have been expected that so worthy a son would have occupied the chief place in his father's affection. Unfortunately Lord Darracott was bored by virtue and contemptuous of those whom he could bully.

What Lady Aurelia thought

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — June 1, 1960

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kindly, easy-going disposition; but when harassed his expression changed to one of peevishness.

As he climbed down from the carriage he saw that Chollacomb was waiting by the open door of the house. Leaving James, the footman, to assist Lady Aurelia to alight, he trod up the shallow terrace steps, exclaiming: "This is a damned thing, Chollacomb! Where's my father?"

"His lordship went out with Mr. Richmond, sir," replied the butler.

"Has that fellow—has he arrived here?"

"No, sir. You are the first to arrive. As you no doubt know, Mr. Matthew, we are expecting Mr. Vincent and Mr. Claud also, but—"

"Oh, them!" said Matthew, dismissing his sons with an impatient shrug.

By this time he had been joined by his wife, who said majestically: "Good-day, Chollacomb. I hope I see you well?"

"Very well, thank you, my lady. Mrs. Darracott is in the Green Saloon, I fancy. Perhaps your ladyship would—"

He broke off, for at that moment Mrs. Darracott came hurrying across the hall. "How glad I am to see you! I did not expect you would be so early!"

## Continuing . . . THE UNKNOWN AJAX

from page 43

"We lay at Tonbridge," said Lady Aurelia, presenting her cheek to her sister-in-law.

"Elvira!" interrupted Matthew, "what do you know about this appalling business?"

"Oh, my dear Matthew, nothing! That is, only—But won't you come into the Green Saloon? Unless you would wish to take off your bonnet and pelisse, Aurelia?"

The two ladies went upstairs, leaving Matthew to get what information he could from Chollacomb. But as the butler knew very little more than he did, the only tidings he was able to glean were that the heir was not expected to arrive until the following day, and that his lordship was a trifle out of humor.

"Ay, I'll be bound he is!" said Matthew. "What's more, I shouldn't wonder at it if the fellow's an impostor!"

Matthew took himself off, saying that if my lord was out riding with Mr. Richmond he might as well go down to the stables to meet him on his return.

In the event, he reached the main stableyard to find that his father had already returned,

and in time to see the two sturdy coach-horses being taken out of the shafts of Matthew's travelling-carriage. He himself was bestriding a neatish bay cover-hack, but Richmond, as his uncle resentfully perceived, had just dismounted from the back of a high-bred hunter which had probably cost my lord anything from three to five hundred guineas.

"So you've arrived, have you?" said my lord, by way of

**Nationalities have different languages in facial expression as well as in lingual expression.**

— J. J. Rousseau

paternal greeting. "I might have known this paltry turnout was yours! What did you give for that pair of commoners?"

"I don't recall—but they are not commoners, sir! Pure-bred Welsh, I assure you!" responded Matthew, nettled.

"Cleveland machiners!" said his lordship, with a bark of sardonic mirth. "You've been burnt, my boy! If ever I knew such a slow-top!" He pointed his whip at Richmond's hunter. "Now there's a horse of the right stamp!"

"Hardly the right stamp for carriage-work, sir!" said Matthew. He held out his hand to Richmond, adding kindly: "Well, my boy, how are you?"

"Pretty stout, sir, thank you," replied Richmond. "I hope you are well? Is my cousin with you?"

The note of eagerness did not escape Matthew; he smiled faintly. "No, neither of them. I collect, though, that you mean Vincent: I expect he will arrive presently."

"You may be sure that he will!" interpolated his lordship. He looked his son over, remarked that he was becoming too fat, and strode off towards the house, imperatively commanding Richmond to follow him.

**B**UT Richmond, who disliked being made to stand by in acute embarrassment while my lord insulted his son, had already slipped away into a wing of the stables, and it was Matthew, who, swallowing his resentment, caught up with my lord. "Father, I must ask you—indeed, I must insist—"

My lord stopped and turned, his grasp on his riding-whip tightening. "Oh? So you must insist, must you? Go on!"

"Well, I must say that I think you owe me—well, that an explanation is due to me!" amended Matthew sulkily.

"What I choose to tell you I have told you, and it's all that concerns you!"

"No, sir," said Matthew resolutely. "That don't fit! You don't like me; you didn't wish for me to step into your shoes; but when—after what happened in June—I was your heir."

"You were not."

"No! As it now appears, and if this fellow who has sprung up out of nowhere is not an impostor! And that, sir, is something even you will own I've a right to ask!"

"He is not an impostor."

"I beg your pardon, but what proof have you of that? If the fellow is my brother's son I should like to know why he never approached you before!"

"If he had had the impudence to put forward his so-

called claim to me, I'd have set Lissett to inquire into his credentials, and you may depend upon it we should soon have found that it was nothing more than an attempt to run a rig! Well, I've seen Lissett, and he tells me you didn't desire him to do any such thing, but merely to write a letter informing the rascal you would receive him here. Now, Father—"

"When I want your advice I'll ask for it!" broke in his lordship roughly. "I'm not in my dotage yet! I've known for twenty-seven years that this cocktail existed!"

Matthew gasped. "Known for—And never told us?"

"Why should I have told you?" demanded his father. "D'ye think I was proud of a weaver's spawn? D'ye think I ever imagined I should be succeeded by a whelp I thought never to set eyes on? As for approaching me—laying claims—you're fair and far off! He never did so! He's coming here because I've sent for him—and he's taken his time about coming!" he added grimly. "If you've seen Lissett, no doubt he told you that the fellow's a soldier. I've known that these five years and more."

"Do you mean to say you've followed his career?"

"No, I don't! I never gave the whelp a thought. Old Barnwood ran against him when he was out in the Peninsula and had the curst brass to come smash up to me in Brook's, and ask me if I knew I'd a grandson in the 95th. I damned his eyes for it, meddling busy-body!"

Matthew said slowly: "So when my brother was drowned you knew! And yet you—Sir, why didn't you tell me then? Why—"

"Because I hoped he might be dead, chucklehead, or that there might be some way of keeping him out of me shoes!" replied Lord Darracott, his face working. "Well, he's not dead, and there's no way of keeping him out! When I'm booked he'll be at the head of the family, but I'm not booked yet, and I'll see to it he's been licked into shape before I get notice to quit!"

Vincent was the first of Matthew's two sons to reach Darracott Place, driving himself in a curricle to which were harnessed three magnificent black geldings, random-tandem; and by the time that Richmond, who had been on the watch for him, let out a halloo, and exclaimed: "Here's my cousin at last!" even Mrs. Darracott, with whom Vincent was no favorite, felt a certain measure of relief.

In her view, Vincent was a dangerous blade, with a viperous tongue, and a deplorable influence over her impressionable young son; but after spending three hours in an atmosphere of deepening gloom, she would have welcomed the arrival of Beelzebub himself. My lord having shut himself up in the library, it had fallen to her lot to entertain his guests.

Anthea, too, was glad to know that Vincent had arrived. She had not been subjected to so severe a strain as her mother, but she had been obliged, after Lady Aurelia had rested for an hour on her bed, to recover from the rigors of her journey, to escort that rather formidable lady on a stately and prolonged tour of the gardens.

Their walk had brought them within sight of the avenue which led from the crumbling stone entrance-gates to the north front of the house, when Vincent's natty curricle swept into view. The arrival of her eldest-born seemed a matter of indifference to her, but she raised no objection to

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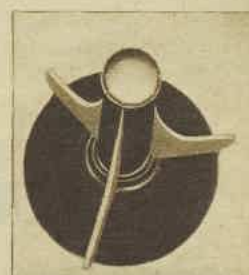
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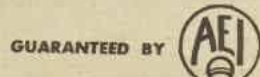
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## Continuing . . . THE UNKNOWN AJAX

from page 45

Anthea's suggestion that they should go to meet him.

Before they had reached the avenue, Richmond had bounded out of the house and was standing beside the curricule, smiling a little shyly up at his magnificent cousin. "What a hand you are! I have been watching for an hour."

The Corinthian in the curricule looked down at him, his brows lifting in exaggerated surprise. "But, my dear boy, you surely cannot have supposed that even I could accomplish more than sixty-two miles in less than five hours? Or did you think that my eagerness to reach the home of my ancestors — not, I apprehend, to be one day my own — would set me on the road before I had swallowed my breakfast?"

Richmond laughed. "No! Oh, what a curst thing it is! — you to be cut out by this miserable fellow from Yorkshire! But what's this new quirk, Vincent? You were always used to drive that bang-up team of greys in your curricule! It is now the high kick of fashion to drive — unicorn, do you call it?"

"Yes — or Sudden Death," replied Vincent, transferring the reins into the hands of his groom. "And no, little cousin, you may not drive them. We have had enough sudden deaths in the family."

From no one but Vincent would Richmond have tolerated such a form of address, but a cousin, nearly ten years his senior, who, in addition to being carelessly kind to him, was a buck of the first cut, might bestow whatever opprobrious epithet upon him which happened to occur to him. He protested, but with a grin; and before Vincent could roast him into defending hotly his ability to drive any number of horses, Lady Aurelia and Anthea had come up to the group.

"Well, Vincent!" said Lady Aurelia.

He had climbed down from the curricule and he now swept off his beaver, bowed, and with incomparable grace kissed first her hand, then her cheek. "My dear Mama! Ah, and my dear cousin Anthea as well! A double pleasure!"

"And so unexpected!" she retorted, shaking hands.

His eyes glinted. "I never expect to find each time I come here that you are in greater beauty than the last time I saw you."

She laughed and said: "Yes, and I so stricken in years! Where is your brother? Did you chance to see him on the road?"

"Now that puts me in mind

of something that causes me to feel the gravest concern!" he exclaimed. "I did see him — in fact, I passed him, driving, as I thought, to an inch. How it can have come about I can't conceive, unless it might be that at the fatal moment my attention was diverted by the new lining he has had made for his chaise (maiden's blush, I believe that particular shade of pink is called), but I very much fear that I may have ditched him."

Richmond burst into a crow of joy.

"A stupid and ill-natured prank," pronounced Lady Aurelia with measured severity. "If I find that Claud has sustained any injury I shall be excessively displeased."

"Then I do most sincerely trust he has escaped injury. Mama, Crimplesham is following me with my luggage, you know, and I am sure we depend upon him to render my brother all the assistance in his power. Should I, do you think, present myself to my grandfather at once, or — No, I perceive that it lacks only ten minutes to five. I have brought my evening-dress with me, but it will take me quite an hour to dress without Crimplesham's aid. You do still dine at six, I daresay? Depressing. Poor Claud! But he shouldn't have urged his postboys to hold the road when I wished to give him the go-by: really, I think he almost deserves to sustain some injury for being so foolish!"

WHEN Mrs. Darracott learned of this episode, which she very soon did, from Richmond, she was much shocked. It all went to show, she told Anthea, that everything she had ever felt about Vincent had been correct: he showed an unsteadiness of character which she would be very sorry to see in any son of hers; his temper was jealous; he was idle and expensive.

And had any sons of hers been overturned into a ditch she would have had the horses put to immediately and dashed to his rescue. She was extremely attached to Lady Aurelia, but if Claud were to be presently borne into the house with his neck broken it would be a judgment on her.

But no judgment fell on Lady Aurelia. Claud, arriving at Darracott Place half an hour later, had sustained no injury, except to his temper. He com-

plained so bitterly of the usage to which he had been subjected that his father lost patience and said testily: "Oh, that's enough, that's enough! If you're at odds with Vincent go and plant him a facer! Don't come whining to me!"

Even Richmond, who wholeheartedly despised Claud, felt this advice was unkind. His dislike of all forms of violence apart, Claud was both slighter and shorter than his brother, no match for him under any circumstances. He said, with pardonable indignation: "Dash it, he'd throw me out of the window!"

"Well, go away and change or it won't be Vincent, but your grandfather, who will throw you out of the window if you keep him waiting for his dinner!"

This dreadful warning had the effect of sending Claud out of the room with much the mien and speed of a courser hared. His father and Richmond both laughed, but Mrs. Darracott was moved to say that she thought the boy had been very unkindly treated.

"Oh, pooh!" replied Matthew impatiently. "Besides, it's his own fault, with his silly, finicking ways. I don't blame Vincent for making game of him!"

It was on the tip of her tongue to say that making rough game of a younger brother was conduct quite unbecoming in a man of eight-and-twenty, but she refrained, knowing as well as everyone else that the ill-will Vincent bore Claud was to some extent shared by him, and did not spring in either of them from any particular dislike of Claud's dandyism.

Five years separated the brothers. In appearance they were not unlike, each having the aquiline nose and rather sunken eye which made them unmistakable Darracotts; but Claud was by far the better-looking, his features being more delicate, his complexion less swarthy, and his countenance unmarred by the deep, almost sneering lines that characterised both Vincent and Lord Darracott. Claud's expression was one of a vacuous amiability; Vincent's was sardonic, and frequently unpleasant.

In all but their features they were dissimilar. Vincent had a reckless intrepidity which drove him into all manner of dangerous exploits; Claud's ardent desire was to become just such a leader of

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## Continuing . . . A KIND OF LOYALTY

from page 19

never felt before (she was a self-sufficient person), that she must talk, ask advice, seek another woman's help to understand why Roger, who had loved her for twelve years, should want to leave her.

And Susan had been helpful, sympathetic, and had let her talk — over endless feminine lunches (the picked-at salad, the coffee cooling), all unknown to Roger who was fanatically reserved, and would be furious to think that his marriage had been discussed with a friend who knew them both.

And he had come back to her, hadn't he? He had implored her to have him back, offering no explanation except that he wanted her and needed her. Therefore those confidences, those outpourings, had been nothing but hysteria and, somehow, must be erased.

So, smiling hypocritically, her jaws feeling oddly stiff as they did when she was uneasy, Caroline said, "But Sue—why so surprised? Surely you didn't take me seriously—those times when I was a bit upset? It was nothing, really. I was getting over flu and letting things get on top of me. Looking back to that time, I think I must have been quite dotty!"

**T**O laugh away one's indiscretions, one's disloyalties . . . Put it all down to flu! Didn't know what she was saying!

Susan blinked in the strong sunlight. "But you said, Caroline . . . Well, I thought you'd both patched it up, that it would never be any good . . . You said you couldn't stand another year like the last, all the quarrels . . ."

She had remembered every word; and it wasn't only the quarrels, Caroline thought, remembering, too. It was when the quarrels stopped and there was nothing but indifference.

"Storms in teacups, Susie. Well, we're still here and the children are expected back for the holidays next week and before they arrive and I stop calling my soul my own—what about you and Louis coming over for a meal? Tomorrow? About eight? Lovely, Susan."

Now, stirring orange sauce, Caroline wondered: Will Susan sense in the atmosphere a period of probation on both sides? A striving to turn the clock back to what we were before?

Before what? she asked herself. I don't know why Roger left me. I'll never know. Got tired of what he used to call my artistic inefficiencies? My lack of punctuality, the way I drop things when I'm hurrying, anxious? My violent temper? Roger, with his legal mind and his memory like a card index . . . But he knew me like a book and accepted my faults as I accepted his. An artist and a struggling barrister? Well, that didn't matter. It was a rich marriage, a blending and a clashing of two personalities, completely different but incomplete apart. I'll never understand what made him go.

Susan, she used to say, you know us both: can't you tell me? What have I done? How can I be different, be the sort of person he'd want to stay married to? And Susan used to say, "I can't tell you that, Caroline. I wish I could. But he's so different from Louis—self-contained, reserved. I don't understand men like that."

Asking to come back, he had written, "You are a big person and so loyal." But she had been guilty of the deepest disloyalty in discussing him with anyone, even Susan, and somehow, tonight, in an atmosphere of wine and first-class cooking, those confidences must

be wiped from Susan's mind.

It was time to dress but Caroline went through the house, touching the flowers, straightening chairs, inspecting the dining-table. She stood in the doorway of the empty playroom without turning on the light. The wet evening made the room look mauve and dimmed the clutter of its shelves. She had barely touched it since last holidays and there was a smell of ink and wool jerseys and pencil shavings and well-thumbed books.

She went to the window and pushed it up, letting out the dusty air. She smelt the roses in the garden and heard somewhere in the damp tree-tops a thrush call out.

How lucky I am, she thought, that he came back—and they, away at school, involved in their strange, violent lives, never knew. And they will never know.

Roger hates a room with an unkempt look, she thought. I must clean the playroom. He has a serene and orderly mind. He is a perfectionist. He runs his office perfectly and his staff give him their very best. He would like his home run as perfectly and I must try. Other women can—and I'm not stupid, am I? No. I might be a lot of things but I'm not dim.

I can try and I will succeed. Never again will there be a jarring of the smooth-running serenity he so obviously craves. She shut the door of the playroom and went to run her bath, tying a scarf round her hair to keep it from its final undoing—steam—and laughing at her face in the cloudy mirror.

Perfectionist's wife—oh, dear! And what to wear?

Black, tonight. Supposed to be narrowing and Roger used to say that black and emerald and a certain shade of tangerine were the shades for her red hair. And if her hair was up it couldn't tangle around her neck as it was apt to do in the tenseness of dishing up a duck? (Roger disliked untidy hair.) And don't, she told herself, smoothing cream into her bony, square-tipped hands, drop that darned bird on the carpet!

When Roger came in he looked at the dining-table and at her and said, "You look lovely, darling, and what a banquet! Are we in the money?"

"No, sweet, I'm being a reckless artist," she said, feeling lovely and knowing she wasn't and thinking: What an extraordinary thing it is that one feels lovely so long as a man who is important thinks so, too, but when he becomes indifferent one feels plain as a chewed old shoe!

**S**USAN wore pale grey with bare shoulders and her earrings.

Her husband, Louis, was a big man, plump and cheerful with cheeks like polished apples. He ate heartily and agreed with everything everybody said. A lamb of a man, a schoolboy, eager to please, his school cap replaced now by the successful city bowler.

Running a business somewhat lazily for a wealthy father, no doubt brought up on poultry, he ate duck as if he hadn't had a meal for weeks. Nice for Louis, with his money, to have Sue to dress, for she could wear anything from the childish cotton skirt to this grey masterpiece of simple cut.

Caroline, bringing in the sweet, seeing Louis' eyes brighten at the thick, high whirl of cream, wondered if Roger, who was rather silent, were a little bored. She and Susan had

been laughing, as they always did, about their old school.

"Remember that girl with boots?"

"Why boots, though?"

"Weak ankles, I should think . . ."

"What was the name of that ghastly mistress—Banish? Varnish? Garnish, wasn't it?"

"Yes . . . Used to stammer over Ps and Bs and had an awful time the year we did 1815 to World War I—remember? Pitt and Peel and Palmerston and Parnell all in one term? Remember? We used to laugh at her . . ."

"You never laughed, Susan," said Caroline. "You were always much too kind."

Kind and interested in everybody, soaking up other people's troubles like a little sponge . . .

In the sitting-room the light had gone, the mauve evening turned to darkness. Caroline drew the curtains and brought in coffee and Roger poured liqueurs.

Louis went over to the piano. Music was his passion. Perhaps, if his father's business hadn't been handed to him, rich and gratifying as the duck she had handed him tonight, he might have become a real musician. It seemed sad to think of him in the city.

He played very quietly at first, as though he put out feelers to catch their mood. His liqueur glass tinkled faintly on the piano top. The rest of them subsided into armchairs with cigarettes and Susan, on the divan, sipping, said, "Drambuie! My very favorite."

Roger said, "Caroline always remembers people's favorite things."

Louis was playing a quick rushing melody, full of surging cross rhythms and sudden quiet and when he finished Caroline said, "I love that. What is it?"

**R**OGER answered her. "Brahms. An intermezzo—the third, I think."

He spoke absently and she caught sight of his face reflected in the long mirror at the end of the room. He looked sad and old and her heart felt pinched. What happened to you in those months away from me? What happened to make you look so sad—and how can I ever make up for whatever it was you lost by coming back to me?

And then she stood still in the middle of the room, her eyes held fast by the reflection of Roger in the mirror.

He was smoking. The smoke curled blue in the mirrored room, and she saw herself, her hair already rather wild since she had forgotten to comb it after dinner; she saw Roger's arm stretch out, tipping the ash from his cigarette.

He was holding his cigarette in a way he had never done before; in his left hand? Yes, that was it. Right in the mirror, left in actual fact. And that was why there had seemed something wrong about the familiar reflection of him sitting in the chair he had always sat in.

He was holding his cigarette in his left hand between the thumb and middle finger. Susan's habit.

Susan was sitting on the divan, feet curled under her, smiling at Louis and calling out, "More Brahms, darling, for Caroline." And her cigarette was held like that. Three clues then fell neatly into pattern.

Roger had never known much about music and an intermezzo was the same as a sonata to him. He had learned a lot about Brahms lately, from someone—say, like Susan—whose husband was always playing the piano.

Susan had never liked liqueurs—but Drambuie was

Roger's favorite. When you want to please a man you try to like the things he likes.

And, unconsciously, when you're with a person a lot and especially when you watch them because you love them, you catch their little habits; like the way they hold their cigarettes.

Caroline sat down and held her glass to the light. She looked at the ceiling so that she would not have to look at any of them.

In her head she could hear her own voice—and Susan's. "Sue, why should he want to leave me? Could it be another woman?"

"Gracious, no, Caroline. I'm sure it's nothing like that . . ."

"If only I knew, Sue, what sort of person he needs, the sort of person he'd want to stay with . . ."

"He'll come back, Caroline. Even if it is another woman, it won't last. You'll see."

**W**ELL, said Caroline to Caroline, twisting her empty glass, there she sits, chum; the girl who has everything; the girl who could give him all the things you lack; the perfectionist's perfect girl, curled up on your divan contented as a kitten.

She turned her eyes determinedly on Susan and knew with an ageless instinct that her three clues had led her to the truth.

But he came back, didn't he? You are a big person and so loyal . . .

I'm all right—a clumsy dope. Big, untidy, scatter-brained. The world's worst housewife with unmanageable hair!

Loyal? Well, loyalty is an ambiguous word and every person has his or her own special kind.

There are no set rules. Caroline put down her glass and went to the table and refilled all the glasses from the squat-bodied, long-necked Drambuie bottle.

"Cheers!" she said to them again, shoving back that wild red hair.

"Cheers, honey!" Susan said. "Such a happy evening!"

And lovely Brahms, warm and soaring, played by Louis, apple-cheeked and rich and greedy and unsuspecting . . . A middle-aged boy who only became a person when he was playing . . . And, of course, thought Caroline, the liqueur hotly sweet against her tongue. Sue loves him in her way, for she didn't leave him, and Louis' jewels are sparkling on her perfect fingers and in her perfect little ears . . .

Now don't be bitter, Caroline. Don't be silly, Roger still needed you, even after knowing her. He came back. There was something between you that even she couldn't quite destroy.

And it won't happen again. Somehow you'll see to that.

It's easier, knowing. If it hadn't been for tonight you might not have ever known.

Half-past ten. Soon, perhaps, they'd make a move to go. Roger looked exhausted and Louis, playing on, plump and young and vulnerable. Caroline looked flushed and, in a strange way, exalted in spite of her dishevelled hair.

Well, thought Caroline, what harm is there in little Sue? She has kept her husband happy and probably she made her sweetheart very happy for a little time—and what a sympathetic friend!

Caroline looked down at her strong artist's hands—nearly twice as big as Susan's little hands which looked crushed by the weight of Louis' rings—and she grinned.

It was, after all, God's gift to pretty women, wasn't it? The prerogative to please the world!

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Fashion, such an arbiter of Taste, as Mr. Brummell had been until so short a time ago. He grudged Vincent none of his fame as a member of the Corinthian set; it would not have gratified him in the least to be hailed as an out-and-out, a regular dash, or a right cool fish: his heart was set on becoming the chief Pink of the Ton.

This ambition found no favor at all in the eyes of his parents, and would, indeed, have been impossible to realise had not a stroke of amazing good fortune befallen Claud. Hardly had he reached his majority when the maternal uncle after whom he had been named died, and left him the heir to a comfortable independence. Nothing then stood between him and the achievement of his goal but a want of genius. Try as he would, he could neither create a new quirk of fashion, nor hit upon some original eccentricity which would make him instantly famous. He was obliged to exaggerate the prevailing mode and to adopt as his own the tricks and mannerisms of other and more ingenious dandies.

Vincent, of course, recognised every one of these plagiarisms, but what would have amused him in a young brother no plumper in the pocket than he was himself became a matter for bitter contempt when Claud inherited an easy competence. Vincent, with nothing but his allowance and the erratic generosity of his grandfather to depend on, lived precariously on the edge of Dun Territory. He was a gamester, and his luck had more than once saved him from being run quite off his legs; but he had several times been out-of-town, as the saying was.

Envy, and resentment changed his indifference to Claud into rancorous dislike. He was irritated by everything Claud did, whether it was wasting his blunt on the re-lining of his private chaise or being such a muckworm as to travel behind job-horses.

It was an added source of exasperation in Vincent to know that his tongue had no power to wound Claud. Nothing short of being tipped into a ditch stirred Claud to resentment. None of his brother's hazardous exploits awoke in his breast a spark of envy or of emulation: he envied Vincent only his splendid shoulders and the incomparable blacking which made his boots shine like mirrors. Unfortunately both these desirable possessions were beyond his reach. Nature had seen fit to add drooping shoulders to his willowy form; and the secret of the blacking was

## Continuing . . . THE UNKNOWN AJAX

from page 46

locked in Crimplesham's bosom.

If it cost Claud a pang to know that Vincent's Hessians outshone his own, this was nothing to the rage and the despair that filled his valet's soul.

Nor was the hostility that flourished between the brothers comparable to the feelings of jealousy, hatred, and contempt which filled the hearts of their valets. If Crimplesham excelled in the arts of polishing boots and keeping buckskins in perfect order, Polyphant's genius lay in his skill with an iron, and his flair for evolving new and intricate modes of tying a neckcloth, or dashing styles for his master's curled and pomaded locks.

By the time Claud hurried into his bedchamber, Polyphant had unpacked his portmanteaus and had even found time to press the creases from a longtailed coat of superfine, and a pair of black satin knee-breeches. These Claud eyed with disfavor, uttering a protest. "No, I won't wear that rig here! Dash it, it ain't the thing, Polyphant!"

"No, sir, and well do I know it!" agreed Polyphant in a feeling voice. But it might be wise to consider his lordship's prejudice.

The sinister nature of this warning was not lost on Claud and he said no more. It vexed him very much to be obliged to present himself to his family in a costume so outdated as to amount to a sartorial solecism, but he had his reward in that he incurred no censure from his grandfather.

Dinner, in Mrs. Darracott's view (for her expectations had not been high), passed off very well. Although the family reunion could hardly have been described as convivial it was not rendered hideous by any explosion of wrath from Lord Darracott.

When the gentlemen rose from the table, my lord, recommending his son, and his younger grandsons, to join the ladies, bore Vincent off to the library, saying, as soon as they had reached this sanctuary: "Your father's as sick as a horse over this business."

"And who shall blame him?" returned Vincent. "I'm not chirping merry about it myself, you know, sir, and I should suppose that you are not thrown into transports precisely."

"No!" His lordship poured brandy into two glasses, tossed off the contents of his own, and refilled it. "I did my best to keep the fellow out, but the

trap's down. Got to lick him into shape."

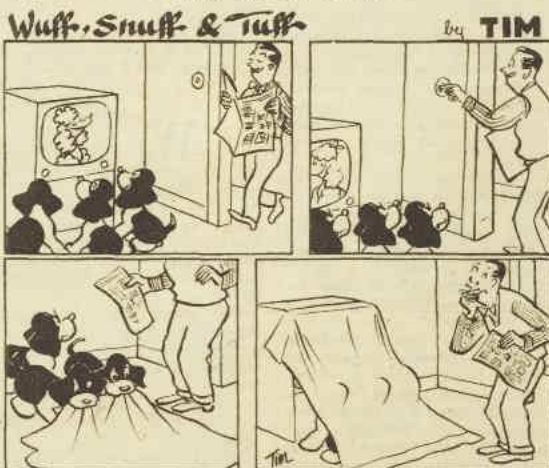
"I feel sure you'll manage to do so, sir. How old is he?"

"Much your own age: seven-and-twenty."

"If he is as old as that, he's irreclaimable," said Vincent cynically.

"We'll see about that!" snapped his lordship. After a moment he added grudgingly: "He won't eat with his knife, at all events. He's a military man: one of these new regiments, but still—!"

### FOR THE CHILDREN



"A military man! Oh, I was expecting a yokel in homespun! Er—commissioned, sir?"

"Major," replied Lord Darracott shortly.

Vincent's eyes opened wide at that. "The devil he is!" For a moment his expression was inscrutable; then he gave a short laugh and said, "Well, it's to be devoutly hoped that he's up to the rig, for you can scarcely send a major back to school, sir!"

"Can't I?" said Darracott, looking grimmer than ever.

"This whipstraw is my grandson, I'll have you remember! He'll dance to my piping, or I'll send him off!"

"Am I to understand, sir, that you have the intention of keeping him here?" demanded Vincent.

"Yes, if he behaves himself. I want him under my eye. The thing turns out not as badly as I feared, but there are plenty of rum 'uns with military titles these days, and this fellow was reared the Lord knows how—in a weaver's

hovel, I daresay! If I'd known—if I'd ever dreamt—!" He broke off, his hands clenching and unclenching. "Well! Between us we should be able to give him a new touch!"

"Between us?" repeated Vincent. "My dear sir, I would do much to oblige you, but bear-leading a cousin I heartily wish at the devil is a feat quite beyond me."

"I didn't say you were to bear-lead him. You're an idle, extravagant dog, but your ton is good: you'll serve as a model for him to copy!"

"If I had had the remotest guess that that was why I was

to do more than keep Richmond on a string.

As though he had read Vincent's mind, Darracott said: "He won't sit in your pocket. Won't tease you either. But while you're here, and he thinks there's a chance you may take him off to see a mill, or some cocking, or teach him how to handle the reins in form, he'll pay precious little heed to anyone else."

Vincent nodded. "Very well, sir: I'll engage to charm him away from this—what is the fellow's name?"

Darracott's face twitched; he replied shortly: "Same as his father's. Signs himself Hugo."

"Oh, you've had letters from him, have you, sir?"

"I haven't. He wrote to Lissett."

"Did he—er—put forward his claims, as my father appears to believe?"

"No, I'll grant him that: he didn't. Never gave a sign of life till I told Lissett to write to him. Seems not to have known he was the heir, unless he was shamming it. Very likely! He wrote that he was sorry to hear of Granville's death. Gammon!"

"Oh, more civility!"

"Ay! So I might have thought if he hadn't added that he didn't see what was to be done about the business, but would as lief not step into his uncle's shoes! Dry-boots!"

"Oh, that is pitching it very much too rum!" agreed Vincent. "An underbred person: we can do nothing for him!"

"You may not; I shall! I've hit on a way to button it up. The fellow shall marry Anthea."

Vincent gave an audible gasp. "Marry Anthea?"

"Why not?"

Vincent drew a breath. "I can think of a score of reasons why not, but I can't think of one why he should."

"It's the best way out of a curst hobble. He ain't likely to form a more eligible connection—"

Up went Vincent's brows again. "A Darracott of Darracott?" he said.

"A half-bred Darracott!" my lord said savagely. "Ten to one he'd choose a commoner like himself if I gave him his head! Well, I won't do it! I'll have him leg-shackled as soon as I can and depend on Anthea for the rest! She'll do the trick! She's a girl of rank and character and he may think himself lucky if she takes him."

"Certainly he may! And what may she think herself?"

"She may think the same. If she don't want to end up a spinster she'll take her cousin and make the best of him."

"Which," Vincent told Anthea on the following day, "leads me to hope, for your sake, my poor girl, that this relation of ours is married already."

"Yes, but what an uproar there would be! Has Grandpapa informed everyone of this splendid match he has made for me? It is too abominable! However, I imagine you can none of you suppose me to be so meek and dutiful as to acquiesce in such a scheme!"

"If I thought that, my love, I should feel constrained to marry you myself."

"Is that a declaration?"

"Certainly not! I don't think it."

"I wish it had been!" she said longingly. "How unhand-some of you! When you know how few pleasures come in my way, you might have granted me the indulgence of refusing you!"

He laughed, but said, a certain gleam in his eyes: "I wonder if you would?"

She only smiled; and, as a few drops of rain had begun to fall, turned towards the house. As they entered it they were

met by Matthew. He exclaimed: "It's to be hoped this fellow don't dawdle on the road! Your grandfather is fretting and fuming. I don't expect him to show a minute before three o'clock!"

By three o'clock, however, there was still no sign of Major Darracott and my lord was fast working himself into a passion. He strode into one of the saloons with his watch in his hand and demanded explosively what the devil could be keeping the fellow. Since no one knew, no one answered, where-upon he asked if they were a set of dumb mutes.

Lady Aurelia said calmly: "Indeed, I see no reason to expect the young man before dinner time."

"Oh, you don't, ma'am?" said his lordship. "Then let me tell you that my orders to Lissett were that the fellow should be sent off post not an instant later than eight o'clock! He will have to learn that when I give an order I expect it to be obeyed to the letter!"

"It seems reasonable to prophesy that he will," remarked Vincent, as the door shut with a decided slam behind his lordship.

"Oh, dear!" sighed Mrs. Darracott. "Since your grandfather seems to want him, I do wish he hadn't chosen to be late! I can't help feeling that we shall have a very uncomfortable evening."

By twenty minutes to six the major still not having arrived, my lord was in a mood of cold rage, as surly (as Claud confided to Richmond) as a butcher's dog. The ladies of the party had not yet come down from their respective bed-chambers, but the gentlemen had prudently changed their dress in good time and dutifully assembled in the Green Saloon. My lord tugged the bell-rope, his brow black, and upon the butler's coming into the room, told him that dinner was to be served at six o'clock.

"Very good, my lord," Chollacombe said, "but—"

"You heard me!" It was apparent from Chollacombe's raised head and straining expression that he had also heard something else. He said: "Yes, my Lord. But I fancy the major has arrived."

"Bring him in here immediately!" commanded his lordship.

Chollacombe bowed and left the room, shutting the door.

An indistinguishable murmur of voices penetrated to the saloon as though an argument had sprung up.

"Wants to change his dress first," said Claud, explaining the pause and nodding wisely. "Very understandable. I would myself."

The door was opened again. "Major Darracott!" announced Chollacombe.

The Major trod resolutely over the threshold and there stopped, pulled up short by the battery that confronted him. Five pairs of eyes scanned him with varying degrees of astonishment, hostility, and criticism. He looked around, his own very blue orbs holding a comical expression of dismay and a deep flush creeping up under his tan.

For a nerve-racking minute no one spoke or moved. Surprise was, in fact, responsible for this frozen immobility.

The Darracotts were a tall race, but this man dwarfed them all. He stood six foot four in his stocking feet and he was built on noble lines, with great shoulders, a deep barrel of a chest, and powerful thighs. He was much fairer than his cousins, with tightly curling brown hair cut rather shorter than was fashionable, and a ruddy complexion. His nose was rather indeterminate; and this, with his curly locks and well-open and childishly

To page 56

## YOUR BOOKSHELF By JOYCE HALSTEAD

### "Strictly for Secretaries"

Helen and John Whitcomb (Hurst & Blackett).

If you are applying for your first job, or looking for another one, here's a handbook to set you on the track to finding the right job for you, and, having found it, how to enjoy it and hold it. There are hints on what to wear for success, how to please the boss—and how not to please him—how to handle the public, and your fellow workers.

### "Aimez-vous Brahms?"

Francoise Sagan (John Murray).

"Do you like Brahms?" was one of those questions young men had asked Paule when she was 17, she thought, as she read Simon's note asking her to a concert. Paule, a Paris interior decorator, now 39, no longer able to stand the infidelities and thoughtlessness of Roger, her established lover, reluctantly submits to the passions

of Simon, who is 25. This is a triangle, its main theme love, encompassed with self-searchings and psychological analysis, but touched with tenderness and sadness. The story is drawn perceptively but so lightly that it could be the preliminary sketch for the final portrait.

### "Mrs. Bridge"

Evan S. Connell Jr. (Heinemann).

Mrs. Bridge is a Kansas City matron, wife of a hard-working lawyer, mother of three children who grow up through the book's scraps of chapters. Nothing could be more ordinary and dull than the Bridges' well-ordered household, so well provided for by Mr. Bridge. Mrs. Bridge has a set of rules which do not encompass her children's developing emotions. They grow away from her. She is listless, wondering how to fill her days. Written with an engaging drollness, this novel is a clever satire on American middle-class life.

of Simon, who is 25. This is a triangle, its main theme love, encompassed with self-searchings and psychological analysis, but touched with tenderness and sadness. The story is drawn perceptively but so lightly that it could be the preliminary sketch for the final portrait.

"Ay, Richmond. It's gone off now, but he was devilish set on joining, six months ago. Fell into flat despair when I told him I wouldn't have it. I don't want him to start moping again. For two pins he'd hang on this fellow's lips—make a hero of him, I daresay! Well, he won't do that while you're here."

"Won't he?" said Vincent. "Er—what do I do if I find him talking to our unwanted cousin?"

A sardonic smile curled his lordship's mouth. "You won't have to. Think I don't know what he makes of you? Whistle him to hell, and you'll have him following like a puppy."

The prospect of having an eager stripling following him was not one which Vincent could bring himself to contemplate with enthusiasm, but he said nothing, reflecting that it would probably be unnecessary



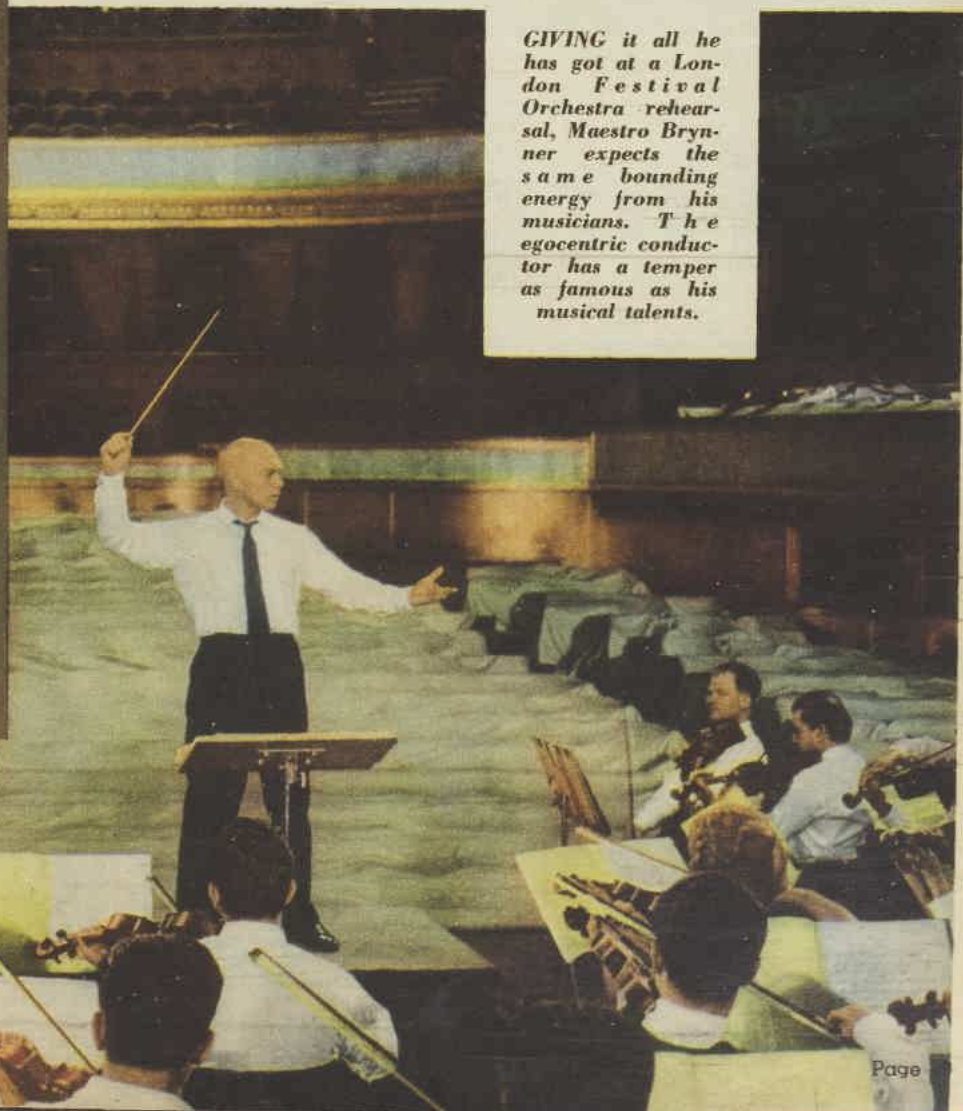


CHARMING Kay Kendall, as conductor Yul Brynner's ever-loving wife, uses her harp, beauty, and wits to quieten her husband's explosive personality.

## Once More with Feeling

★ This Columbia comedy of life in the concert music world gave her last starring role to Kay Kendall, who died soon after the film was completed.

GIVING it all he has got at a London Festival Orchestra rehearsal, Maestro Brynner expects the same bounding energy from his musicians. The egocentric conductor has a temper as famous as his musical talents.







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### ★★★ SUDDENLY LAST SUMMER

Drama, with Katharine Hepburn, Elizabeth Taylor, Montgomery Clift. Victory, Sydney.

**E**ERIE theme music and an opening shot of an asylum wall create a tense atmosphere, brilliantly sustained through this Tennessee Williams drama.

The starkness of this institution, punched with shots of the inmates' communal halls, is sufficiently gripping. Combined with the needle-sharp dialogue and lively acting, it shatters.

Shocked at witnessing her cousin Sebastian's violent death, Liz Taylor is committed to an asylum. At the instigation of her aunt, she is placed in the hands of brilliant young brain surgeon Montgomery Clift.

Appearing in their strongest roles — the confused girl and her rescuer — Liz and Clift are a powerful duo. With hypnotic eyes and a tight mouth, the wily surgeon uncovers the truth.

But it's Katy Hepburn's film. As Sebastian's domineering mother — deifying the memory of her son — she gives a thrilling performance.

Tension created by the stars is contrasted by supporting personalities. Katy's ghoulish maid brings the film some humor, and Liz's mother is distractingly giddy.

The whole action is focused on what happened last summer. You feel no outcome could be violent enough to keep the pitch.

This is an artistic film of implied perversion and not for the squeamish.

In a word . . . **GRIPPING.**

## New Films

★★★ Excellent  
★ Average

★★ Above Average  
No star—Poor

### ★★★ BEN-HUR

*Extravaganza, with Charlton Heston, Stephen Boyd, Haya Harareet, Jack Hawkins. In color. St. James, Sydney.*

**A** ONCE-IN-A-DECADE extravaganza.

With costly sets, improved equipment, millions of dollars, and thousands of extras, Hollywood has produced a mammoth work.

Based on Lew Wallace's best-selling book, this film—a feat of skill and endurance by all concerned in its production—has scaled new heights in biblical epics.

The grandeur of the setting at no time swamps the clash of personalities. These are no biblical puppets, but human beings fighting for life in a violent age. Christ himself is portrayed with contemporary frankness.

With an underlying message of faith tastefully handled by director William Wyler, the film concentrates on Ben-Hur's crazed determination for revenge on his rival, Messala, and his ultimate realisation of the futility of violence.

As the rich Jewish prince Ben-Hur, Charlton Heston is slightly overpowering. With rippling muscles, a heaving torso, and gritted teeth, he gustily battles his way through the 217-minute mammoth.

Having fallen out with his childhood friend—turned-Tribune, Messala (Stephen Boyd), Ben-Hur is condemned

to the living death of a galley slave. His mother and sister are sent to the dungeons.

Kept alive by his burning desire for vengeance, Ben-Hur is freed from his chains by Roman Consul Jack Hawkins. And his revenge with Messala is climaxed in the famous chariot race.

Run for only nine and a half minutes in the huge circus set, the biggest ever made for a movie, this thrilling race leaves you breathless.

Hawkins excels as Ben-Hur's cynical, polished guardian, and Boyd completely identifies himself with the power-happy Messala. In his small Pontius Pilate role, Frank Thring's pompous cynicism provides relieving humor.

As the hero's devoted Jewish slave girl, Haya Harareet (Esther) plays her somewhat flat role with sympathy.

Although exhausting, this film is great entertainment.

In a word . . . **STAGGERING.**

### ★★ SINK THE BISMARCK

*Drama, with Kenneth More, Dana Wynter. Regent, Sydney.*

**T**HIS documentary account of World War II's grimmest sea battle is so outweighed with Admiralty doings it drags.

For the first 40 minutes the cameras are shooting the home

Brass in round-table pegging of the Bismarck's position.

Although lacking action, it emphasises the tedium of days of home-base strategy without capturing what must have been its tension.

Once at sea the battles are too spasmodic and brief to compensate for the lengthy build-up.

Kenneth More gives a strong performance of the iron-willed British base commander, and minor roles ably support him.

Although disappointing in spectacle this is a detailed record of one of Britain's most crucial battles.

In a word . . . **TECHNICAL.**

### ★ JOHN PAUL JONES

*Historical pageant, with Robert Stack, Marisa Pavan, Charles Coburn. In color. Esquire, Sydney.*

**T**HIS historical pageant is too busy galloping through the great man's life story to deal sufficiently with any one phase.

Just when you're getting interested in a sequence it changes to something new.

It's a pity, for the story is exciting and the color and photography superb.

John Paul Jones (played by Robert Stack) was the father of the U.S. Navy and originator of the famous battlecry, "I have not yet begun to fight."

With the appearances of Charles Coburn — as Benjamin Franklin — and Bette Davis — as Catherine the Great — too brief to give weight, the film's brightest character is Marisa Pavan, Jones' sparkling amour.

In a word . . . **DISAPPOINTING.**

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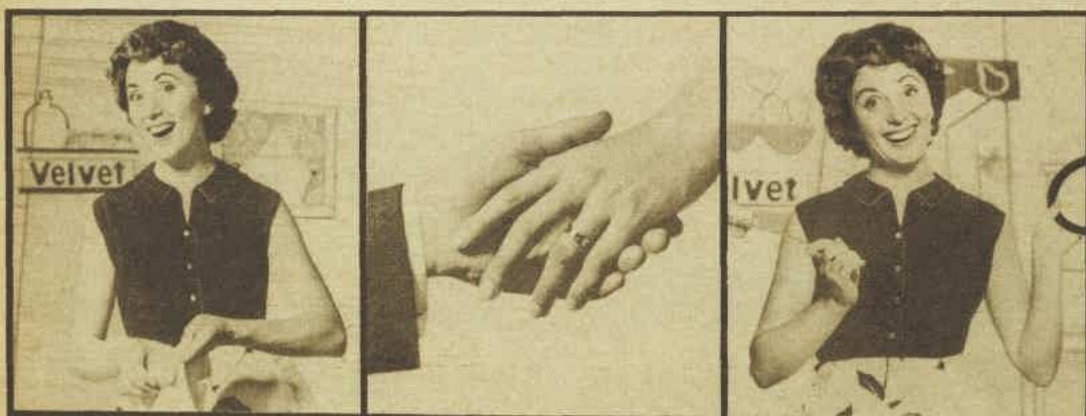
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For daily washing and to get  
grubby marks really clean use  
gentle Velvet soap.

**SAVE** hands showing housework  
... use good, pure Velvet soap.  
Velvet is gentle ... keeps your  
busy hands beautiful.

**SAVE** money on dishwashing  
... do a whole day's dishes for  
about a ha'penny! Good, pure  
Velvet is economical to use.

## be the lady who can save so much!

The "Velvet Touch" is the happy  
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Saves the life of your family's  
clothes! Saves your hands from  
showing housework! Saves on the  
cost of dishwashing! Right  
through your busy days you can  
save so much when you're the  
lady with the "Velvet Touch"!



Now! Look for the new candy-  
striped carton (containing  
four separate tablets) or  
economy-size bar in a gay new wrapper.

## SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

By MARY  
COLES

**FIVE** weeks of opera-going for Sydneysiders at the Elizabethan Theatre, with famous Australian stars Joan Hammond and Kenneth Neate, here from abroad, heading the casts.

Blue-eyed Joan Hammond, whose sparkling personality and humor are as endearing as her voice, is staying at The Belvedere during her Sydney season. "The suite is serviced, but we also have an electric frypan and cook full roast dinner in it when Joan has her evening meal—sometimes at 2 a.m. after a performance," her secretary, Miss Lolita Marriott, told me.

In England Joan lives in Burnham Beeches Forest, reputed to be the oldest woods in the world. Her 16th-century, twenty-roomed "cottage" is in the village of Egypt—a collection of about five houses.

"It's said to be the spot where gipsies first settled in England," Miss Marriott said. The household includes: "Francesco Maria," her Rolls-Royce car, "Snowball," a caravan for holidaying, three French poodles, 28 budgerigars, 35 hens, a pet pheasant, and hundreds of feathered friends who drop in to dine on meals supplied by Joan, including peanuts strung out on wires to delight the palates of nutcatchers.

A PASTEL, light-as-a-feather Irish wool knee-rug was Kenneth Neate's home-coming gift to his mother, Mrs. Elsie Neate. "She is a great concertgoer, and I bought it in Dublin to keep her feet warm in draughty halls," he told me. He is back in the bosom of his family, staying with his mother and his brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. John Bauld, at their water-frontage home at Seaforth. When "Uncle Kenneth" discovered his niece, Alison Bauld, who is at the Conservatorium, had topped the State in sixth grade, he promptly presented her with his tape-recorder, so that she could sit back and listen to herself playing the piano.

THRILLING finale to Mary Conlon's 18 months abroad (she is sailing for home in the Arcadia on May 31) was being at Westminster Abbey for the wedding of Princess Margaret. Mary is a close friend of the daughter of the Abbey organist, whose wife couldn't attend at the last minute, and Mary was given her entree card.

I HEAR John Hordern and his bride, formerly Ruth Miller, will be homeward bound in July after a spell-binding honeymoon in Europe. Their wedding in February was the first to be performed at the Australian Embassy in Paris, and the Australian Ambassador, Dr. Ronald Walker, gave John an inscribed silver spoon and Ruth a bouquet of snowdrops and hyacinths, from the Embassy staff, as a reminder of the occasion.

SHOPPING in a Bathurst grocery store before her recent marriage, Mrs. Michael Dalton placed a "tall order." She bought the shop counter—a fifteen-foot-long cedar table. It has been done up and installed in the raftered ceiling dining-room of the new home she and Michael have built at "Kangarooie," Orange, about a mile from the Dalton family home-stead. They needed a table with lots of extensions to take the 150-piece Olympic-pattern silver cutlery service given to them as a wedding present by Mrs. Dalton's parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Loneragan, of Heaton Lodge, Mudgee.

AND, talking of wedding presents, Jan and David Archer, of "Moronga," Merrygoon, were given a set of sterling silver forks and spoons over 100 years old by Jan's mother, Mrs. Edwin Gray, of Surrey, England, and her stepfather. When Ann and Judy Beardsmore, who were Jan's bridesmaids, spied the King pattern they shopped round Sydney and found matching knives to complete the set as their gift to them.

SEVENTEEN-YEAR-OLD Ann van Bochove will be in her element at "Mon Fertile," a finishing school in the Swiss Alps, when she goes into residence there later in the year. The curriculum is largely languages and ski-ing! Ann will be one of the pretty socialites showing a collection of latest snow-wear at the cocktail party and dinner dance on June 7 aboard the liner Oranje, arranged by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Adrian Bochove, to aid the Surf Life Saving Association of Australia.

DASHING off a note to her mother, Mrs. W. F. McNally, of Mosman, after attending the first garden party of the season at Buckingham Palace, Mrs. Tony Patterson says she wore a mushroom delustrated satin frock and lace theatre coat with a navy hat, and "Tony looked super in a morning suit." They are now in Scotland, before leaving for America, where they'll have six weeks before returning home in August.

A LAMPSHADE covered with freshly picked, rich magenta bougainvillea was the focal point of the decor at a party hosted by Mrs. Cook Rudwick at her home at Roseville. She had planned to make a new shade, but only got as far as lining the frame on the eve of guests arriving. Raiding a neighbor's garden, she snipped off a bunch of the creeper and pinned the flowers in a tightly packed mass over the lining.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — JUNE 1, 1960





**JUST WED.** Neil Newton, of "Carabobala," Culcairn, rescued the veil worn by his bride, formerly Diana Pitt, from a stray gust of wind, outside St. Mark's Church, Darling Point. From left are the bride's small attendants, Mark Simpson, Celia Minter, and Richard Simpson, in front of groomsmen Harry Bell, Brian Cohen and best man Michael Gleason-White. Next to the bride are her matrons-of-honor Mrs. Alan Coogan, Mrs. Michael Matthews, and Mrs. Frederick Storch (on right). A reception at Royal Sydney Golf Club followed the ceremony.



**BRIDE-ELECT** Elizabeth Eeveringham and her fiancé, Dennis de Kantzoo, discussing plans for their wedding on July 8 with Dean Pitt, who will perform the ceremony at St. Andrew's Cathedral. After their marriage they will make their home at "Enfield," Mudgee.

## PEOPLE AND PARTIES



**GALA DINNER.** From left: Mrs. Claude Healy, Mrs. Alexis Albert, Mr. Claude Healy, and Mr. Alexis Albert attended the L'Oreal of Paris Fashion Festival at Mark Foy's to aid the Women's Hospital, Crown Street. Mrs. Healy wore a blue-and-white-flowered frock and Mrs. Albert gunmetal organza.



**MINK STOLE** was worn by Mrs. Charles Souter with her pink lace and chiffon frock, snapped with her husband (left) and Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Vanderfield (couple on right), at the L'Oreal of Paris Fashion Festival.



**BEFORE** parade (from left), Mrs. Ronald Golsby, Mrs. Ken Iphendanz, Mr. and Mrs. C. R. McKerrigan, Sir Kenneth Street, Mrs. J. C. Bendrodt, and Dr. and Mrs. Falkner Blasland at the L'Oreal of Paris Fashion Festival at Mark Foy's, presented by The Australian Women's Weekly and Marigny, to aid the Women's Hospital, Crown St., last week.



**"GENDARME"** (Peter Podolak) directed Lady Barwick and her cousin Mrs. Mavis Blau (right), on their arrival at Mark Foy's for the L'Oreal of Paris Fashion Festival. Lady Barwick wore a black lace frock and mink stole.



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Empty can into saucepan, and thicken pineapple



Put pineapple into pre-cooked pie shell



Top with whipped cream and serve



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# THE NEW TV ERA

TELEVISION PARADE

By NAN MUSGROVE

● "Going National" is the highest honor that can be given to a local TV show these days. The phrase means that the show chosen is telecast in every State. It also means its originating station thinks it equals overseas shows in nation-wide appeal.

THE star of the show gets a big prestige lift, too. Generally it carries him over the big step of convincing viewers in other States that they like him as the viewers in his home State do.

Melbourne's Graham Kennedy, whose continuing TV popularity in Victoria is regarded by the trade as phenomenal, was the first local star to go national.

He lived through 13 weeks of national showing on Sydney's Channel 7. This ended with a sensation in the trade when his show was taken off Channel 7 and within hours switched to its rival, Sydney's Channel 9.

Channel 7 took the Kennedy show off because of the boos and hisses of Sydney viewers, shown in "TV ratings. Sydney viewers made it plain that they don't like Kennedy as southern viewers do. In the



GRAHAM KENNEDY, first star to go national.

south they swoon over him.

Sydney's Channel 9 took on Kennedy and his show with a watch - what - we - do - to - Kennedy - and - his - show air. They are confident they will sell him big with Sydney viewers.

It will be interesting to see

## PERRY MASON BACK



The moment fans have been awaiting anxiously is nearly here—the start of the new Perry Mason Show. Zero hour is 8.30 p.m., Tuesday, May 31, on Channel 9.

"Paul Drake's Dilemma" is the name of the first episode—a shocker in which Perry's handsome Legman (William Hopper) is charged with murder. Perry takes the case. Paul has a big place in the hearts of fans of the Perry Mason Show. It's very worrying when a hero seems to turn villain; indeed, it's one of those occasions when it's a relief to watch secure in the knowledge that Perry Mason has never lost a case yet.

whether they can find writers and artists who will unearth a national sense of humor—something that will convulse Sydney without boring Perth, and be equally acceptable in Brisbane, Melbourne, and Adelaide.

Bobby Limb, top variety man at Sydney's Channel 9, is the next one to go national. He will start a 39-week national season in July.

Effervescent Bobby is extremely popular in Sydney.

He is working his fingers to the bone over hot scripts aimed at causing spontaneous coast-to-coast laughter.

He has his reservations about going national.

"In a way I am excited," he said. "But when you start to think about it it gets a bit frightening."

Bobby says the Australian sense of humor varies from State to State.

"In some States they like their comedy down-to-earth. In others it has to be more sophisticated. There are differences everywhere."

Bobby is genuinely disappointed at the reception Sydney viewers gave Kennedy.

"It is very bad luck for everyone that Sydney viewers haven't rated him high," Bobby said.

"The more national shows



BOBBY LIMB, soon to be seen in a national Bobby Limb show, clowns at the piano.

how Bobby goes as a national figure. Again he is lucky, because he is known (favorably) in every State. But TV is just about the most unpredictable business ever.

I'll be surprised if "The Bobby Limb Show" doesn't rate well all over Australia. It has an Australian flavor, a very real spontaneity, and infectious humor.

Sydney's Channel 9 has a third national show—Brian

## TELEVISION PARADE

there are the better. I am extremely lucky that I have been able to do as well as I have in Melbourne, Kennedy's territory.

"The secret of that is that I was in Melbourne show business for four years, and once Melbourne people take you to their hearts you're right.

"Melbourne people go for personalities more than any other city or State in Australia. Once they go for you, you're right; you can do no wrong."

It will be interesting to see

Henderson's "Bandstand."

"Bandstand" is a teenage show, which has a participating rock-'n'-rolling audience, invited from a waiting list a mile long. (It takes four months to get an invitation.)

From an unspectacular start, "Bandstand" has snowballed to the highest-rating live daytime show on Sydney's TV.

What is remarkable about "Bandstand" is that Henderson, who looks so square it isn't true, has from the start of the show made rules disciplining the teenage guests.

Henderson's law includes no full skirts or slacks—or any variation of them from matadors to shorts—for girls; ties and coats for boys; girls must dance with boys. No girl-and-girl or boy-and-boy dancing is allowed. Invitations are for self and partner of the opposite sex.

Guests are also asked not to chew gum, not to monopolise the camera by dancing all the time in the one spot.

Channel 9's three national shows will all originate "live" in Sydney, be put on film, and shown later in other States. All three comperes—Limb, Henderson, and Kennedy—hope to originate their shows from all other State capitals during their season.

National shows are exciting news for viewers as well as for their stars and the channels. They mean that Australian TV is graduating to big-time network shows, which adds up to bigger, better, more expensive entertainment.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK, famous for his movie and TV picture direction, is best known to Australians for his heavy silhouette with the pouting underlip that is his pictured signature before he gets under way with his TV show and commercials (Sydney's Channel 7, Sundays 9.30 p.m.).

He and his helpful blond wife (she acts as secretary and general adviser) recently holidayed in Australia.

In the flesh Hitchcock is a good example of what the TV camera does to people. He is 60 and looks it on TV. To meet, he looks at least 10 years younger.

His hair is black, he has a high color, a fresh complexion, and a line of conversation much more charming than the



BRIAN HENDERSON, teenagers' delight, has gone national, too.

barbed remarks he makes on TV.

Incidentally, at a reception given for him in Sydney recently there wasn't a sign of tomato soup or a baked bean anywhere.

\* \* \*

A TV rating is a record of the percentage of sets tuned in to any particular show. The bigger the percentage of sets tuned in the higher the rating is said to be. The figures are compiled by experts and have a great influence on programmes and advertisers. They are used to decide whether a show will continue, be changed to a less or more important time, or be taken off altogether.

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\* Copies of original letters lodged with the Publishers.

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# Fashion FROCKS

• Ready to wear or cut out ready to make.



Joan

NOTE: If ordering by mail, send to address on page 51. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. They are available for only 12 weeks after date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

"JOAN."—A pretty winter style with softly pleated skirt and flattering bodice-line. Material is corduroy velveteen in turquoise, red-plum, royal-blue, red, and forest-green.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £5/15/6; 36 and 38in. bust, £5/17/-.

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Postage 4/6 extra.

blue eyes, gave him an air of innocence at variance with his firm-lipped mouth and decided chin. He looked too amiable; he was certainly bashful, but for this there was every excuse. He had been ushered into a room occupied by five gentlemen attired in raiment commonly worn only at Court or at Almack's Assembly Rooms, and he was himself wearing leathers and top-boots, and a serviceable riding-coat, all of which were splashed with mud.

"Good heavens!" muttered Matthew, breaking the silence.

"So you've shown at last, have you?" said Lord Darracott. "You're devilish late, sir!"

"I am a trifle late," acknowledged the culprit. "I'm sorry for it, but I missed the way and that delayed me."

"Well, don't stand there like a stock!" said Darracott. "This is your uncle Matthew and the others are your cousins: Vincent—Claude—Richmond!"

Considerably unnerved by his reception, the Major took an unwary step forward and very nearly fell over an unnoticed stool in his path. Vincent said in Richmond's ear, not quite under his breath: "The lubber Ajax!"

If the Major heard him he gave no sign of having done so. Matthew caught the words and uttered a short laugh, which he changed into a cough. The Major, recovering his balance, advanced on Lord Darracott, who waved him slightly impatiently to his uncle. He turned, half putting out his hand, but Matthew only nodded to him and said: "How do you do?"

The Major made no attempt to shake hands with the rest of the company, but when he had exchanged formal bows with Vincent and Claude, Richmond, whose color was also considerably heightened, stepped forward with his hand held out saying with a little

## Continuing . . . THE UNKNOWN AJAX

from page 48

stammer: "How — how do you do, Cousin Hugh?"

His hand was lost in the Major's large clasp. "Now, which of my cousins are you?" asked the Major, smiling kindly down at him.

"I'm Richmond, sir."

"Nay!" protested the Major. "Don't call me sir! I'd as lief

"Chaise overturn?" inquired Claude.

Hugo laughed. "No, it wasn't as bad as that. I didn't come by chaise."

"Then how did you come?" asked Matthew. "From the look

travel by chaise myself, but I confess it had never before occurred to me to turn any of my cattle into pack-horses."

"Nay, why should it?" returned the Major good-humorously. "Maybe you've never been obliged to travel rough. I don't think I've gone in a chaise above two or three times in my life."

Lord Darracott stirred restlessly in his chair. "No doubt! You are not obliged to travel rough, as you term it, now! My orders were that a chaise was to be hired for you and I expect my orders to be obeyed!"

"Ay, I'm that road myself," agreed Hugo cheerfully. "I'm much obliged to you, sir, but there's no need for you to worry your head over me: I've looked after myself for a good few years now."

"Worry my head —? Richmond! Ring the bell. You, sir! Did you bring your valet, or haven't you one?"

"Well, no," confessed the Major apologetically. "I used to have a batman, of course, but what with one thing and another I haven't had time to think about hiring a personal servant since I came home."

"No valet?" repeated Claude, gazing at him incredulously.

"Hold your tongue!" said his father in an undervoice.

"If you had been listening," interpolated Vincent severely, "you would have heard our cousin say that he has been in the habit of looking after himself. Except when he had a batman, that is."

"Ay, but I'm a poor hand at packing," said Hugo, shaking his head over this shortcoming.

"How much longer is dinner to be kept waiting?" demanded

To page 57



"This is the slightly lower-cost model we advertised with the unfinished attic."

you didn't call me Cousin Hugh, either. I was christened Hugh, but I've never answered to anything but Hugo all my life."

Lord Darracott broke in on this. Having by this time had time to assimilate the fact that Hugo's clothes were freely bespattered with mud, he demanded to know the reason. Hugo turned towards his grandfather. "Well, you've had some rain down here, sir. I should not have come in till I'd got rid of my dirt, but I wasn't given any choice in the matter," he explained.

of you one would say that you had ridden from town!"

"Ay, so I did," nodded Hugo.

"Ridden?" gasped Claude.

"From London?"

"Why not?" said Hugo.

"But — Dash it, you can't do things like that!" Claude said in a shocked tone. "I mean to say — no, really, coz! Your luggage!"

"Oh that!" replied Hugo.

"John Joseph had all I need, loaded on my spare horse — my groom, I mean — my private groom!"

"How very original!" drawled Vincent. "I rarely

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In 4 lovely pastels and white



SUZY PARKER, starring in Jerry Wald's production of "THE BEST OF EVERYTHING"—a 20th Century Fox release.



## Continuing . . . THE UNKNOWN AJAX

from page 56

Lord Darracott. "Ring that damned bell again, Richmond! What the devil does Chollacombe mean by— Oh, you're there, are you? Have Major Darracott taken up to his room. We shall dine in twenty minutes from now!"

Claud was moved to protest, his sympathy roused by the plight of anyone who was expected to dress for dinner in twenty minutes. "Make it an hour, sir! Well, half an hour."

"No, no, twenty minutes will be long enough for me!" said Hugo hastily, a wary eye on his lordship. "If I'm not down then, don't wait for me!"

Chollacombe, ushering him out of the saloon, and softly closing the door behind him, said: "I will take you up myself, sir. I understand you haven't brought your valet with you, so his lordship's man has unpacked your valise."

"Much obliged to him!" said Hugo, following him to the broad, uncarpeted oak staircase.

"Grooby—that's his lordship's man, sir—will be very happy to wait on you. We were very much attached to the Captain, if I may venture to say so."

"My father? I never knew him: he was killed when I was just three years old. I'm afraid I don't favor him much."

"No, sir. Though you do remind me a little of him. This way, if you please, sir. We have put you in the West Wing."

"It's to be hoped I don't lose myself," remarked Hugo, following him through an archway into a long gallery. "If ever I saw such a place!"

"It is rather large, sir, but I assure you there are many that are far larger."

"Nay!" said Hugo, astonished.

"Oh, yes, indeed, sir! This is your bedchamber. I should perhaps tell you that Mr. Richmond sleeps at the end of the gallery and must not on any account be disturbed."

"Why not?" inquired Hugo.

"Mr. Richmond suffers from insomnia, sir. The least sound brings him broad awake."

"What, a lad of his age?" exclaimed Hugo.

"Mr. Richmond's constitution is not strong," explained Chollacombe, opening the door into a large, wainscoted room, hung with faded blue damask and commanding a view of the sea beyond the Marsh. "This is Grooby, sir. His lordship dines in fifteen minutes, Grooby."

The valet, an elderly man of lugubrious mien, bowed and said in a voice of settled gloom: "I have everything ready for you, sir. Allow me to assist you to take off your coat!"

"If you want to assist me, pull off my boots!" said Hugo. "And never mind handling them with gloves! If I'm to be ready in fifteen minutes, I shall have to be pretty wick, as we say in Yorkshire."

Grooby, kneeling before him, as he sat with his legs stretched out, had already drawn one muddied boot half off.

"He paused and looked up, saying earnestly: 'Don't, Master Hugh!'"

"Don't what?" asked Hugo, ripping off his neckcloth.

"Say what they do in Yorkshire, sir. Not if you can avoid it! I'm sure I ask your pardon, but you don't know his lordship like I do, and you want to be careful, sir—very careful!"

The blue eyes looked down at him for an inscrutable moment. "Ay," Hugo drawled. "Happen you're right!"

The valet heaved a despairing sigh and returned to his task. The boots off, he would have helped Hugo to remove

his coat, but Hugo kindly and firmly put him out of the room, saying that he could dress himself speedily if left alone. He shut the door on Grooby's protests, let his breath go in a long phew! and began very speedily indeed to strip off his coat and breeches.

When he presently emerged from his room he found Grooby hovering in the gallery. It was evident from the expert eye he ran over his protegee's attire that his real purpose was to assure himself that no sartorial solecism had been committed. It was a pity, but not a solecism.



"It so happens I AM the weather man."

that the Major had not provided himself with knee-smalls, but his long-tailed coat was by Scott and well-enough; his linen was decently starched; and his shoe-strings ironed.

He favored a more modest style than was fashionable, wearing no jewellery, sporting no inordinately high collar, and arranging his neckcloth neatly, but with none of the exquisite folds that distinguish the tie of a dandy or a Corinthian.

The Major entered the saloon one minute before the stipulated time, thereby winning a measure of approval from his grandfather. Lord Darracott's brows shot up; he said: "Well, at all events you're not a dawdler! I'll say that for you. Make your bow to your aunts and your cousin! Lady Aurelia, Mrs. Darracott, you'll allow me to present Hugh to you; Anthea, you'll look after your cousin: show him the way about!"

THE Major, receiving a formal bow from a Roman-nosed matron in a turban, and the smallest of stiff curtsies from a tall girl who looked at him with quelling indifference, turned his eyes apprehensively towards the third lady. Mrs. Darracott, her heart wrung (as she afterwards explained to her daughter), smiled at him and gave him her hand.

"How do you do?" she said. "I am so happy to meet you! So vexed, too, that I wasn't dressed quite in time to welcome you when you arrived. Not what that might have made it worse for you—I mean, so many strange new relations! I daresay you must be perfectly bewildered."

He did not kiss her hand, but he shook it warmly and thanked her, smiling down at her so gratefully that she almost wished she had braved my lord's displeasure and placed Hugo instead of Matthew beside her at the dinner table.

She and Chollacombe had arranged the table, and an arduous labor it had been, necessitating the use of a slate and much chalk. In the end,

though the table was necessarily uneven, with Lady Aurelia, Richmond, and Claud on one side, and Vincent, Anthea, Hugo, and Matthew on the other, Claud was as far removed as was possible from Vincent, Hugo from Lord Darracott, and Anthea had been placed between Hugo and Vincent, in which position she must willy-nilly shield Hugo from Vincent's tongue.

The arrangement was not entirely happy, however, as Mrs. Darracott soon perceived; for although Vincent was keeping his grandfather amused, and Richmond was nobly trying to entertain his aunt, Matthew divided his attention equally between her and his plate; and Anthea, determined to cold-shoulder her intended suitor at the outset, replied to his tentative attempts to engage her interest with icy civility, and in a manner that did not encourage him to persevere. Mrs. Darracott, scandalised by such a display of gaucherie, tried several times to catch her daughter's eye, but never once succeeded.

Hugo, with a hostile uncle on his left and a frozen damsel on his right, meekly ate his dinner and took stock of as many of his relations as came within his view. Of these the most attractive were Mrs. Darracott and Richmond, who was not quite obscured from Hugo's sight by the epergne in the centre of the table. Hugo thought he seemed a friendly boy; a trifle resty, perhaps; light at hand, like so many high-spirited but spoilt youngsters. He was talking to his aunt: a most alarming female, Hugo thought, eyeing her in awe.

Hugo ventured to steal a glance at the unyielding profile on his right. Not a beauty, his cousin Anthea, but she was pretty enough, and not just in common style. Her figure was tall and graceful and she had remarkably fine eyes, with long, curling lashes; but she looked to be a disagreeable girl, every bit as contemptuous as the appalling old windsucker at the head of the table.

He was debating within himself how soon he would be able to escape from the home of his ancestors when he found that he was being addressed by his uncle, who told him rather sharply that Mrs. Darracott was speaking to him.

She had, in fact, seized the excuse afforded by Lord Darracott's asking Richmond some question, across Lady Aurelia, to try to draw into conversation the poor young man who was being, she felt, shamefully neglected. She wanted to know if he had found all he needed in his bedchamber and to tell him with a motherly smile that he had only to ask her or the housekeeper if there was anything he wished for. He thanked her but assured her that there was nothing: he would be very comfortable.

Claud, satisfied that his grandfather's attention was being engaged by Vincent, shook his head. "You won't," he said. "Couldn't be. I don't know where they've put you, but it don't signify: there ain't a comfortable room in the house."

"Nonsense," said Matthew impatiently.

"Why, you said so yourself, sir!" exclaimed Claud.

"Oh, be quiet!" interrupted his father. "It is a very old house, and naturally—"

"Yes, and falling to bits," corroborated Claud.

Matthew, eyeing him almost with dislike, said: "That remark, my good boy, is as false as it is foolish!"

"Well, if it ain't falling to bits, you can't deny it's being

To page 60

**THE OCTOPUS** (*Octopus cyaneus*), common in Australia, has two rows of powerful suckers on each of its eight arms. Ferocious on the defensive, the animal is naturally timid, lurking in the shallow waters of the coast. It generally reaches a span of about six feet and feeds mainly on crabs.



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**BEAR HAS STICKING TAPED!**

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Page 57



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Professor Harry Messel  
(Director of Nuclear Research,  
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"How long is the Murray River?" Within a split second we had the answer—1,600 miles. And so it went on for four days: the Messel family setting themselves quiz questions on art, music, persons, etc. We always got the correct answer. The editors state that it is for the whole family—of growing children, should be without a good encyclopaedia. It should form the basis of any home library. Just to give the encyclopaedia a final test, I thought I would see what it had to say about "parity"—a complex subject arising in theoretical physics. Two young American physicists, Yang and Lee, were recently awarded Nobel prizes for their discovery that the law of parity did not hold in certain cases. Hence, I thought a paragraph should appear on the matter. I suspected that it wouldn't, but it did.

### EDUCATIONALIST:

Dr. George Mackaness, O.B.E., M.A., D. Litt.

As an educationalist of long experience, I feel competent to express a genuine opinion of the outstanding merits of the Golden Book Encyclopaedia. I was charmed by the general appearance, and by the value of the contents. I examined the entries, not only to verify the accuracy of certain typical selected entries, but also their up-to-dateness. I found that in every instance both these conditions were amply fulfilled. For example, Alaska was given as the new 49th American State. Similarly, there were articles describing the latest movements in aviation, medical research, inventions, historical and political events, as well as the arts generally. For students, the new Encyclopaedia has particular value. It will assist pupils in preparing for their examinations, will improve their reading skills and extend their knowledge in an infinite number of fields of human activity.

### CRITIC:

Mr. Kenneth Slessor  
(Review in "The Daily Telegraph," Sydney)

The new edition of the "Universal" World Reference Encyclopaedia is sumptuously produced, clearly printed, easy to consult and read and as up-to-the-moment as a newspaper. For example, there are eight pages about atomic bombs and atomic energy, with a full-page diagram of the inside of an A-bomb which you could probably build in a huckyard if you had the materials and the do-it-yourself kit. The rocket entry goes right up to the launching of Sputnik II. The strongest feature of the whole encyclopaedia is its pictorial side. Unlike the smudgy illustrations which accompany most encyclopaedias, these plates are clear, modern and beautifully reproduced.

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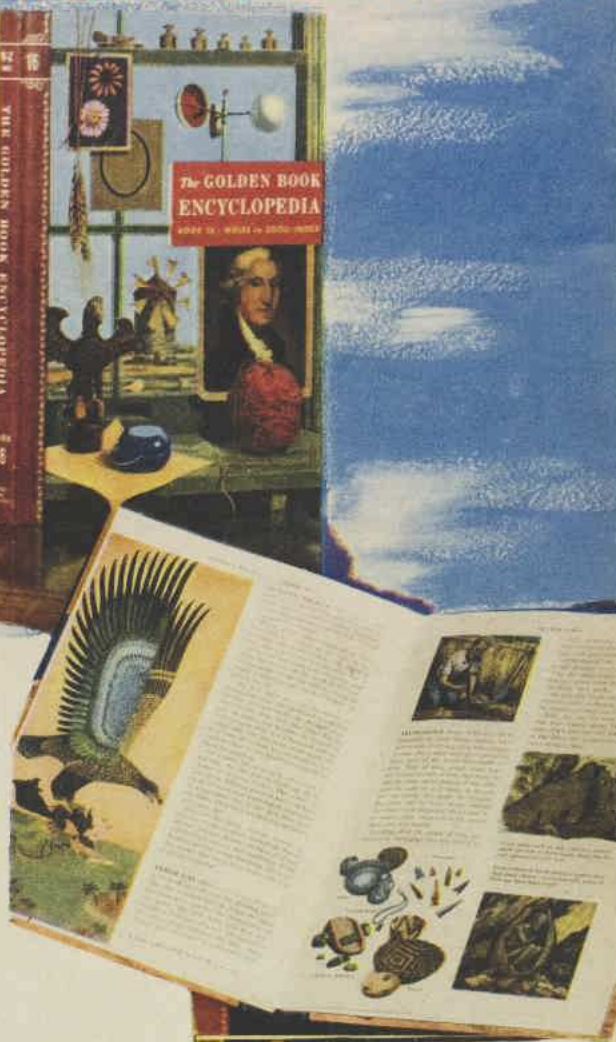


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eaten to bits," said Claud, quite unabashed. "The last time I had to come here I was kept awake half the night by rats chewing the wainscoting."

"Oh, not rats, Claud!" protested Mrs. Darracott. "Only a mouse! Though I do sometimes feel that if I have to spend another winter here, which, of course, I shall, I shall be crippled with rheumatism!"

Claud nodded at Hugo. "You'll find it out, coz. Of course, it's summer now, so it ain't so bad, but you wait for the winter! Take my advice and don't let 'em light a fire in your room: all the bedroom chimneys smoke, so you're worse off than before."

"Not all of them!" said Mrs. Darracott.

"Nay, don't fidget yourself on my account, ma'am!" Hugo said, laughing. "I'm not so nesh as my cousin! I've been used to sleep in a room that had a fire in the middle of the floor, and not so much as a vent to take off the smoke, so it will need more than a puff or two blown down the chimney to make me uncomfortable."

His voice had a carrying quality. His words were heard by everyone in the room and were productive of a sudden, shocked silence. He glanced innocently round the table and added: "A mud floor, of course."

## Continuing . . . THE UNKNOWN AJAX

from page 57

"How — how horrid for you!" said Mrs. Darracott.

Chollacombe, with great presence of mind, refilled the Major's glass at this moment, contriving, as he did so, to give him a warning nudge. The Major, not susceptible to hints, said cheerfully: "Oh, it was noan so bad! I was glad to have a roof over my head in those days!"

Mrs. Darracott looked wildly round for help and received it from an unexpected quarter.

"Don't look so dismayed, my dear aunt!" said Vincent. "The locality of this dismal dwelling-place was not, as I apprehend, Yorkshire, but Spain."

"Portugal," corrected Hugo, as impervious to insult as to hints.

"Most interesting!" pronounced Lady Aurelia majestically. "No doubt you have seen a great deal of the world during the course of your military service?"

"I have and all!" agreed Hugo.

"The billeting arrangements in the Peninsula," stated her ladyship, "left much to be desired."

"Ay, sometimes they did, but at others, think on, they were better nor like," said Hugo re-

flectively. "After Toulouse I shared quarters with the Smiths in a chateau and lived like a prince. That was in France, of course. A chateau," he explained, "is what the Frogs call a castle — though it wasn't a castle, not by any means. You might call it a palace."

"Our ignorance is now enlightened," murmured Vincent.

"We all know what a chateau is!" snapped Darracott.

\*\*\*\*\*  
Nothing is more harmful to a new truth than an old error.  
\*\*\*\*\*

— Goethe

"Ay, you would, of course," said Hugo, on a note of apology. "Eh, but I thought myself in clover! I'd never been in such a place before — except when I was in prison, but you can't really count that."

James, the first footman, let a fork slide from the plate he had just removed from the table, but Charles, deftly nipping away the plate before Lady Aurelia, maintained his equilibrium.

"What?" thundered his lordship, glaring at his heir. "Do you tell me that you have been in prison?"

"Ay, but it wasn't for long, sir," replied Hugo. "Of course, I was nobbut a lad then and it seemed a terrible thing to me. I had the fever, too."

Claud, perceiving that the rest of the company was deprived of speech, made a gallant attempt to respond. "Nasty thing, gaol-fever," he said chattily. "Not had it myself, but so they tell me! Very glad you recovered from it."

"It was being transported set me to reets," said Hugo. "A rare, tedious voyage we had of it, but —"

"Transported?" interjected his lordship, gripping the arms of his chair till his knuckles shone. "You were transported, sir?"

"We all were," said Hugo. "The most of us three parts dead with fever and that ashamed —! Eh, I doesn't bear thinking on! Such a voyage as it was, too! Close on five months it was before we landed, for the transport I was on carried away its rudder in a gale and we ran four hundred miles out of our course before the Swallow towed us into Falmouth, and then we had to sail on to the Downs before they'd let us ashore."

A delighted chuckle broke from Richmond. "I thought that was it! You are the most complete hand, Cousin Hugo!"

"I collect," said Matthew coldly, "that when you speak of having been imprisoned, and — er — transported, you mean that you were a prisoner of war?"

"Why, what did you think I meant?" asked Hugo, much astonished.

"You must forgive us!" said Vincent, leaning forward to speak to him across Anthea. "The thought that you had been imprisoned for poaching, perhaps, did, I fancy, occur to some of us."

"Nay! I've always been respectable!" countered Hugo.

At this point Anthea, who had been surprised into turning her head to stare at him, lowered her eyes rather swiftly to her plate again. Matthew, far more conscious than his parent of the presence of the servants, said with a tolerable

\*\*\*\*\*  
All characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.  
\*\*\*\*\*

assumption of amusement: "You are, as Richmond says, a complete hand. From the length of time your voyage lasted I am led to suppose that you took part in our ill-fated expedition to South America?"

"That's reet," nodded Hugo. "I joined as soon as I left — as soon as I was seventeen. I was gazetted to the 1st Battalion just in time to set sail with Whitelock. A rare piece of good fortune I thought it, but all I got of it was a fever that mighty near carried me off and a horse. I paid three dollars for him."

"Did you take part in the assault on Buenos Aires?" asked Richmond.

"I wouldn't, myself, call it an assault," replied Hugo.

"A disgracefully mismanaged affair!" said Matthew.

"Ay, we suffered a bad back-

cast."

"And then?" Richmond prompted.

Hugo smiled at him. "Oh, then I was packed off home on sick furlough, for there was nothing of me left but skin and bone!"

"Poor boy!" said Mrs. Darracott, her motherly instincts stirred. "How shocked your mama must have been! But I am persuaded she soon nursed you back to health."

"Nay, my mother died a year before I joined," he answered.

"Oh, poor boy!" she exclaimed, braving her father-in-law's displeasure. "But perhaps you have other relatives?"

"I'd my grandfather," he said. "Mother was all the children he had. Happen it was Yorkshire air and good Yorkshire food that plucked me up."

"Were you at Corunna?" asked Richmond.

Hugo nodded; but before Richmond could beg for further information Lord Darracott intervened, saying harshly that he desired to hear no talk about the war at his dinner table. Hugo, accepting this snub with what appeared to be unshakable placidity, then retired from the conversation to discuss with an excellent appetite a large helping of apple pie.

IT happened that the rest of the meal passed without incident. For perhaps the first time in all the years she had lived at Darracott Place it was with reluctance that Mrs. Darracott gave the signal for the departure of the ladies from the board. Her compassion had been roused and it went to her heart to leave her enormous but hapless nephew to the mercy of his male relations.

In the event, it was not Hugo but Claud who drew my lord's fire. When the cloth had been removed it was the custom of the house that not only decanters of port and madeira should be set before his lordship, but that three jars of snuff should also be placed on the table. My lord was a connoisseur; he mixed his own sort, but provided for his guests Old Bureau, King's Martinique, and Hardman's 37. He invited no one but Vincent to help himself from his gold box, and was amused rather than offended when that elegant young man, declining the honor, drew out a box of his own and snapped it open with a flick of his thumb, saying: "Try some of mine, sir! I shall value your opinion."

"Mixed it yourself, did you?" said his lordship. He helped himself to a pinch and inhaled it critically. "Too much Brazil!" he said. "Why didn't you come to me for a recipe? All the same, you young —"

He broke off suddenly, his gaze fixed in wrath and stupefaction on Claud, who had produced a small silver shovel and a haresfoot from his pocket,

and was preparing, in happy unconsciousness of the baleful stare bent upon him, to scoop some snuff out of the jar in front of him. "What the devil —?" demanded his lordship in such strident accents that Claud, startled, looked up and promptly dropped his little shovel. "Well?" said his lordship. "Well, popinjay?"

"Put that thing away, you young fool!" said Matthew in a vexed undertone. "Making a figure of yourself —!"

"I ain't making a figure of myself!" returned Claud indignantly. "Assure you, sir! Quite the go! You take the snuff in the shovel to save your dabbling fingers and if you spill any on your coat you brush it off in a trice with the haresfoot, like —"

"I'll have no such infernal foppery in my house!" declared his lordship. "That any grandson of mine should find nothing better to do than to spend his time thinking what extravagant folly he can next commit."

"My dear sir, you are blaming the innocent!" said Vincent. "The guilty person is Thing-wall: the Trig-and-Trim dandy, you know. That's one of his tricks. It is the tragedy of Claud's life that he had never yet been able to hit upon a new quirk of fashion, but is always obliged to copy."

"Well, you needn't sneer!" retorted Claud, flushing. "You

only started driving pickaxe the park because Brading so!"

"Not at all, brother. Brading followed my lead."

"That's enough, the enough!" interposed Matthew removing the snuff jar from Claud's reach and pushing towards Hugo. "Help yourself if you like this sort!"

"Nay, I don't take it," Hugo said. "I'd rather blow a cloud which is a habit I got into in Spain."

"It is not a habit you would indulge in here!" said Lady Darracott. "Smoking is a filthy and a disgusting nuisance. Tobacco: intolerable!"

"Well, I was never one to beat squares," said Hugo equably. "I'll smoke my pipe in the garden and that road won't fratch."

"Won't do what?" asked Claud, interested.

"Fratch — quarrel! It's what we say in Yorkshire," explained Hugo.

"Possibly not in the first circles, however, so don't copy it, Claud," said Vincent coldly. "Permit me to point out to you cousin, that you are chased!" Hugo, finding the port at his elbow, begged pardon, filled his glass and passed the decanter on, his demeanor one of un-

ruffled amiability.

To be continued

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# AS I READ the STARS

By EVE HILLIARD

For week beginning May 30



## ARIES

The Ram

MARCH 21-APRIL 20

Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, any pastel. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Monday, Saturday. Luck in leisure.



## TAURUS

The Bull

APRIL 21-MAY 20

Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, violet. Gambling colors, violet, grey. Lucky days, Thursday, Friday. Luck in a budget.



## GEMINI

The Twins

MAY 21-JUNE 21

Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, red. Gambling colors, red, grey. Lucky days, Wednesday, Sunday. Luck in initiative.



## CANCER

The Crab

JUNE 22-JULY 22

Lucky number this week, 8. Lucky color for love, black. Gambling colors, black, it, blue. Lucky days, Monday, Thursday. Luck in free time.



## LEO

The Lion

JULY 23-AUGUST 22

Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, green. Gambling colors, green, white. Lucky days, Wednesday, Sat. Luck in organisations.



## VIRGO

The Virgin

AUGUST 23-SEPTEMBER 23  
Lucky number this week, 4. Lucky color for love, orange. Gambling colors, orange, brown. Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday. Luck in increasing prestige.



## LIBRA

The Balance

SEPTEMBER 24-OCTOBER 23  
Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, mauve. Gambling colors, mauve, rose. Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday. Luck in finding a way.



## SCORPIO

The Scorpion

OCTOBER 24-NOVEMBER 23  
Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, light blue. Gambling colors, light blue, silver. Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday. Luck in overcoming obstacles.



## SAGITTARIUS

The Archer

NOVEMBER 23-DECEMBER 23  
Lucky number this week, 2. Lucky color for love, white. Gambling colors, white, black. Lucky days, Friday, Saturday. Luck in teamwork.



## CAPRICORN

The Goat

DECEMBER 24-JANUARY 19  
Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, brown. Gambling colors, brown, green. Lucky days, Tuesday, Thursday. Luck in a sense of humor.



## AQUARIUS

The Waterbearer

JANUARY 20-FEBRUARY 19  
Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, navy-blue. Gambling colors, navy-blue, gold. Lucky days, Saturday, Sunday. Luck in bold adventure.



## PISCES

The Fish

FEBRUARY 20-MARCH 20  
Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, grey. Gambling colors, grey, yellow. Lucky days, Monday, Friday. Luck near at hand.

★ Don't be so tied down that you can't afford to take time off. Let your schedule slip on occasion in order to follow up a bright idea, or accept an invitation you didn't expect. If you drop out of circulation because you have too many duties, there's something wrong with the set-up. Cut a few corners in order to brighten your outlook.

★ There may be an important social event looming up that calls for an extra-special frock, or perhaps you dream of a new carpet or a piece of furniture you'd love to possess. A sensible savings campaign brings your wish closer. If you want to give your beloved a birthday present get out your paper and pencil.

★ Don't wait for others to take the first step. Launch out boldly if you are eager to be friendly with a new acquaintance, or anxious to put through a business transaction. If you've recently joined an organisation, you must meet people half-way. If you are keen on that good-looking partner you met at a dance, find places where he may be.

★ For once you can tackle that job which requires concentration. You need not stop in the middle of it because there is a visitor, or the telephone rings. Plough through daily tasks quickly, then start on that big project. Whether you're making a dress, painting the kitchen, writing a short story, or weaving a basket, you will find the hours fly.

★ There is group activity for every age and every purpose. If you can join a youth club, meet people of your own age for pleasure and sociability. If older and interested in community welfare, there is certain to be more than one channel which could use your services. You may be invited to serve on a committee, or raise funds for a good cause.

★ Recent activities are likely to have improved your standing in your own little world. If still at school you may have carried off a difficult situation gracefully, or won applause for grit. If older you may have borne extra responsibility or deputised for someone at a meeting. The man in your life will be proud of your initiative and dignity.

★ You would love to practise a new skill, improve an old one, but you have no spare time. Rearrange your schedule, become a clock-watcher, finish the task in the period you've allowed for it. Perhaps your problem involves a person you like or dislike very much; how to bring your relationship closer or gently cross it off? You'll find the answer.

★ Delays, interruptions, small incidents, a minor illness to someone could upset your plans, but determination will carry you through. You may ride roughshod over your beloved, who seems unusually dense or slow to see your point of view. You may feel the end justifies the means and take risky measures to get what you want. Don't go to extremes.

★ Go along with your crowd; fit in with the plans of those around you unless a matter of principle is involved. If you want to run the show all the time you'll soon be unpopular; when your ideas are turned down, take it gracefully and store up goodwill for the future. If you must criticise, be constructive; offer alternative suggestions.

★ You can take life so seriously that every small setback becomes a grievance. It isn't a matter of life and death if you've spilled something on your favorite frock, missed an invitation because you had a cold, or had a quarrel with the one-and-only. See them in the right perspective and you can laugh and forget them. Storm clouds make the rainbow brighter.

★ Nothing ventured, nothing gained. If you don't enter the competition you can't win a prize. If you can't devise a way to meet that attractive man or girl the love story will never develop. If you yearn to develop a new interest launch out with confidence. If you would like to explore new territory there might be exciting experiences ahead.

★ You are apt to imagine pleasures farther away are greener, but you may be neglecting opportunities right next to you. You may never sing in a grand opera, but you can give pleasure to your family singing at home. Put your watercolor on the wall; never mind if it isn't hung in an art gallery. Your family appreciate you; that's enough.

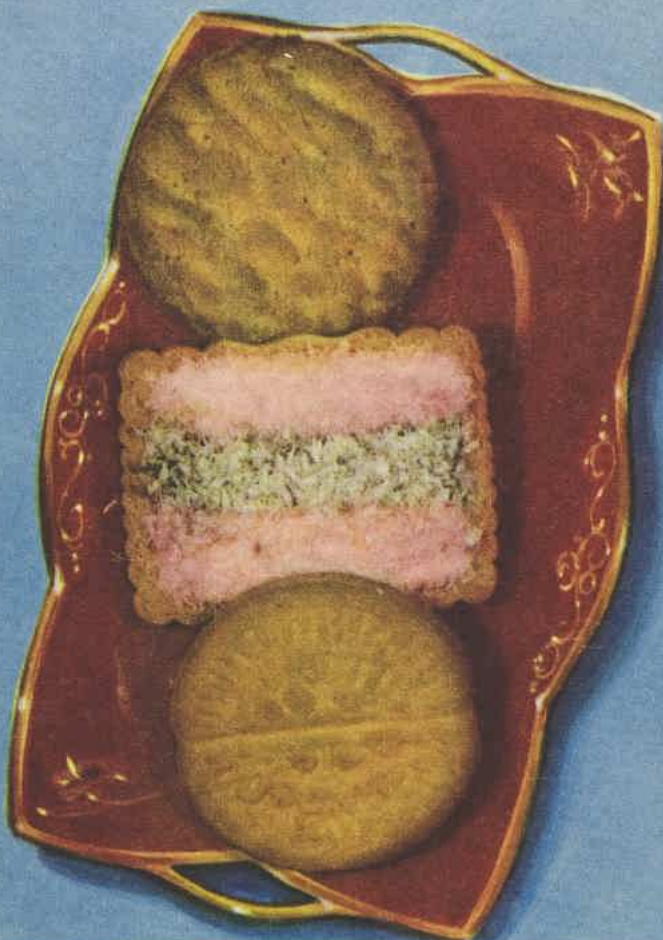
[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]





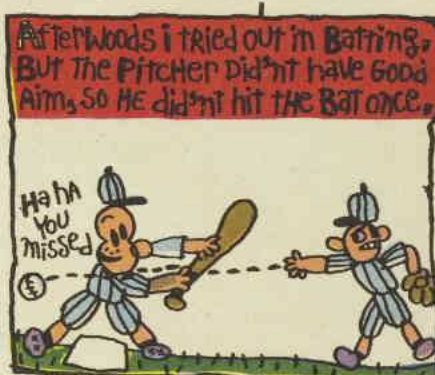
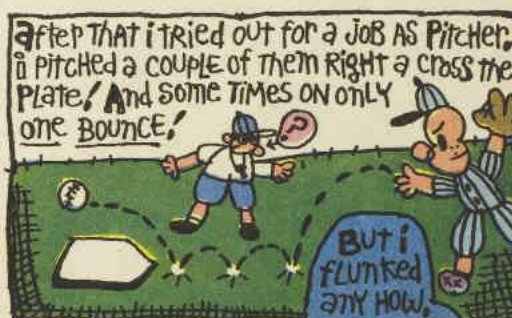
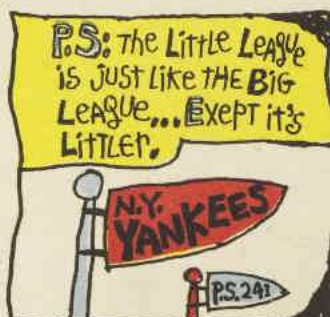
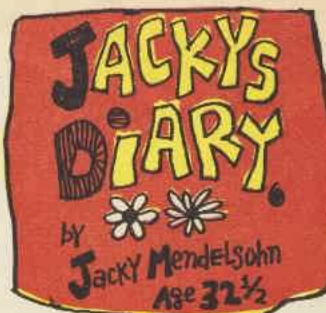
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CREAM  
FLAVOURS..



**Arnott's** famous  
**CREAM Biscuits**

There is no Substitute for Quality



# IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD





## KIDNEY TROUBLES?

like this.  
Pressure  
and pain  
in kidneys,  
weak  
bladder?

Then start a course of  
**MACKENZIE'S  
MENTHOLS**

When your kidneys are not working properly, uric acid and other harmful deposits accumulate in muscles and joints, causing aches and pains that make life a misery.  
The wonder-drug THIONINE in MENTHOLS helps your system throw off these deposits and soothes and assists inflamed, overworked kidneys to resume normal healthy functioning.  
If you are yours suffer kidney and bladder weakness, bad back, aching muscles and joints, rheumatism, lumbago, neuritis or headaches, start the MENTHOLS treatment to-day. MENTHOLS, with diet chart, are 15/-, 9/- or 5/- everywhere.

**MACKENZIE'S  
MENTHOLS**

**GIVE  
YOUR  
BABY  
LOVELY  
CURLS**

A proud mother praises Curlypet. Baby's hair used to be straight, but after Curlypet she now has a healthy head of pretty curls. At Baby Shows judges always stamp on her lovely curls.  
Curlypet is good for cradlecap, too, soothes scalp irritations and leaves baby's tender scalp clean, healthy and fragrant.

4 weeks' treatment, 4/6  
**Curlypet**

## POISONED QUICKS

heal up fast  
with  
**NAILEEN**

It's dangerous to neglect painful, unsightly poisoned cuticles. Act now, before the infection spreads. Stainless, painless NAILEEN is guaranteed to heal your poisoned cuticles, or you pay nothing. It is easy to apply — you simply dip an orange stick into the Naileen bottle and apply a few drops under the cuticle, each night at bedtime. No bandages. Thousands of successes. Get a bottle today, 5/- at all chemists, with a money-back guarantee. Wonderful, too, for Tinea (Athlete's Foot) and MUK ROT.

...for people  
who think —

**The  
Observer**

Australia's first  
fortnightly review

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Start the Weekend well  
with  
**WEEKEND**

1/- from your Newsagent.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — June 1, 1960

## Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE, Master Magician, and CAPTAIN PIERCE led an expedition to the Himalayas to find the Abominable Snowman. Mandrake chased a strange, furred creature on the snow slopes, and followed it into a tunnel leading into the heart of the

mountains. A beautiful young girl slips out of what was only a furred snowsuit, and leads him into a glowing, golden-domed city. The city and the people he sees there are very like those in the tales of the old gods of Greece. NOW READ ON:



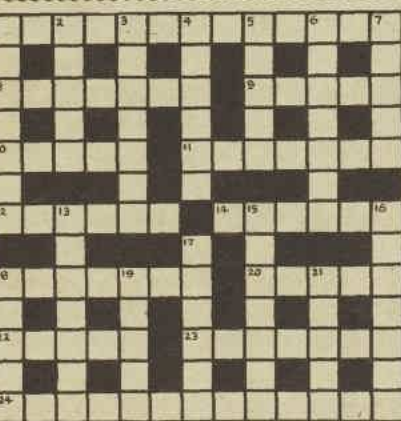
## THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- Featured by many links (8, 5).
- It's hell, though it says do not come to any conclusion (7).
- Wild dog with noise to depart (5).
- Get no rap with this garment even if you are a bishop (3).
- He learned well in grammar that I is the first person (7).
- The run (Anagr., 6).
- This girl can spoil a turned garment (6).
- Trod on a violent storm (7).
- This girl with her longer name was admired by the elders (5).
- Show in you and me and that woman (5).
- Lot more (Anagr., 7).
- Prelate met man liable to peculiar moods (13).

HAPPY MEDIUM  
S I R P S  
L I S L E N A T U R A L  
U L L U O E  
E V E R E S T D R A P E  
S R E R P  
O P P O S E S E S S A M  
T A A  
T E R S E S T F U L  
L V A M A K  
E W E L A M I C K L E  
S N I C I R  
N U T C R A C K E R S

Solution of last week's crossword.



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

- Pipe and hat adorning many tombs (7).
- Thin battercake with an imprint on both sides (5).
- Famous Latin comic poet born 195 B.C. (7).
- Eaten away by a red doe (6).
- An abridged establishment where people are cured by water though its centre is dry (5).
- Such stage is not for acting but for disembarking (7).
- Amusement mostly with wine from Portugal (5).
- Western Australian township on the Avon (7).
- Severely simple (7).
- No good for fencing, but can be used for packing (3, 4).
- Was not a lawyer, yet defended her client successfully (6).
- Reliance on the truth of : statement, though mostly corrosion (5).
- In Utopia Greek people get on with one another (5).
- Measuring little from end to end (5).



To wake fresh  
and fit ...



It's marvellous  
what a difference  
**MILO**  
makes!



The "tribe" is on the war-path this morning — abounding with energy ... the energy that comes from sound, restful sleep — from Milo.

Milo's a tonic-while-you-sleep for all the family. It's the chocolatey drink brimful of energy ... pure country milk, malted cereals, energising vitamins and essential minerals. Enjoy hot, chocolatey Milo tonight — sleep soundly — wake fresh and fit tomorrow!

**MILO**  
TONIC FOOD

A NESTLE'S QUALITY PRODUCT

N754/59





## Positive Relief from Coughing FOR ALL THE FAMILY



### FOR ADULTS (and children over 12 years)

Nyal 'Decongestant' Cough Elixir is a proven, effective formula to bring faster, more dependable cough relief. 6 fl. oz., 6/6; 12 fl. oz., 10/9; 16 fl. oz., 13/-.

### FOR CHILDREN—6 to 12 years

Nyal 'Decongestant' CHILDREN'S Cough Elixir is recommended. Cuts away phlegm, shrinks swollen bronchial tubes. 6 fl. oz., 6/6; 12 fl. oz., 10/9.

### FOR INFANTS—6 months to 5 years

Nyal 'Decongestant' BABY Cough Elixir is specially formulated. Raspberry-flavoured elixir soothes away stubborn, wheezy coughs. 3 fl. oz., 4/9; 6 fl. oz., 6/6.



### Here's the Secret

**1. STOPS COUGHING.** Contains the sedative Codeine. Calms nerves and soothes inflamed membranes of the throat to stop severe coughing.

**2. LOOSENS PHLEGM.** Five gentle expectorants liquefy and cut away bronchial secretions which cause irritation... rapidly clears phlegm-congested membranes.

**3. MAKES BREATHING EASIER.** The only cough formula to use Phenylephrine—an exclusive agent for relieving congestion. Shrinks swollen, congested bronchial tubes quickly.

When stubborn coughs and heavy chest congestion "hit" your family, you can depend on NYAL 'DECONGESTANT' COUGH ELIXIR to bring positive cough relief. *Here's why!* NYAL 'DECONGESTANT' COUGH ELIXIR is a balanced formulation of ten medically-proven active ingredients with a three-way *decongestive, expectorant, sedative* action.

The moment you take NYAL 'DECONGESTANT' COUGH ELIXIR it acts to *stop* constant coughing by suppressing the cough reflex. It *clears* the worst chest congestion *fast*, by gently loosening irritation-causing bronchial secretions. And—you can actually feel the demulcent elixir *penetrate* and *soothe* inflamed throat tissues.

An exclusive decongestive agent—phenylephrine—shrinks swollen bronchial tubes, thus restoring normal breathing. All these positive benefits of NYAL 'DECONGESTANT' COUGH ELIXIR allow restful sleep at night, undisturbed by harsh, racking coughing.

NYAL 'DECONGESTANT' COUGH ELIXIR *treats all the symptoms* of the coughs of colds; bronchitis; influenza; laryngitis; whooping cough; tracheitis; distress of asthma.

### CORRECT DOSAGE FOR ALL AGES

Your chemist will tell you that an infant of 12 months, or a child of 6 years, doesn't require the same amount of medicine as an adult. That's why NYAL 'DECONGESTANT' COUGH ELIXIR is specially formulated in three accurately "age-adjusted" dosage strengths.

# Nyal

SOLD ONLY BY CHEMISTS

## 'DECONGESTANT' COUGH ELIXIR

N.55.59